

The Frontispeece explained.

BEhold, the Watch-man of the black-bow'd Night,
Who over-looks his charge, by candle-light.

The brats of Hell, by turnes do take their places,
To iustifie their Sins, and plead their cases.

One would be chiefe, another comes to crave it:

But he that's nearest Hell, is like to have it,

This tooke most paines, that other gave a price;

The Vmpire pleaseth all with his device.

The Whore has caught a Gull, (her Scores to pay,)
That Huddles on, to sell himselfe away.

He leaves his Wife, and Children in distresse.

Pimp-wiskin jeares 'em in their heaviness.

The Ruffian-Prodigall, that here you see,
Is come to pay a fine for miserie.

He's in the heat of lust: and he must have
Fewell from Hell to feed it, or a Grave.

But shame and want have cool'd the lust, and pride
O'th' out-worne Varlet on the other side.

His sinfull sweet's congeal'd into a curse.

Looke but a little lower, they are worse:
Where from their sins, into their paines they fall,
Suffring the tortures of the Hospitall:

One bath his Scull tooke up, to cleanse his braines:

The next is lanced in her bloodie feveines.

And some are boyling, while the rest do fry:

(All have a taste of Hell, before they die.)

The house that entertain'd the fowle crue,
Fals, peece-meale down, to render them their due,
Here's one amaz'd, another has a maine,

There's one halfe dead, lyes by anotheraine.

Both houses punish those that sin'd unseene:

In fine, see how the Divell lyes betweene.

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A NIGHTS SEARCH

Discovering the
Nature, and conduct of
NIGHT-WALKERS
with their
associates
digested into a Poem
by

Hum. Mill.

nocte Latent Monda

London,
Printed by
R. Bishop for
L. B.
1740





THE
SEARCH
OF
THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
LONDON
FROM
THE
FIFTH
CENTURY
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
J. H. M.
M.D.C.C.C.



A
NIGHTS
SEARCH.

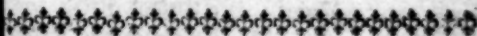
Discovering the Na-
ture and Condition of all
sorts of NIGHT-WALKERS ;
with their Associates,

As also,
The Life and Death of many of them.

Together with
Divers fearfull and strange Accidents,
occasioned by such ill livers.

Digested into a Poeme
By HUMPHRY MILL.

*Noſte latent mendax ; ſic ſic dixere Poetæ ;
Aſſ ego (nec mendax) noſte diſque patent.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by Richard Biſhop for Laurence Blaichlock at the
Sugar-loaſe next Temple-Barre, 1640.

A
NIGHT
SEARCH.

Discovering the Na-
ture and Condition of all
sorts of Night-Walkers;
with their Associates.

the Life and Death of many of them.

By Henry W. M. M.
Discovered by Night-Walkers.

By Henry W. M. M.

By Henry W. M. M.

By Henry W. M. M.

By Henry W. M. M.



To the Right honourable,
ROBERT *Earle of Essex,*
Viscount *Hereford*, and
Bouchier, Lord *Ferrers* of
Charley, *Bouchier*, and
Louvaine.

RIGHT HONORABLE,



Could hardly compose
my thoughts, touching the
presentation of these my
unworthy endeavors, to one
so worthy, and truly noble
as your Lordship, having no excuse
but your goodnesse, and the eneou-
ragement of those who are truly hono-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ers of your vertues: Among which number I desire to be knowne. I have nothing to plead for my *Muse*, but that the Subject with the Title, do agree: And that the fruit she beares, is wholesome, though soure. That which falls with shaking, is not worth taking up. I know I shall undergoe the censure of some, that can Judge of nothing but what they see; having narrow spirits, only roome for sense at the worst. In respect of such, my *Muse* was safer walking by Night, than now by Day. But if it shall please your Lordship to support her with your hand, and looke upon that little good which may appeare through a multiplying glasse, and extenuate the weaknesse, Envy her selfe will keep at a distance; and shee shall passe with freedome, gayning commendations from your Honours Approbation. She's so farre adorned with modesty amongst her Opposites, that she will

not

The Epistle Dedicatory.

not bespeak a glance from your eye, but when you be retir'd from more weighty occasions. If I should write but what high-borne Fame speaks of your worth, and call your noble Vertues by their names, I should make the entrance so pleasing-large, that the Reader would there take up his rest. But it shall be satisfaction to me, that she's grac'd with your name: which will preserve her from living graves. And with my prayers to the God of Truth, for your Lordships eternall hapinesse,

*I shall rest your most engaged
and humble servant,*

HUMPHRY MILL,

THE HISTORY OF THE

not being a glancing view of the
which you have seen in many weighing
occasions. If I should write the whole
high-sounding terms, speaks of your
worth, and call your noble Virtues
by their names, I should make the con-
fession of my own unworthiness, and the
praise of your greatness. It is to
be your glory, and I shall be
glad to see you in the midst of
your friends, and your friends will be
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To the Reader.

CURTEOUS READER:

(**H** Name thee as I would find thee)
having had thoughts which often
press'd mee to the undertaking of this neglected subject,
(not as sinfull, but neglected in the discovery)
I could not chuse but give entertainment (at
last) to so reasonable a motion: yet not intending
to make a work of it, but only to give a
few hints for warning, and Characters to
know those devouring locusts, who strive to
spoil all the green plants of the land.

But as I pursued some of them in the chase, I
started more of the brood; and the further I
went, the more I found, till at last, I saw necessity

To the Reader.

sity of adding resolution and courage to my purpose ; and to search them out for punishment, which some have done for pleasure. I found many fearfull exploits amongst them, which being but abridged, made these papers swell into such a thicknesse. Those that are resolved to follow their lusts , regarding nothing , or spoke or writ , let them not passe the front of this Book, lest they be tormented before their time : and suck poyson till they burst. I know some like snarling Curses will bite the Chaine , though they breake their teeth ; and baule at what they understand not ; quarrell with their owne shadowes , or bark at the man in the Moon. The painted doxies , and the musk-powd' red Curtizans will be as angry with me, as *Pallas* was with the Mice , for haunting her lamp, and gnawing her caule : and others will cast out smoke and lightning, as *Saturnus* did among the Armies of the Frogs and Mice : but I would wish them (as a friend) to say little, what e're they think , lest they bespeake a smarter whip for themselves. Those that can digest the sowre, need not feare sursetting with the sweet. Let every reader take what belongs to himselfe , and passe a gentle
Censure

To the Reader.

Censure on the rest. The sharpnesse of it is qualified, where advice takes place, and there are none that read but may gaine, or delight, or profit, more or lesse, if they stand not in their own light. I have used their own language in some places to set out their folly. Though every Phrase or Sentence be not composed of real truth, yet there is a probability or morality of truth in all. I need not shew how a Metaphoricall, Analogicall, or an Allegoricall speech retaines truth; or how the figures lead to the substance; or of the liberty of speech that Poetry affords: In this I had rather learne than teach. I have not used knotty words, nor rocky expressions in the prosecution of it; but in as futable termes, as my slender wit, with so little art, can conceive. Perhaps, the best may find more than they expect; and the worst more than they desire. My *Muse* hath kept her selfe from infection, notwithstanding the many temptations, occasions, provocations that she hath met withall in her search. I suppose, Envy it selfe will not question the lawfulnessse of the subject; seeing the Prophets in divers places describe *Flatots* in their kind; and *Salomon* that wise King, in their looks, gestures,

To the Reader.

gestures, speeches, fawning, alluring, &c. before he had any practicall experience of them. But if any aske why must I undertake such a work? I answer; why should not any man use the gifts that he hath received to profit himselfe or others? especially if delight put him upon it? or if his occasions impose not a necessity of other imployments upon him? I was never so bound to any but I could purchase some time to raise my *Genius* above these earthly contents below. For the verses, I have kept to one number and measure, only the *Epitaphs* are woven stanza's: In a continued subject, it is not proper to vary the verse.

I have laboured to make the lines so smooth as I could, implacing the breathing accents where they may fall with most advantage, (except those which run cleane without them) nor have I broke the first, or last foot of the verse, which might make it run harsh, nor strained the coupling accents above what is required in the harmony: nor fallen too low in the descent, which might give the verse an unnaturall sound; where the concords should chiefly meet.

If you find any verse a syllable too short in the number, then compare the measure with it;

To the Reader.

for if there be a monosyllable that sounds long
uppon the letter [r] it will answer to a Spondey,
or a Trochey, consisting of two syllables ; espe-
cially in the breathing or the coupling accents.
If any seem too long, observe but the cadence,
which may fall a syllable longer in the cou-
pling, yet answer with a true sound : or els it
may fall low, that a Dactyle which consists of
three syllables, beares but the sound of two :
and many words consisting of two, three,
foure, or five syllables, do naturally fall a syl-
lable shorter in the pronounciation ; or being
cut short by Apostrophes, 'twill resolve the
doubt. I commit my *Muse* to your care ; her
colour's black and white, you may trust her :
she has been purg'd in the *Search*, and prest for
revealing secrets ; she'll both give and take war-
ning by it, and wisheth the Reader to do the
like.

Vale.

for if there be a monosyllable that sounds long
upon the letter, it will answer to a spondee.
or a Trochee, consisting of two syllables; else-



may fall low, that a Dactyle which consists of
three syllables, bears but the sound of two;
and many words consisting of two, three,

Imprimatur:

four, or five syllables, countably a dactyl
sable shorter in the pronunciation, being
cut short by a postrophe, will receive the
doubt. I commit my self to your care; but
colour's black and white, you may trust her;
it is the same, and press for
receiving letters, the most, give and take war-
ning by it, and without the Reader to do the
like.

1640.



To his much respected brother, Master
HUMPHRY MILT, upon his Poem
called *A Nights Search*.

When I perus'd thy smooth and lofty straines,
In this thy Search, th' invention of thy
Thy curious language with thy pleasing stile, (brains,
How thou dost praise the honest, lash the vile:
And how thy verses meet, how neatly pointed,
How cleanly limb'd, and how exactly joynted;
I could not but commend them; all may see
That Nature hath been prodigall to thee.
The best of wit is thine; 'tis still thy bent
To shame the shamelesse, cleare the innocent.
Thou dost in all, so lively act thy part;
Mine eyes did bribe mine eares to steale my heart:
Thou hast not borrow'd what was at a stand,
Nor toake up fancies at the second hand;
Nor vamp't an old conceit; nor didst thou sit
To stuffe in empty words, in stead of wit.
Thy wealthy winged raptures breathe delight
To modest minds; thy end is to affright
All from those odious sinnes: thou hast displaid
The various wayes how Younglings are betrayd.
Not like to those that sufet with their bayes,
Whose names are far more lasting than their praise.
A
Those

Those that will twist a wreath for thee,
Must crop the branches of the Cypresse tree;
The ancient Poets live in thee agen,
To adde a lasting glory to thy pen.
Grace beautifies thy parts; but why didst hide
Thy worth so long? 'cause thou wouldst not be try'd
By this decrepit age? rich is thy rime;
Thy wisdom speaks thee old, before thy time.

Though those despise thee (that exceptions take)
Whose tongues are dipt in the infernall lake:
The best will honour thee; and thou shalt finde
Their breath perfum'd; thou art not turn'd with

It thought to chide, but this is all I'll say (winde.
Thou camst behind, to steale the wit away.

But I forgive thee: for I doe discern,
Conceited Wits may come to thee and learne.
Though of our name time should the ruine be,
'Twill be reviv'd perpetually in thee.

I needs must love thee, Nature counts it fit:
But reason moves me, to admire thy wit.

Keepe off, you vassalls that are wed to lust,
Or here's a Mill will grinde you all to dust.

THE: MILL M^r of Arts. Oxon.

To my adopted sonne M^r HUMPHRY
MILL, touching his *Nights Search*.

IN all Night Search what can you finde
But humour, vapour, smoake, and winde?
Of reall goodnesse then the best
Is for the most part laid to rest.
They only, whom black night applauds,
As strumpets, panders, theeves, and bawds,
Are open-ey'd; and then each meets
To couple paires in matchall sheers: ~
Who, least their guilt should come to view,
Have Centinels that lye perdue,
To keepe the viperous brood, such hatch
Both from the Constable, and Watch.

Now, least these should too much abuse
Thancaster low world; thy pregnant Muse
Hath laid them to the light so plaine,
That by the raptures of thy braine,
(If thou sonne Mill, pursue it still,
And dippe in Helicon thy quill;) ~
Not one of those thou dost display,
Shall dare to shew their face by day.

So let those Bars, and Owles that night
Love only, and detest the light,

Into Cimerian darknesse run:
For sinne did never love the Sun.
More sham'd by thy discovery: know,
The Lapidary to make show
Of his best and most orient stone,
A dusky foyle it sets upon,
To adde to th' lustre; so thy Muse
To make its splendor show, did chuse
This Argument black and obscure,
To make thy fulgencie long endure.

THO: HEYWOOD.

To his kinde friend, Master HUM-
PHRY MILL, upon his speciall lines
of Poetry, called *A Nights Search*.

M^T kinde friend, give me leave to tell you news,
I never in my life was in a Stews:
Nor ever visited a house of sinne,
Unlesse to cure the grinkhams they were in.
I never did by Womenset such store,
To leave mens company to see a whore.

Pander!

Panders and bands to me have strangers been;
For such procurers, I have never seen
With knowing eyes: till in your booke I found them,
Where you have apprehended them and bound them
To answer for their facts: so, truth to tell,
Your booke's no bawdy house, but a Bridewell.
Where they meet punishments upon their merit,
For which your paines doe a just praise inherit.
And may all such as lead a life so ill,
Be dayly chastiz'd with the labouring Mill.

STEPH: BRADWELL.

To his loving friend, the Author
of this *Nights Search*.

Friend, how comes this about? what hum'rous fit
Mov'd thee to make a Constable of thy wit?
Not such as the grave Parish yearly chuse
To lead a drowzie Watch, and take abuse
From every drunken gallant: dare not fight,
But when he's guarded on th' election night,
Made valiant by the feast; and payes for's cheare
With the shar'd profits of the following yeare.
That only makes discovery in the darke,
T' enrich the Justice, and maintaine his stake.

But thou art one (being busie in thy part)
Who ord'rest all with Judgement and with Art.
In one Night's Search thou hast discover'd more,
Than all the Searchers that have been before.

And which is more, as I beleeve, dost show
Such vice which thy life's practice ne'r did know.
Thy Muse being chaste, and ev'ry flowing line
Carr'ing a sense, or morall, or divine,
If understood; though many a clouded minde
Will not the clearnesse of th' intention finde.

This subject handled by a Blade oth'times,
That knows to court his lasse in bawdy rimes,
Would have been renderd odious: he'd have shewn
The wicked ill's experience made his owne.

But thy cleane working, on a matter foule,
Hath made those ill's instruction to the soule.
Examples doe the wicked chiefly fright,
And nothing's knowne but by its opposite.

The bad, like Spiders, gather in those fields
Their poyson, which to good bees hony yeelds.

THO: NABBS.

To

To his kinde friend Master
HUMPHRY MILL.

UPon thy Search by night, a Search by day
Is made by some; who from thy title say, (done,
What Search should this be? what strange things are
That from the glimering candle to the Sun
Are now to be produced? sure, some punke,
Some bawd half-stew'd; some snuffing pander drunk,
Some sattin pimp; some plush docoy: me thinks
I see the chaine made up of all these links,
With ningle, broker, breaker: and to catch
All these, one man's both Constable and Watch.

And what's all this? must we commend the wit
That spends deare time, and its owne strength to sit
O're such a brood as this? the subject's base,
We rather feare, than hope: but pause a space;
And here conceive, the Artists curious hand
May, in its impression, at his pleasure stand
In pure, or common matter: yet must shine
In what soe're receives it: so thy line
In those coarse trifles. Briefely, we commend
Not from fayre shows, and seeming, but the end

*Which wise men still begin withall; begin
With th' Authours end, which is the cure of sin,
By ugly sinns presentment: and we then
Shall nothing doubt, but you'le commend his pen.
Cherish in's Search his labouring Muse, and still
Wish all faire winds breathe o're this noble Mill.*

THO: BREWER.

Upon the Book, and Authour
of the *Nights Search.*

MAny doe search, and yet for want of light
Are able to discover nothing right:
If thou hadst wanted light, or sight, even then
Thy Search had been like that of other men.
But being guided by a shining light,
And making use of that thy piercing sight,
Thou hast in this one Night, discover'd more
Than all thy days, thou ever didst before. (panders,
Here thou hast found out whores, thieves, bawds &
Together with their vassals, and commanders;
And in their lively colours, hast descri'd,
And painted forth their luxury and pride.
Their cursed traffique for th' infernall pit,
And their great labour, more and more to get

Into

Into the mouth of hell ; till all at the last
They and their consorts thereinto are cast.

Good eares will listen to thy learned verse
With approbation ; and good tongues rehearse
Thy just deserved praise ; as for the rest,
That have infected eares, and tongues to yeast
At what they understand not ; let them still
Be slighted by thee, most Heroick Mill.

THO: GOODEARE
Curie Wardorum.

On the variety of pleasing fancies
in the Poëm, the *Night Search*, written
by his friend Mr. HUMPHRY MILL.

YOu that have skill and poetry great store,
That when a line's wel drawn how slubberd o're,
Are Patentees of censure, whose high straines,
Doe rack the dull perusers lumpsish braines.
To keep pace with your raptures ; deigne awhile,
To listen to the smooth and modest stile
Of this industrious Muse, whose merits may
(With your joynt-vote) adorn his brows with bay.

Tau

You looser livers who applaud a line
Out-does the ribauld draughts of Aretine ;
In whose debauch'd opinions naught will please
But what is writ in height of wine, and ease,
Whose spleenes are tickeld only at the height,
With some too lustfull passage ; but will slight
What's modest and severe ; whose searching eye
Graciously smiles on vainer ribauldry :
And by your approbation, praise those lines,
Which both disgrace and ke infect the times.
Draw neare and read, perchance you may descry
What may reclaime you from your luxury.
Observe the tricks of the licencious crue,
And with what wiles they plot to ruine you.
Here, see the various cheats at full displaid,
How oft-times by their plots youth is betraid ;
Suppose your setves into like d'ngers drawne ;
Take heed, take heed, your credit lies at pawne.

Read and be wise, for 'twas the Authors care,
That you by these examples should beware.
His Muse meant not to please them, that take pride
To heare a handsome doxy decified ;
When all that she is praised for, shall be
The neat contrivance of her letcherie.
How she escapes the watch all houres of night ;
The Constable supposing her some Sprite,
Dares not affront her ; how her chambers be
From the rude violence at Shrove-tide free,

But

But what the Author touching her shall say,
You'l viewing finde it in a differing way.
And if your judgements do conceive him right,
He aimes as well to profit as delight.
Peruse him favourably, and you shall see
Much matter handled by his industrie; (crimes,
And when from him y'ave learn'd to shun grosse
Be pleas'd to thank, and praise him for his rimes.

Friend Mill, I could dwell on thy praise; but 'twill
Be a fit subject for some abler quill.
I could commend the smoothnesse of thy strains,
But 'tis a work befitteeth abler brains
To do it fully: let me therefore be
Only a lover of thy worth and thee.
As 'tis expected then the learn'd and wise,
Should this your worth, as I yo^r friendship prize,
Deign your acceptance of these lines, that thence
Your Readers may be taught a lesson hence,
From your example, kindly to accept,
What is devoted to their due respect.

For should you but dislike a line that's here,
It would encourage them to spend a jeere
Upon the lightest criticism; and take
You for their pattern, who an error make
Of this my forward service; but I feare
These words will prove another trespass here:
And while I labour to abate your ire,
Stirring the embers, I increase the fire.

This

*This, and I've done; you need not feare its worth,
Only your name will serve to set it forth,
And if the ruder here affrighted gaze
At your unlookt-for raptures, st and amaz'd:
Let 'em awhile but listen, and they'l grow
(Being ravish'd with those numbers from you flow)
In love with wit and fancy: and esteeme
You worthy of a laurell Anademe: (Spight
Which fame shall crowne thy temples with in
Of all gaine-sayers of thy Muses right.
Whose worth while other praise, let me admire;
Sub, I but adde a voyce unto their quire.*

C. G. ex Oxon.

**To the Ingenious Author, Master
HUMPHRY MILL, on his booke
called *A Nights Search.***

YOur Mill grindes well; and each pure line
Without a Search may sweare it thine,
An obscure subject you display,
In neat expressions cleare as day,
Rare Art that can both satisfie
The learned, and the vulgar!

This

*This censure gives a friendly pen,
Thou art the flower of witty men.
Then take this baptisme from my quill,
A Mill a Poet, Poet Mill.*

*Sic approbavit, DAN: FOX.
Graves-Inns.*

**To his worthy friend the Author
of the *Nights Search*.**

IF Decker docks with discipline and wit,
Gain'd praises by the Bell-man that he writ;
Or laud on Brathwait waiting did abound;
When a Strappado for the devill he found.
Then may this Mill of Mills, by right of merit,
Equall (if not superior) fame inherit.
Being no Art-invented paper Mill,
That water driving not, lies ever still:
But such a Mill as (in my best account)
Deserves a Mansion on Parnassus mount.
A Mill not agitated (as I finde)
Nor set on worke by water or by winde.
Nor a poore Edifice by Art compact,
But Nature in this Mill her part did act:

That

That by selfe-working of a pan, and pen,
The reputation of *luxurious* men,
And women, given to soule-killing lust,
Or other vice, grinds as it were to dust;
Making one little world in verse to tell,
What follies in this Universe do dwell.

Briefly, this Mill, or Microcosme appears,
In rich endowments old, though young in yeares:
And though no paper-mill, his worthy name,
This second time prest paper must proclame.
His first deserv'd no carping, nor derision,
For 'twas a usefull Melancholy Vision. (catch
And here behold his Nights Search, that may
The Constable, perhaps, with all his Watch.
And men in higher office, that are bent
Themselves (and not their Maker) to content;
Whereby the light of reason we may spie,
With Venus, Bacchus, Hermes, many lie.
But were I single (Mill) 'twere best for me,
Next to Divines, still to converse with thee:
In whose vice-hating brest, and active brain,
The Censor Cato seems to live again.

JOAN. PATRIDOPHILUS.

To his judicious friend, Master
HUMPHRY MILL, on
his Evening Poems.

I Need not win the lookers on to buy
This piece (worth reading over:) every eye
That views thy name to'r and hath heard thy praise,
Without intreaty will respect the Bayes
With favourable perusall: then shall I
Prevent the Readers willing industry;
And as it were, ambitious to be read,
Before thy rare composures, dare to spread
My courser fare at th' upper end; but tis
Onely to whet their appetites to this:
Which to the second course thou dost prepare,
That every palate may commend thy fare.
Taste what you like, and if ought here's displease ye,
'Tis not because tis bad, but you are queasie.

ROB. NEWTON.

That by selfe-working of a pen, and pen;
The reputation of luxurious men,
And women, given to soule-killing lust,
Or other vice, grinds as it were to dust;
Making one little world in verse to tell,
What foliyes in this Universe do dwell.

Briefly, this Mill, or Microcosme appeares,
In rich endowments old, though young in yeares :
And though no paper-mill, his worthy name,
This second time prest paper must proclame.
His first deserv'd no carping, nor derision;
For 'twas a usefull Melancholy Vision. (catch
And here behold his Nights Search, that may
The Constable, perhaps, with all his Watch.
And men in higher office, that are bent
Themselves (and not their Maker) to content;
Whereby the light of reason we may spie,
With Venus, Bacchus, Hermes, many lie.
But were I single (Mill) 'twere best for me,
Next to Divines, still to converse with thee :
In whose vice-hating brest, and active brain,
The Censor Cato seems to live again.

JOAN. PATRIDOPHEILUS.

**To his judicious friend, Master
HUMPHRY MILL, on
his Evening Poems.**

I Need not win the lookers on to buy
This piece (worth reading over:) every eye
That views thy name to't, and hath heard thy praise,
Without intreaty will respect the Bayes
With favourable perusall: then shall I
Prevent the Readers willing industry;
And as it were, ambitious to be read,
Before thy rare composures, dare to spread
My courser fare at th' upper end; but 'tis
Onely to whet their appetites to this:
Which to the second course thou dost prepare,
That every palate may commend thy fare.
Taste what you like, and if ought here displease ye,
'Tis not because tis bad, but you are queasie.

ROB. NEWTON.

To his friend, HUMPHRY MILL,
upon his ensuing Poems.

Friend, I admire thee, for by heaven I swear,
I have not heard nor seen this many a year,
A subject fitter for my wonder, or
Rather my joy, since flattery I abhor:
For looking in thy face, I read in thee,
The perfect lines of ingenuitie.
Such is thy work, that thou to fame maist wed it,
(By true relation) though I never read it.
Should I conceive thy much aspiring flame
To reach at me? no, I admire the same.
Thy book has more than some will wish indeed,
And that the title doth too farre exceed.
If any mock the title, say 'tis flat,
I'll tell him to his teeth, 't's no matter what.
If any say thy lines do cut, or harp
Upon a jest, and say thy wit is sharp;
Thus answer him againe, that none but fooles
Will be so mad to meddle with edg'd tooles.

Ro. T. hospitii Lincoln.

ROBERT NEWTON

To

To his very good friend, Mr. HUMPHRY
MILL, on his Poem called the
NIGHTS SEARCH.

ME thinks, I heare the Punks and Panders say,
There is a Nights Search coming let's away:
'Tis time, I see, there's not a fault hath slip't
Away by thee, but has been soundly whipt;
Some burnt i'th' hand, i'th' shoulders, elsewhere some;
There's not a drunkard, filthy quean, or scum,
That's left unpunish'd; nay, it may be said,
Thou hast a wit that makes the world afraid.
Men dare not kisse a wench, nor she the men,
For feare of thy two-edg'd Scurrill pen.
Go on (brave sir) to punish thus the crimes
Of these abusive and adulterous times,
That th' age to come may say there was a Mill,
That scow'r'd the world from such abortive ill.

Put down your clubs, ye Constables that catch
The leather-winged harts; and you the Watch,
Go stumble home, what needs a rusty bill,
A Welch-hacke, or a halbert; here's a Mill,

B

That

That apprehends more Panders, Punks & knaves,
 Than all the Beadles with their painted staves:
 For this his Nights Search is a piece of worke,
 That may, for ought we know, convert the Turke:
 'Tis pitty then it should crasp'd lie,
 Within the narrow verge of Britanie:
 No, it shall ride in state on Neptunes back,
 To th' Court of Amurath and Prester Jack.
 Who knowes what vertue's in't? perhaps his lines
 May make them turne away their Concubines.
 Grinde on brave Mill, thou art for all their frands,
 The great Shrove-tuesdy to the whores & bawds.

ROBERT CHAMBERLAIN.

To the well-deserving, Master
 HUMPHRY MILL,
 upon his Poems called
A Nights Search.

Meeke flasby Poems best acceptance finde,
 With men to Novels of the times inclin'd:
 Expressions of a Muse enricht with grace,
 (That strikes at sinnes foule and prodigious race)
 Hardly

Hardly from those deserved praise shall gaine,
Who but a thought of good to entertaine,
Doloath as death. Be not discourag'd then,
If censur'd by the worthlesse sort of men.
None that are wise and good, but I dare say,
To read a Poem doth so well display
(As yours) the blacknes of these monstrous crimes;
(So freely, boldly practis'd in these times :)
And with such art doth remedies apply,
To cure the soules each killing malady,
Will much delight and celebrate your praise,
With what's your meritt due, the learned Bayes.

BAR. FIGOT.

To his friend, Mr. HUMPHRY MILL,
upon his rich conceits in his Poems
called A NIGHTS SEARCH.

THE Laws and Statutes which are now in force,
Confirm'd by justice, order such a course,
That watchmen guard the night, and while men
Their goods and persons they in safety keep. (Sleep,
And

And doe (or should) discover noctuall scouts,
As Panders, Pimps, and Bawds, their bellish routs,
And bring them to correction: where the Law
May take effect, and keep them still in awe. (thine?)

But what's all that to this Nights Search of
Thou hast discover'd in thy Epick line,
Whole troops of hell-hounds; and thou hast displai'd
Them to the life; that hell is now affraid
Of thee, thy Genius, and thy searching quill,
Which have reveal'd another world of ill.

Me thought, I saw thee in thy carious Search,
Much like an Eagle mounted on a perch
To over-looke the world: and having spy'd
A knot of Night-fowles, then thou didst divide
Thy nimble feathers; there thou wouldst not stay;
But downe thou flew'st, and took'st them for a prey.
Thou didst both whip, and teach thy Night-borne
Thou wast too lofty once to stoop for flies. (prize:
Yet tender-hearted; thou couldst not endure
Those that were sore, should goe without a cure.
To those that mend not, but will sinne agen,
The Bridewell lash is easier than thy pen.

Thy booke is usefull for the Common-wealth,
I love its worth, and thee, and wish thee health.
Mount still with winged raptures; for I know
Thy mind's too spritely (long) to dwell below.

THO: COLLETT.

Vpon the deserving Author, Master
HUMPHRY MILL, and
his *Nights Search*.

O Ut of a drowsie slumber at mid-night, (write
My Muse awakes me, and commands me
Upon this Nights Search: I was loth to rise;
But rub'd awhile my temples, and mine eyes;
Struck fire, got light, pen, inke, and paper by;
What must I write now? what! yes what? and why?
Must I crowd in among those learned ranks,
That doe already over-flow the banks
Of this our Mill, with streames from Helicon?
Are there not floods before it many a one,
Of strength enough to drive the wheele about,
But such a weake supply must be drawne out
As I can dribble through a slender quill?

Well, come away; more sacks unto the Mill.
I will make one, but by your leave my Muse,
Stand you aloofe: I other ayd must use
To praise this worke, and workeman: to be done
As it should be, by no Muse but his owne.

And her I now invoke. Fayre modest maid,
Be not in any blush or thought affraid,
That I'll attempt thy Chastity; or wrong
Thee, or thy Poet, though thou assist my song
In chanting forth his praise; I will not quite
Ravish thee from him: one short houres delight
Intitillations thou canst give my braine,
Shall serve my turne; and then flye home againe.
Pray be not coy, but, come unto his friend,
Many a man himselfe so long would lend.
I know he'll not be angry: now she comes,
And yeelds conceits for ten Encomiums,
Were here but space to place them! O she flames,
As if she'd turne the whole world out of prose,
Into delightfull measures; and the times
Out of rude senses into rationall times.
Which of the ancient Poets (with reverence still
Be't spoke) on vices has out-wrote our Mill?
Or of the Moderne busie ones who sweeter
Can grinde so many mischiefs into meeter?
Write, write apace, all you that boast to be
Traders in Poetry, Premices, or free,
In praise of this rare Artist; that the earth
May be prepar'd to welcom this great birth.
This new booke of abuses whipt, and stript,
Which o're the numberd old ones head have stript.
And by his superexcellency undone
That which was call'd the Bel-mantoo of London.
And

And here fall downe, you Caine-Quels and Bats,
That should watch in the night, (but like dull Cats
You sleep, or goe a birding, while the Rats
Play in the streets before the Counters-gates)
Fall downe (I say) you Officers of night,
Worship the glory of the Lanthorne light
That's here held up to you by th' hand of Mill,
That shews you the high way to all the ill
He has discoverd; and you should prevent.
Now if you be so ignorantly bent,
Or willfull-blinde, as we'l not see, you say;
You may want eyes to see another day;
Or be so hood-wink'd, that you may not frye
When your owne wives with other men doe lye
And (under favour) may the City know
What tole or recompence she now doeth owe
To this industrious Mill, this Watchman? nay
This glory of the night. The City may
Call him her Moon-shine; nor at least deny
He's a Night-Dyall to set her Watchet by.
Consider now, you that are grave and wise
In City government, and Bradles, Spyes,
Informers, and Practisiers keepe in fee,
The endless unkinde worth of Poetry,
Which of enormities discovers more
In one Nights Search than in ten yeares before;
Had all you Officers compounded for
And as you love to punish vice, abhorre

Ingratitude to vertue; let reward
Engage the Poet then to your regard.
So shall his Muse your honour sing, and so
Your Mill more merrily the round shall go.

RICHARD BROOME.

To Master M I L L, on his
NIGHTS SEARCH.

WHere such a troop of Worthies do approve,
I would seeme injustice to conceal the love
I beare thy merits: which should honour'd be,
By all that do love ingennitie.
Let me then on those champions of thy fame
Attend; and glory that I have a name
I th' list of thy admirers, and may be
Thought on hereafter for my praising thee.
I am not skil'd in complement, nor use
At every triviall cause to rouse my Muse;
Yet truly, I would willingly bestow
That praise upon thee which I justly owe
To thy deserts; but then I must repeat
What others have deliver'd, and entreat
The leane of some choice fancie, or the wit,
The matter or conceits best fitting it;

From

From this or that great Artist, lest I run
A new into an obligation.

But I forbear with borrowed coyne to pay
The debt I owe, and crave a longer day;
Acknowledging how much our lewder times
Are daily alter'd by thy well-fill'd rimes.

JO. WILSON,
Interioris Templi.

To the Authour, M^r. HUMPHRY
MILL, on his worthy work, called
A NIGHTS SEARCH.

W^Hat a good conscience hath inspir'd thy pen,
To throw it's gall upon the faults of men!
And those soule-tempting errors that entice
Loose women to be instruments of vice!
'Twas sure no Constable that's proud to weare
The title of a Parish Officer,
To help his stocke, and credit by conniving,
For by severity, there's little thriving.

Nor

Nor did a Subarbs Justice teach thee how
To look on sin with a contracted brow;
That brings him profit, and maintains his man,
That writes worse latine than Justinian
No, no, 'twas a zeale in thee, that hast resign'd
Loose Poetry (to lightnesse more inclin'd)
And taught it to instruct, not tempt the soule
With wanton raptures, unto acts are foule:
They are by thee so lively made t' appeare,
Desire dares not attempt them without feare.
What Patron shall reward thee? few there are,
Will to thy full desert a bounty spare.
Those chiefly which delight to spend their means
Upon thy punisht bawds, and sore-lasht queans.
I wish I could dispose it, thou shouldst bee
Master of Bridewell, I'da honour thee. (quitt)
Thou would'st reform more queans with thy learn'd
Than beating hemp, or turning of the mill.

THO. N.

Ad

Ad amicum suum candidum; M.

HOMPHREDUM MILL, de Poe-
mare faceto, cui Titulus

A NIGHTS SEARCH.

Some loose-lin'd Rimmers by lascivious Lays,
Infect the Aire; thou justly bear'st the Bayes,
Thy quill commands a blessed Memory;
Corvall with Long-breath'd Eternity:
While thou by Practise and a Poets pen,
Dost lash the Brain-sick carriages of men,
And so discreetly on a various Matter,
Thy flowing Thoughts most variously dost scatter.
Thy Nobler Muse, exiles a low-bred strain,
A starv'd conceit, or fancy from a Swaine:
Each verse a rapture is, and every word
A speaking sentence; measures all accord
By due proportion; in this verse of thine
There's no harsh accent, nor a maimed line.

The sweetned musick of thy New-born lines,
Exceeds old Orpheus pipe, thou charm'st the Times.
While Mirth and Wit, with Modesty make head
To levell Vice, and strike prophaneesse dead,

In

In this thy Search. That Surg'on wins my heart,
Who if he lance doth Anodyze the smart. (pen,
What though some Beefe-braines cannot trace thy
But judge thee guilty, as the worst of men!
'Cause their low-fathomes, wedded to their Sense,
Can only judge of things it's Present Tense!
Each Peasant cannot Cube, nor well discry
A Poets Spheare, because his Searching eye
Sublimes it selfe; we know that spotlesse name
Is wing'd abroad to wither'd Envy's shame.

But let it swell, this truth Ile safely say,
Thy Marshall'd Muse hath won the field to day;
That when thou pay'st the grave thy debt, To Die,
Will mount thy purchas'd glory to the skie.

Brave Gallants that swear fealty to sin,
Yeeld Homage to a lust, or curs'd Fien!
This book arrests you; bid your lusts adieu,
Shake hands with Vice, your Mistress, & that Crew;
Or read your Doome with silence, lest you feelee
The circling lasses of his Scourge of Steele.

Sic approbavit ELIAH PALMER,

Londonensis.

To his good friend the Author
of the *Nights Search*.

FAine would I presse to drop some lines among
The wits that write thy praise; but being young,
And wanting wit, I fear 'twill be my doom,
My Muse came shuffling in to fill a room:
But my intent is good, that helps the rest;
Thy worth is more than can be here express'd.
Thou hast reveal'd those things, that such as I
May warning take: how do the harlots drie,
And burn alive! thou hast displac'd a whore
In all her postures; never man did more.

The bawd, the thiefe, the prodigall, the pimp,
The rascall pander, every bellish Imp;
Shall feele thy lash: those that are rotten-ripe,
Drop down before thee; where thou giv'st a stripe,
Tis onely 'mendment that can give them ease,
(Joynd with thy cures) for their foule disease.
If I should undertake to set thee forth,
I should come short in blazing of thy worth.
But in this worke, O! how dost thou excell!
I love no flattery, the world can tell.

Thy

Thy verse is full of fancie, and thy braine
Drops rich conceits, good language, that thy strain
May please the best of wits; O let it be
Made known to ages what they owe to thee!

PHILIP CHAMPERNOWNE:
Medii Templi.

To his respected friend, Master MILL,
on his ensuing Poems.

WHEN I took pen in hand to write of thee,
An ague took my joints, no part was free:
I would have and thy Work with praise commend;
But that I knew not when to make an end.
I thought again some pell'd conceit would fall
Into my quill; then not to write at all
I thought it best; but by and by again,
Me thought I had a fancie in my brain.
With that my barren Muse began to spring;
She somewhat needs would speak, & this's the thing.
How richly is thy Muse adorn'd; that she
Can sound out things that thou didst never see!
She hath reveal'd the plots of hell. By kinde
Thou art a Mill indeed, for thou dost grinde

Their

te
Their flesh to naught, & then condemn'st their bones
To be suppress't by hard relentlesse stones.

So full of fancie, deck'd with rich conceit,
Is all thy Work, by measure and by weight:

I thinke that by it daily many a one
Will be reclaim'd when thou art dead and gone.

He that doth read thy booke, will hate the evill,
And speake thy praise, unlesse it be a devill.

So much is found by thee, that all may say,
Ne're so much known till now (thy night is day.)

Thou dost, unfeed, without demurre or pause,
O'rethrow the guilty; but thou plead'st the cause

With art and wit, of innocents distrest,
Propounding them away t' attaine to rest;

Preventing all that may be thought or said
Against thee or thy Muse, that hopefull maid,

By all the guard of hell: and thou dost bring
Them double shame, in turning back the string.

How could I stay to tell thy praises o're!

My candle's out, now I can write no more.

THO. GITTYS,

Interioris Templi.

their justice warring, their conduct in their law
to be supported by their virtuous spirit
of just of justice, which is with such conduct
is all the world, and the weight
thing that is in daily living a one
Will be declared in what is in my hand and gone
to the hand read the book, will have the evil
and speak the words, which is in the heart
to much is found by the, that all men say
We are in much better than (they are in day)
I don't know, without a minute or part
O, yet the words; but the words of the
sub and not, of innocent spirit
prophounding them as a, which is to
nevertheless, which may be thought as
doubtless of the, that is a good will
by all the great of hell, which is a good
been double, in turning back the
How could I say to all the people
My candle is out, now I cannot see more

The Court
In the Temple



A Proëme to the Search, *with the occasion of it.*



Vse, call thy Genius up, and let thy quill
Prove thee a sharer in the forked hill:
Trace flowry *Panew*, taste the silver spring
Of *Helicon*; scrue up thy steele string:
Begin with cōcords, discords come apace;
And then thou maist more freely strike the base.
Let judgement guard thee, reasons counsell aske;
Thou hast no common, but a painfull task
To undertake; nor wanton idle bayes,
Love-subjects are too threedbare now a dayes.
Nor lustfull Epigrams, nor jesting rime,
Which might corrupt men, rob them of their time:
Nor senselesse tales (such trash hath venom in't,
No reason; but that fools would be in print)
No, nor the brave exploits of worthy men;
But worthlesse imps are destin'd for thy pen,
The bawdy rabble, which have bin protected
By some too oft (and punishment neglected)
Must be displaid by thee: their menstr'ous blaines
Laine'd to the quick; their never dying staines
Laid to the view of men; their private ends,
And how th'are robd of reason, wit, wealth, friends;

How vile they make the times, what things did fall
 Into the hands of fate, what hellish thrall
 Attends upon them; how their shamelesse breath
 At last is suckt into the whirlepoole death.

To those that will returne, and will endure
 Thy cor'sive, and thy lance, apply thy cure:
 Go boldly forth, the Constables will guard thee,
 And if thou dost good service, they'll reward thee.
 The watchmen, with the beades, will attend thee;
 Aske light, or weapons of them, they will lend thee;
 The Iustices will grace thee in thy cause,
 And give thee warrants from the strongest lawes.
 Prepare thy selfe against to morrow night,
 And be industrious; know, that candle-light
 May shew thee more than day: for why? the Sun
 Doth make those night-fowles into corners run.
 If any plead for hell, nere favour such;
 They have bin favour'd in the world too much.

Search other countreys too; for there are weeds
 Which harbour serpents, and as hatefull deeds
 As Brittain ever did: lose not thy way,
 Thou mayst be here againe by break of day.
Mus. My charge is hard, time short for tedious things!
 Thou art a spirit, canst not use thy wings?
 I never was a subject to this sin;
 But now thy search being ready to begin,
 I'll help thee in't: and as a stander by
 May better judge (casting a serious eye)
 Than he that is an actor; so the fame
 Of sinfull crimes helps me to blaze the shame.
 Those that are pinch'd (perhaps) will sting and kick,
 (The gaull'd-backt jade will snuffe) and seek to pick,
 A quarrell with thee, and with envie swell;
 Though here they are, their venome came from hell:

But answer them at last ; none will oppose
 Thee in thy Search, unless't be some of those
 Which thou hast guilty found : and then they will
 Shew to the world that they are far more ill
 Than thou hast shew'd (although they have bin vaine)
 To peach themselves they'll be but fooles in gaine.
 I name'em nor, what is at randome showne,
 In frenzie first they'll make it all their owne :
 Were they not guilty, they would be posselt
 With gendencie, their mindes would be at rest.
 How ere they rage, yet enter thou their roose,
 Though they resist, they are not vengeance proose.

Prevent the bawd, or she'll have her desire,
 Ere th' watchmen come, she'll draw away the fire,
 And let her harlots downe ; such sobes are made
 As master-peecees, which do help their trade,
 Finde out their holes, take but the hearth away,
 There shalt thou finde a hell ; the furies play
 There in the dark : being apprehended so,
 Let no man take a bribe to let them go.
 I make no doubt but honest mindes will take
 The sense at best, and good construction make
 Of what is spoke, and meant ; and what is weak
 They'll silent passe, of what's of worth they'll speak.

Hearing the cries of husbands for their wives
 Being growne too light (who lov'd them as their lives)
 Complaints of women, with their griev'd moanes,
 Their bitter mourning, with their sighes and groanes
 For their lost husbands ; who have bin undone
 With following whores : and how poore children run
 About for succour, how their brinish teares
 Have spoke the parents shame : how free from feares
 Vile strumpets walk abroad, how men like slaves
 Are chain'd, and brought untimely to their graves :

How men have lost by trusting such an else;
 (I have bin gull'd by some of them my selfe.)
 They'll drive men off with words from day to day;
 Till they pimp, beg, or die, or run away.
 And finding many thus were over-throwne,
 I did resolve to make their courses knowne.

Walking alone over the pleasant fields
 Which were enrich'd with treasure, all which yeelds
 Much matter for delight, 'twas cleerly seen
 That all the earth was newly clad in green:
 It did rejoyce that it had cast away
 Its winter suite, which was a suite of gray.
 The ayrie Choristers did sweetly sing
 Their well-tun'd sonnets to the cheerfull spring.
 Don Phœbus smil'd so lovely on the earth,
 That it beares twins, or hath a second birth.
 To make all yet more rich, the gentle showers
 With hony-drops refweets the various flowers,
 Which now are risen from their frozen beds
 To welcome in the Spring: they shew their heads
 To cheere mens hearts; the milder gales of wind
 Alaies the heat, refreshing every minde,
 It hardly chides the dust, being calme and faire,
 It breathes sweet gusts which do perfume the ayre.
 The beast that was imprison'd and did eas
 His bare allowance, now he carves his meat.
 The azure-colour heavens ioy'd to see
 Such concord on the earth: the harmonic
 Possess me with content; how did this day
 Resemble heaven! but, it pass'd away.
 The Charetter of heaven whip this steeds
 That ran too fast before; he never heeds
 Our losse, nor care, nor did his fury rest
 Till he had drove them headlong to the west.

The day being slunk away, the season too
 Will part ere long (thought I) none can at woo
 To tarry here: to qualifie our feare,
 It promis'd us a visit every yeare,
 Black *Morpheus* did begin to chase the light,
 I could not call it day, nor was it night:
 But being refresht, the notions of my braine
 Somewhat reviv'd, homeward I came againe.

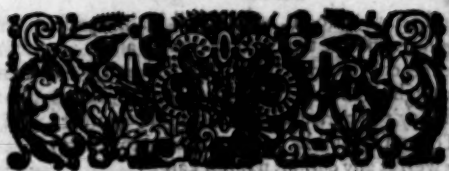
I heard a cry, and as I pass'd along
 With listning found it was a womans tongue:
 A man replying (made the noise much more)
 With rayling words, Out of my sight you whore,
 Ile travell far enough; What, cannot I
 Accompany my friends, but presently
 Thou must controule me? go thou dirty hag,
 Ile bang thy sides, and make thee work, or beg.

The womans answer modest was, and milde;
 Alas, you know that I am big with childe;
 I've little ones beside, I am afraid
 If you mend not, they'll be through want destroyed:
 You care not for us, nor provide us meat,
 We often sit and have no bread to eat:
 You spend what ere you get upon a whore,
 And now you will be gone to vex me more:
 What case am I now in? oh! if you leave me,
 I wish the grave more kinde, and to receive me.

Then coming to'em, she exprest her grieve
 To me at large (I gave her some reliefe)
 But he with fury rayl'd, till at the last
 A Constable did make him cry as fast;
 Who coming, knew the case, where he did dwell;
 And to the iustice neere to new Bridewell
 He had bin brought, but that I made request
 For him; he promis't to forsake the nest

Of bawdy strumpets, and to end the strife
 He did confesse his faults, and cleare his wife;
 Yet afterwards this vassall was as bad
 As bad might be; which made his wife run mad,
 And so she still remaines: this gave more strength
 Vnto my purpose; then my Muse at length
 Posselt with fury, prest with thoughts, grew bold
 To bend herselfe strange stories to unfold.
 Though she was angry, she was mov'd with pittie
 Towards ev'ry one, in Countrey, Court and City.
 It is the sin she strikes at, 'tis her end
 To shew examples, others may amend.
 These kinde of devils (though they range about)
 Where once they enter, seldome are cast out.

Her meaning is, in making sharp her pen,
 To drive ill spirits out, and save the men.
 She feares not envie, *Ignoramus* least;
 One's curst, but weak, and bayard's but a beast.
 If thou dost meet her, use her well (she's free)
 Or else she may unlookt for meet with thee.
 She smiles, yet grieves, to heare how some will roare,
 Although they purchase hell to get a whore,
 Thy night is come; go, quickly call the watch;
 For thou hast weighty businesse to dispatch:
 Grace honest Poets; as thou walk'st thy round
 The wanton Rimer will be quickly found:
 Search out the rest, judge as thou find'st their crimes;
 Then thou mayst be a register of times.



A Nights Search.

SECTION I.

*The character of a modest, wise Poet, with some
touches by the way at his opposites; his
happy end.*

His true borne Poet, that doth bend his quill
To scan the world, and finding out the ill,
Provides a cure; and still it is his care
To launce the sore, that others may beware:
He's temperate, wise, and modest, he will sit
In company to polish ore the wit.
He's harmlesse in his life; no person, place
Are hid from his conceits: he shewes that face
That's most obscur'd: his *Genius* and his pen
May make you think his spirit lives in men.
He's like a little world; for all things there
Obtaine a being in their proper spheare.
All men do meet in him; his searching Art
Sucks in the sweet, and creame of every part,

Gull, knave, or foole, before he'll let him passe,
 He'll learne the true character of an asse.
 He sets out sin (most lively) black as hell,
 To fright men from the bait; he can as well
 Display't in party, or grosse, or both, or either,
 (Though sin and he were never bred together)
 As well as any curious painter can
 The fashion of a landskip or a man.

The guilty man may read his sin, his shame,
 And call it his, although there's not his name:
 But vertue in her beauty he hath knowne,
 He makes all sure, and takes her for his owne:
 Then spreads her beauty, that the world may see
 Shee's lovely in her selfe; and all may be
 Corivals in this match; for she will do
 Favours to men, and yet be modest too.

He is a maker, not alone of verse,
 But of the matter too; he doth rehearse
 Much substance in a word; he can compose
 His lofty fancies, or in verse, or prose:
 But if in verse, how smoothly doth it glide
 Into the heart: the memory beside
 Retaines it best: his raptures do translate
 The mindes of some into a happy state.
 His numbers with his measures do agree;
 The accents meet with such sweet harmony:
 The emphasis is raised with such grace,
 That all concurs to keep both time and place.
 Good language in his lines he doth expresse,
 His couplings joyne with sense; he is no lesse
 Than heire to *Parnassus*: h' had such a draught
 At *Helicon*, that he is rightly taught
 To speake the native tone of all the nine;
 But courts *Vrania*, cause she is divine.

What

What ere his measures are, or short, or long,
Lyricks, or Saphicks; if he frame his song
Iambique like, or if Pentameters,
Or double meeters, or Hexameters;
Or if he pitch upon Heroick strains:
'Twill speak his praise, because his season'd braines
Cast out no drosse; he's modest in his line,
What ere his subject be, his worth will shine.

True profit and delight do meet together
In his conceits: although the foole findes neither.
His lines are stor'd with witty usefull pleasure;
Though idiots sleight, wise men will prize his treasure.
His company is sweet to those that know
How to make use on't: but he'll seldome throw
His breath away upon a scornfull asse,
A brute he came, and so he'll let him passe.

He takes nor fables, nor conceited dreams,
Nor idle fictions to make up his theames;
Yet he will use them, onely to allude
To good, or ill, to shame the multitude,
If melancholy, then he's wise, and grave,
Griefe, sorrow, death, are subjects he will have
To work upon; he gives his words by weight;
With vaine delights he's quite out of conceit.

If he be pleasant, all his writings tend
To take men with delight: he will commend
A little good, to make 'em love the rest:
He's sad 'mongst bad men, merry with the best.
He'll dash an evill out of favour, then
He'll let it blood, but comfort up the men.
He slights the world, nor will he ever be
A favorite to prodigallitie.
He's free to all, regarding not his store,
And that's the reason he is often poore.

He

He hates lascivious times, he'll not applaud
 A faire fac'd whore, nor yet the common bawd,
 But whip'em still; for he will ever prie,
 In secret places where most dangers lie.
 He's noble-minded (not a sordid else)
 He strives to know, and to enjoy himselfe:

Nor will he flatter great ones for a fee,
 Whose worth lies in their wealth, for such as he
 Are able to discern; nor will he fawne
 Vpon his patrons (laying truth to pawne
 In every line) unlesse in him he finde
 An honest heart grac'd with a noble minde:
 Not like a temporizer, who will hold
 Pace with his vices, onely for his gold,
 Who scribles much, and shamefull praise doth gaine;
 T'had better bin undone; for time will staine
 His name for ever: most men do detest
 All verses for his sake; but yet the rest
 Are ne're the worse; for such this time I borrow:
 I have digress'd; Ile speak of him to morrow.

But this ingenious Poet doth rehearse
 Things as they are, or should be, and his verse
 Not stuf't with clouded words, or conjuring straines,
 Nor thunder-claps, which might distract the braines
 Of honest readers: but in tearmes most fit
 T'expresse his matter, and to teach them wit.
 He doth refine conceits, and raise them higher,
 His musique's next unto the angels quire.
 Nor doth he spin it thred-bare; he'll begin
 New fancies as he goes; the spring within
 Runs alwayes fresh: he doth not trade abroad
 With borrowed wit, nor tread the beaten road.

His *Genius* works when other men do sleepe,
 His aimes are heavenly, and his judgements deepe.

He's

He's humble still, you cannot make him know
His owne desert; he's not a man for show.
He doth not search for praise, (he loaths all such)
He thinks he's simple, though he knows so much.

But yet to shew the vilenesse of that brood
That doe prefer their humours, hate all good,
Hee'll baffle such men, and he scorns the nest
Of venom-coupled sots: silence is best
To answer such back-biters: he will slight
Detracting vassals that will vomit spite
At what they know not, and will look askint
On things of worth; what ere has most worth in't
They slubber most with gall; in all that's evill
They'll goe as far, and be as like the Devill,
As all their wit can make them: oh! but then
They'll fall with shame before the Poets pen,
Though they like *Xerxes* whip the sea, and send
A challenge to the hills; yet in the end
The sea's too strong, the mountaines are too high
For fooles to clamber: so like fooles they die.

This honest Poet finds among the wise
His due respect: for they have learn'd to prize
Persons, and things of worth: and still his bent
Is how to shame the vile, and give content
To all the best. Come, take him as you find him;
Hee'll think of you, though you doe never mind him,
Turne all his verse to prose, it beares the sense
And lustre of a poem: and from thence
True worth doth spring. The Poets first did teach
Humanitie to men, made up the breach,
That rudenesse made; all usefull Arts were cloath'd
VVith Poets wit: why should it then be loath'd?

The learned'st in the languages, rehearse
Much of the sacred text was writ in verse;

As some of *Moses* law, the *Psalmes*, the Song
Of *Solomon*, the holy peoples wrong,
Vnder their foes, by *Jeremy* related;
The booke of *Iob*, and all the songs were stated
In measur'd Meeters; who would verse disdain,
When Poets have such patterns for their straine!

He that's Dramatick, and doth purge the stage
From scurrill droffe, and shewes this simple age
Their moulded trophies; and doth always strive
To keep both persons names, and things alive,
His end is good; but idiots learne by this
How to contrive their ways: to do amisse
Some there conclude (of late I heard one say)
I must go meet a whore at such a play.
What pity 'tis such time, with wit, and cost
Should be bestow'd, and prove but labour lost?
This was invented chiefly to be us'd
By Kings and Nobles, not to be abus'd
By hackney trulls: but now I must returne
To lay my honest Poet in his urne:
For having spent his time well, now h'as past
His life to death: the hungry grave at last
Is clos'd upon him; there he must abide
Vntill his just and happy cause be try'd.

His Epitaph.

You sollid stones, incite the gentle dust
To guard this man of worth, that's buried here;
He is a Jewell, left unto your trust,
Till he in glory, gloriously appeare.
Though saucie death hath laid him in this grave,
His name's alive, and living praise shall have,



SECT. 2.

*Against lascivious Poets and poetry, and of the
ill that is occasioned by such meanes.*

THOU that art skill'd in poetry, and wilt
Abuse thy wit, thy parts, to mixe the guile
And filth of lust together, answer here
To what I charge thee with; let shame and fear
Possesse thy heart: this first doth breed the odds,
Thou striv'st to make the names of heathen gods
Both famous and immortall: alwayes trying
To paine them fresh, and shew thy art in lying:
Is't fit a Christian with his muse, his pen,
Should strive to be an ape to heathen men?
Art thou so barren of invention made?
Is wit and fancy low, that thou must trade
Beyond-sea altogether? fictions vaine
Must stuffe thy verse, and still direct thy straine.
Their feigned gods are guilty (they confesse)
Of lust, and rapes, and of all filthinesse.

Those Poets with rich nature were endu'd,
Their witty fictions do so much delude
Thee with conceit, that thou hast nothing new;
They fram'd false gods, and worship'd them as true.
Poore men! they rovd at randome in the dark,
Or natures light, but never had a spark
O'th light above: yet better use they made
Of that, than he who makes his muse turne jade.

I say

I say not but those fictions may be us'd
 To set forth Vertue (not to be abus'd
 To trick up Folly) vices may be shewn
 In their owne colours, and be better knowne,
 If well applyed: we may leave the drosse,
 And take the rest, then therein's gaine, no losse.

But he that in lascivious straines doth glory,
 And trims the ruines of a bawdy story,
 Doth shame his Muse, he strives ev'n to undoe her;
 She proves a bawd, his wit's a pander to her.
 Such payson'd bayts trick'd up in gawdy rimes,
 Doe cheat the simple, and infect the times.

To sinne's too much, more to continue in't,
 'Tis worse to die and leave his sinns in print.

'Tis strange, that men who having wit with Art,
 Should be so mad to take the devills part!
 Doth God give men their learning, parts, and wit,
 To raise them up, the devills size to fit?
 Above the rest, on such he sets a price,
 That can with skill paint over his device,
 And scribble out a black and hellish rowle;
 'Tis Sathans will: it traps the silly soule.
 For any good, he is a stranger to it,
 Or plead for truth, he hath no heart to doe it.

If things of worth doe glance but from his pen,
 'Tis but by chance, hee'll wish 'em out agen.
 If he but finde one, bred of heavens race,
 He strives his cause, or person to disgrace:
 And to discourage all that hold with them
 VWho tread the way tow'rs new Jerusalem.
 But if a blade comes, that's to vice inclin'd,
 Hee'll hug him, 'cause he only suits his mind.
 And he that can to his base humours bend,
 (Though nere so bad) hee'l choole him for his friend.

In hindring good, preferring that that's evil,
Is poetry to recompence the Devill?

VVill any man esteeme that Poet best,
VVho in his wanton wit exceeds the rest,
And smooths a path for whores, and does applaud
A shamelesse villaine, and a rotten bawd?
His ulcer'd lines not favouring of the salt,
But rais'd from burning lust, or wine, or malt,
Doe vex the wise; they only cheere all bad men,
Make work for Pimps, and sport for fooles & mad men.
A Poets pen should ever strike at vice,
And raise true vertue to a noble price:

And honour truth, dash falshood out of favour,
Shame foolish Imps, and praise a sweet behaviour;
Or else the Devill may a Poet prove,
To honour lust, and give it termes of love,
Of him he borrowes what he doth indite,
He would doe more, but that he may not write.
'Tis like great *Pluto* hath bespoke his quill:
If this be honour, let him have it stil'.

He does bewitch the youth to bend his minde
To vaine delights, (the sting, that comes behinde;)
The young man by't is fondly drawn away;
The old man sees vice trimm'd, then goes astray:
The modest Maid, whose blushing shewes her grace,
She runs away; the whore, whose brazen face
Is varnisht o're, she can abide and cry,
Here's wit at will; 'tis pitie he should die.

The bawd she mouths it, sitting on a bench,
A wittie Spark, he loves a prettie wench.
Her windowes with such pamphlets furnisht be,
(The Fiends they do promote her bawderie)
The VVhiskin laughs untill his heart be full;
For with this bait he lately catcht a Gull:

VVho

VVho spent his time to learn this shamelesse wooing
 To sell himselfe (for fooles must needs be dooing)
 He's like to thrive, his trade comes on apace,
 And all those imps that love the filthy race,
 Like *Sappho's* birds, may chatter out thy praise,
 And sweare thy scull shall weare the wreath of bayes:
 The fowle that's newly caught will set thee forth,
 And sing a catch: oh! here's a man of worth!

Thy Art doth teach him to fulfill his lust,
 Stirs up the fire, then this vile heap of dust,
 Much like an Ape, does on the strumget grin;
 But she so crafty ere he can her win,
 Must pay her well: her smiles, and curled locks
 Do draw him on; till he hath got the pox:
 Then like a woodcock taken in a snare,
 His gold is gone, his empty pate growes bare;
 And all his feathers moulted clean away;
 And when the Chirurgion comes to seek his pay,
 This light-brain'd foole, is growne so light in purse;
 Except his rot, it is his greatest curse.
 He payes no debts, and keeps a hungry table,
 Hee'd run away, but that he is not able.
 His sin that promis'd him such sweet content,
 Now stings his soule: the whore when all is spent,
 Forsakes him; jeering at his curs'd estate;
 Her love was false, but perfect is her hate.

Then quickly he begins to stinke alive,
 While with his gold the queane doth seeme to thrive!
 He'll curse the Poet, raile against his whore;
 And being growne so miserably poore,
 Disease and want have quencht his lustfull flame,
 He dyes despairing, leaves a rotten name.

The heavens know if ever he repented;
 'Mongst men below his death is not lamented;

Excepting

Excepting those that liv'd upon his losse,
And's creditors that had so great a crosse.
Poore wretched man! that hath so short a time!
He's like a worme that creeps in dust and slime!
Yet spends himselfe, Sinne sucking out his marrow;
The world (thogh wide) doth seem for him too narrow;
His braines are nimble to contrive the ill
To please his humours, and his headstrong will,
Those Milldew'd pleasures that delight the sense,
He entertaines; but for his recompence,
Death joyues with sinne to throw him in his grave,
Dust bars him up, and keeps him like a slave.

His Epitaph.

HERE LIES A MAN bewitched with a whore,
Who spent himselfe, his time, and his estate:
Shee slunk away, leaves him to pay the score:
Could any man be more unfortunate?
Now for his debt, Death hath attacht his bones,
And keeps them under these hard-hearted stones.



SECT. 3.

The wanton Poets Funerall.

THe bawdy Poet's growne as bad as he,
Takes leave of wit, and ingennitie;
Though he would seeme to prove a whose had calling,
Shee helps him not, although shee sees him falling.

Excesse of drink, with vilenesse hath o'rethrow'n him;
 Few friends he hath, and some asham'd to own him.
 That Morbus which hee wish't to other men,
 Like Eccho's sounding, answers him agen.

Great *Sat* doth blush, denies to give him light;
 And *Luna* scornes to come within his sight:
 The earth doth grumble now to beare him too;
 Nor any creature will him service doe:
 They all disgrace him, he with sinne is prest;
 (Shame matcht with sorrow, tames both man & beast)
 For *Celleredge* he made his belly large,
 And fill'd it up; but others bore the charge.
 And yet (forsooth) hee must be counted wise,
 Though blasted breath would raise him to the skies,
 And his conceit may draw it as his lozt,
 Yet ere he dyes, he turnes a very sott:
 His land-flood wit that swell'd above the brink,
 Stole empty ayre: his soule being like to sink,
 His lustfull fictions, with the Muses nine,
 Affords no help: his sicknesse is divine.
 The inward test, his spirits sad events,
 Can finde no ease in barren complements.
 Like *Jordan's* streames to *Mare Mortuum's* lake,
 He smoothly glides, a restless rest to take.

Him poverty, and shame doth apprehend;
 Guilt followes on, and dogges him tow'rd his end;
 And having vented all his poultry stuffe,
 Like *Draytons* Moon-calf, burned to the snuffe,
 Betwixt extreames, "then in his grease he fries,
 "Sparkles a little, and then stinking dyes.
 From thence his *Venus* cannot him deliver,
 Nor *Cupid* rescue with his bow, and quiver;
 Nor *Mars* with's valour, no, nor lustie love,
 (Great *Jupiter* will helpelesse to him prove.)

Swift

Swift Mercury and Saturne have agreed;
 With all the Gods, to faile him at his need:
 Apollo's harp can give him no content;
 Parnassus hill, and Helicon have spent
 Their cooling drops: bold Bacchus findes no roome
 To lay a hoghead by him in his tombe.
 Ceres can never ease him with the Crop;
 The Vote of Chorus brings no healing drop:
 But Charon waits to ferry him away,
 Where Pluto looks to take him for his prey:
 And Cerberus with his winding heads doth stretch,
 And longs to be the keeper of this wretch.

There's melody me thinks amongst the throngs;
 If any mourne, 'tis 'cause he liv'd so long.
 Sol shewes his face with many a pleasant smile,
 Since from his sight he's gone that was so vile.
 The Moon shines freely, there was none did do her
 Such wrong: for he was still an eye-sore to her.
 The earth is glad she's of her burthen eas'd,
 Her furniture is with his absence pleas'd:
 Thus having laid him in the earth so deep,
 We'll leave him with the crawling worms to sleep.

His Epitaph,

A Poet lies arrested here by death,
 Who honour'd lust and made it run in rimes;
 The world lost nothing but infected breath;
 Nor gain'd her ever by his hateful crimes:
 All that he left, or to adorne his verse,
 Or pay his debts, was only handy verse.



S E C T. 4.

The Pimps complaint, the Bawds reply; he changeth his course, she gets another; their life and death.

Pimp. **A** Las, alas! what mischief's here befall?
 My friends are dead who lov'd me very well
 What shall I do! my mind is so at strife!
 I'll hang my selfe, I'm weary of my life.
 My place is little worth, my trading's poore,
 I spend my vailes, and what I got before
 Will soon be gone; this life long cannot hold,
 Then poverty will catch me being old.
 Provide your selfe, I'll take some other course:
 'Tis bad with me, and likely to be worse.
Bawd. Thou silly coxcombe! dost thou vex and prate?
 Hold still thy clack, or else I'll break thy pate.
 Hast thou forgot when thou wast poore and base,
 I took thee in, releiv'd thee in this case?
 What wast thou prythee, but a beggars Imp,
 When I preferr'd thee, making thee my Pimp?
 Now thou hast got good raggs upon thy back,
 And money in thy purse; thou saucie lack,
 Dost dominere in grumbling in this sort?
 Thou slight'st my love, and bring'st an ill report
 Vpon my house: what though those men be dead!
 Have I no more that are as bravely bred?

Thou know'st I have an hundred at the least;
And every one a profitable guest.

All give thee money, feast thee with good cheere;
Thy place is worth full fifty pounds a yeare.

But tell me, is't the losse of one or two,
Which makes thee fies, and keep so much ado?
Or else the promise of a larger pay?

Who is't that would inveigle thee away?

Art thou too well? dost live too much at ease?

Stay, stay thou foole, and if thou dost me please,

When ere I dye, my wealth and household-stuffe

Shall be thine owne; that will be meanes enough.

If any wench hath crost thy strong desire,

Let me but know, I'll make her quench thy fire.

But if thou dost my favour now refuse,

Go like a sherk, till I shall heare this news.

That thou art begging up and downe the streets;

I would make me laugh if then I could but meet.

Thou like a vagrant both to wind and weather,

Shalt goe as bare as ever thou cam'st hither.

Well, be advis'd, ere thou dost from me part,

I can have choyce, but thou wilt feele the smart.

Pimp. What are you angry? will you break my head?

I fear you not, I doubt you'll creep to bed

Before your time; who then will have the worst?

Of all the world, the bawd is most accurst.

You say you rais'd me, when you found me poore;

You tooke me in to man a pockie whore.

To great preferment was I rais'd then,

A Pimp is still adjudg'd the scum of men.

You call that breeding which doth breed mens shame;

And those brave fellows which do use the game

Thar's dam'd to hell; the more they are, the worse;

They snatch the baite but never mind the curse.

Cast up you gainer, the profit that comes in,

Hell sets a glosse on't; what's the end of sin?

I thought all well when sinne was my delight;
 But oh! the wound! how doth it now affright
 My horrid conscience! now, I hate this thing;
 The honey-taste is past, now comes the sting.
 'Tis not the promise of your wealth that shall
 Insnare my soule in hellish cursed thrall:
 Nor yet your threats; I doe not feare your charms,
 These lofty winds blow me no mortall harms.

Come fair, or foul, there's nothing shall dismay me,
 I'll leave my sin, or else it will betray me.
 My conscience shall my poverty controll,
 For th' sweet of sin, I will not sell my soule.
 My choyce is made, when you your choyce doe make,
 Think on that burning bed, that furious lake
 That boiles with brimstone: oh! forsake this way,
 Or else the fiends will take you for their prey.
 I had rather beg my bread while here I dwell,
 Than beg and howle, and be deny'd in hell.
 Some I have knowne (being taken with a smile)
 That serv'd their lusts though time did wink awhile,
 It call'd in death, then thus they make their moane,
 The sowre is come, but all the sweet is gone!

Seeing such objects bleeding, then thought I
 Who would so live, so living would not dye?
 As doth the Bee his progresse flye about,
 And lights on weeds, and yet sucks honey out:
 So have I drawne good from this loadsome evill,
 And learn'd a way how to deceive the devill.
 I hate those vermine that doe haunt your house,
 My vailes, your proffers are not worth a—
 I will be freed from't, now I goe about it,
 Give me free leave, or else I'll goe without it.

He being freed from this vile shamefull strife,
 Doth now resolve to lead an honest life.

I wish

I wish him happinesse; still more to know
What 'tis to be redeem'd from hell below.
Was't ever knowne that any came from hell?
Or any chang'd, that once with whores did dwell?
There's none so bad, that if they can but leave
Their sinfull wayes, but mercie may receive.
Let none presume, and yet let none despaire:
When stormes are past, the heavens will be faire.

Muse, stay not here; this convert to applaud:
But turne thy selfe to shame this shamelesse bawd.
Shee melts her grease, as shee is running yonder,
With blood-hound sent, to seek a pimp or pander.
Shee meets a shark, they needs must drink a cup;
He cannot serve: she takes a begger up;
Shee chang'd his raggs, and robb'd him of his —
And now he's proud, and falls unto his vice
With expedition: having man'd a whore,
He gets a fee: now I shall ne're be poore.
I must be wise (thinks he) though I am bold,
My place is warme, an open barne is cold.
He fits her humour, knowing once her minde,
And she ere long will pay him in his kinde.
(They love so strongly, who would have 'em parted
Till they've been whipt and both together carted?)
He to the bawd spake thus (and prais'd his place)

Pimp. Blest be the time that ere I saw your face,
This is the service I did strive to gett,
And by good fortune we together meet:
I'm over-joy'd that I this place now have;
Who'd live to beg, and be so poore a slave?
You know my minde, I likewise know your bent,
I make no doubt but I shall give content.
Oh! happy night that brought so sweet a morrow!
Come fill this bowle, I'll drink away all sorrow.

Band. If thou prov'st right, thou'lt eas'ly please my
 Though I am'hasty, thou shalt find me kind. *(Mind,*
 And to my wenches thou must loving bee,
 And courteous still, that Gentlemen may see
 Thou do'st respect them; they'll reward thy pains:
 When thou do'st find thy constant weekly gains,
 'Twill cheere thy heart. Look that in any case
 Thou art not often absent from thy place. *(there)*

Ne're go to Church, for what should'st thou do
 'Twill make thee heavie, and bring needlesse feare.
 Nor read, nor study; things being strict and high;
 Will break thy brains: why should not thou and I
 Live merrily? I have the dainti'st books
 Of poetry; if thou but cast thy looks
 Upon them once, sadness will steale away;
 They make my guests as merry as the day.
 And if thou lov'st me, never friendship have
 With any that are strict: they'll dig a grave
 To bury pleasure in; they'll prate of death,
 Of judgement, hell, & charme thee with their breath.

If any one thou know'st, that has but coyne,
 And loves a wench, the gains shall halfe be thine,
 If thou canst win him. Do but break a jest
 To find his bent; then, never let him rest,
 But bring him home; we'll ease him of his cash;
 Do't by degrees, thou must not be too rash.
 I have two wenches, Kate and little Nell,
 Th'are pretty rogues, and have their Art so well,
 Who ever comes, and does but with them play,
 He's taken: then they make his gold their pray.
 These things, and more, hereafter shalt thou learne;
 Hold up thy head, speak, thou art for my turne.

Pimp. Pray make no question on't; for I'll be true,
 And kind to all; but most of all to you.

I have

A Night's Search.

69

I have a master that's a joviall blade,
He's full of gold : I know he loves the trade.
He'll often aske, as I by him do passe,
Where dwels a handsome, young, and trading lasse ?
Do as you promise, let me share a stake,
I'll lay a bait, him we shall quickly take.

When he attends on some fine Curtezian,
And gets a double fee, he's then a man
Much in request : he struts, and cocks his hat,
And has forgot he was a beggars brat.
He's bold and shamelesse ; that's in him requir'd,
With bawds and whores 'tis chiefly still desir'd.

Thus he goes on ; the whores do on him smile,
He's merry-mad : but in a little while
The common layles, with Bridewell do consent
To keep this Pimp close to his punishment.
And by degrees, his body with disease
Grows weake ; his sin doth fast upon him seize,
His legs do grudge to beate him any longer,
All means are blasted that should make him stronger.

His old familiars he againe must have ;
Those six-legg'd creepers bring him to his grave ;
Whether he dy'd to satisfie the Law,
Or by a hedge, or on a pad of straw ;
Or is he tumbled int' a sinking ditch ?
'Tis one of these, but 'tis no matter which :
Where e're he lies, there let him still remaine,
For if you stir him, he will sink againe.

His Epitaph.

HERE lies a beggar that was lately made
 A Pimp, to serve a Bawd and man a whore,
 'Tis strange a beggar should forsake his trade!
 It made him poorer than he was before.
 His bosome-friends return'd, t'increase his strife,
 Conspir'd with death to take away his life.

And now the bawd is growne so rank in smell,
 So stale and hated where she us'd to dwell;
 That she takes leave of joviall merrie blith,
 And having quite outliv'd her haire, her teeth,
 (For Partridge, Chickins, Quails, she'll often crave in
 Worse meat must serve, she'll eat when she can have it,
 Her custome leaves her now: her household stuffe
 Must go to pawne for bread: sh'has scarce enough
 To feed her craving jawes; her kinred all
 Forsake her, loath her; in this shamefull thrall
 She vomits out her breath. (None ever spi'd
 A gassly'r fight.) And so she sunk and di'd.

Her Epitaph.

A woman Bawd who did much mischief hatch,
 Did harbour vermin to corrupt the age;
 She had a fob to hide them from the watch:
 Now she lies plaister'd in this earthen cage.
 Death takes the Drone which us'd to rob the hive;
 She has a grave, who was a grave alive.



SECT. 5.

*Of two common whores, how they lov'd and di'd;
and a pimping cheife, his life and death.*

MYfe be not silent, thou hast hit the sore,
Refresh thy selfe, and track the common whore,
Her wayes, her wiles, and her declining age,
And her Consorts set with her on the stage.

Their sweet parts acted; cause them to bring in
A just accompt what profit comes by sin. (heart,

This quicane, when pride doth once possesse her
Or povertrie doth seeme to threaten sin,
Or too much fulnesse wanton lust doth raise,
Or idlenesse, cause her to take by-wayes,
She's lost for ever. Widow, maid, or wife,
If once she does affect a whorish life.

Then like a Ditch she in her lust will burne,
Takes up a rogue, and he must serve the turne.

She walks the fields; more often in the street,
Her bold rude looks, when she a man doth meet,
Must make him blush, if he hath any grace;
She's impudent, and will nor change her face.
When she is past, observe, and you shall finde,
Her brazen face will cast an eye behinde:
She'll fawne, and claime acquaintance with some asse,
They must be cozens; then away they passe

Vnto

Vnto some Taverne ; with her wiles she'll take him,
 And ere they part, a truer Ass he'll make him.
 He buyes his sin, and sels himselfe away,
 And now this whore has made this foole her prey.
 When with his wit, his money too is spent,
 Then farewell Coz, she leaves him discontent.
 She hunts about, and finds some countrey-gull,
 Then tries her wits, how she may ready pull
 His feathers off: but when her custom's fading,
 She'll take a Shark; for she must needs be trading.
 He haunts her still, his fellowes doe no lesse,
 She doth not owne that, that she does possesse.
 These dung-hill flies suck carrion: For their prey
 They take by force, or steale her goods away.
 (Being desp'rate villains) if she doth but grumble,
 They'll beat, and kick her till they make her rumble,
 And having had their ends, they leave her bare;
 Going to other, there they get a share.
 This life they lead, their practice is so ill
 They feare the lash, and thus they rob' em still.
 Such after-claps, and worse, doe chase their pleasure:
 (Ill-gotten goods is but deceitfull treasure.)
 Then ere't be long to Bridewell she is brought,
 (She calls it Hell) for there she must be taught
 To turne the mill, or beat hemp, chuse her which;
 If she complaines, she's troubled with a stitch,
 They'l use a whip to fright this stitch away:
 Her gowne is blew, and browne bread is her pay.
 When she grows sold, and time hath plow'd her brow,
 She fills those chinks with painting: think but how
 Her painted grease doth shew; it melts about her;
 A shamefull object! every boy will flout her.
 Then she begins to rattle in the throte,
 The harshest discord alwayes is her note;

'Twill

'Twill rise and fall, like dreamers in their sleep:
And through her nostrils does her language creep,
Now *Gallicus* is fierce, and takes a skip,
Seizeth with fury 'pon her upper lip;
Takes part for earnest: you may see her gums,
Her teeth left naked, now she picks up crums.
This woman-eater, not content with those,
Does grow so greedy that she eats her nose:
Her eyes are spar'd, she may reflect, and see
Her monstrous visage, and deformitie,
Being noysome; to a cottage she's confin'd,
Her sap is gone, and nothing left but rind, (her
That's shrunk and dry; all hope doth quite forsake
For better, or for worse, the worms must take her.

Her Epitaph.

Here lies a strumpet that did use to prey
'Pon any one for gaine: at last her sight
Grew odious to the world. She chopt away
Her selfe: O! Fate, how this might sinners fright!
Old Time grew sick upon't; he loath'd her breath,
And he for ease resign'd her up to Death.

Another she is growne as bad, or worse:
If her trade failes, she'll try to cut a purse,
Or break a house, or cheat; what e're is naught
She'll doe: then to the Sessions she is brought:
Arraign'd, condemn'd, she being guiltie found:
And ends her dāyes two yards above the ground.

Her Epitaph.

THis shamelesse Imp searcht up and downe to finde
 An other world of sin ; at last she found
 What she would faine have lost ; she left behinde
 This world : the hangman hid her under ground.
 Sh' was overcharg'd with rape, fall by this place :
 Her Motto's this ; she dy'd for want of grace.

The villain that did keepe her for his whore,
 His meanes is spent ; alas ! he cannot rore !
 Hee'd borrow cash, but none will take his word,
 Then he will swear he'll make 'em eat his sword.
 Now helpe him at a pinch ! hee'll truly pay
 Within a month of the next quarter day :
 He'll give his bill, and seal it with his hand,
 But he's not guilty of a foot of land.
 How happy should he be, had he but coyne !
 The Broker is resolv'd to make him fine
 Vpon receipt of gold : he'd in those feathers,
 Just like a Turkey, bristle out all weathers.

He's vext, but hopes that if the teatme were come
 (With some new trick) he should soon light on some.
 If to a place he comes where is but drink,
 He'll cock the broom-mans beaver : they must think
 He wants not money : by intreaty he
 Resolves to grace them with his company.

But if he thinks they are cowardly and base,
 Hee'll turne his whiskers up, and rub his face,
 And seeme to take distaste at every word,
 He laies his hand, and looks upon his sword ;
 Stand out on's way ; beleeve me sir hee'll fight ;
 His blade is old, fit for a man of might,

The Britons tooke it when they conquer'd Wales,
A Captaine gin't him coming back from Wales
For his hot service, as a recompence:
'Tis hilted since, which cost him thirteen pence.
If one that's valiant doth intend to try him,
He'll answer him, (for why should I bely him ?)
But he must chuse his way : (he'as no desire,
Being burnt before, to lye behind the fire.)
He's turn'd at his freedome : first his railing tongue
Must give the onset : that not proving strong,
His heeles take place ; and he away doth run
So soone as ere the combat is begun.
This paultry rascall cheats, and therks about,
At last some Officer doth find him out,
He's try'd ; they tooke his hand against his will,
And made it hisse ; me thinks I heare it still.
This gracelesse wretch will yet no warning take,
But worse, and worse, unlawfull shifts he'll make ;
He breaks a house, and for it he is tri'd,
Or else for robbing by the high-way side.
Then he's condemn'd to lose his shamelesse breaths
The time being come, he dies a wooden death.
Before, his whore and he did spit out thunder ;
They burn'd together ; but they hang asunder.

His Epitaph.

This sinfull clod of earth did still devise
The pleasantst way to hell : he had releife
From one who was his whore ; but when that prize
Did melt away, and rot ; he turn'd a thiefe.
His cause was pro & con, and for his life
The balter umpir'd, and did end the strife.



SECT. 6.

*Course salutations betwixt a pennilesse letcher
and his whore that forsooke him.*

A Man that was addicted to a whore,
His habit shew'd that he was growne so poore
That he was faine to shak, and shift about;
Amongst his friends he pickt a living out:
He did not care so much to be invited,
He scorn'd the day, and lov'd to be benighted;
He was not curious, nor did love to heare,
Y^e are welcome, Sir; for that's your only cheare;
Nor was he daintie, give him what you will,
His hungry stomach would digest it still:
For under *Forma pauperis* he would eat,
He would not pick a quarrell with his meat,
Though it were musty: he had lost his smell,
His nose being sunk, promis'd no tales to tell.

Vpon a time he walking in the street,
Did meet this whore: and thus he did her greet:
(She lookt on him, as though she had not known him,
She scorn'd him poore, and was asham'd to own him.)

Letcher. Thou painted quean! hast thou forgot me
Thou hast undone me! shall I tell thee how, (now?)
Thou hedge-bird trull! thou didst abuse me first.
I was blest before, but by thee made acurst.
I met thee walking, as I crost the field,
And spoke in jest; thou didst in earnest yeild

To my first motion: so I gave thee wine;
But thy lascivious and thy wanton swine
Did so bewitch me, that I went astray;
Fool that I was! to be so drawne away
With such a Trull! O! thy dissembling face
That did enchant me! brought me to disgrace!

Thy eyes consented with thy flat'ring tongue
To work my ruine; shall I beare this wrong
Without revenge? I spent my meanes on thee;
Thou wilt not know me in my miserie.
Behinde my back for me thou fram'st thy mocks,
Thou rotten whore, of thee I gat the pox.
While I had money, thou would'st often sweare,
Of all that liv'd, to thee I was most deare.
Now all is gone, thou leav'st me in distress!
(But painted fire it can no heat expresse)
Do'st hold thy colour? art thou not ashamed
To heare those things that I with griefe have nam'd?

Whore. What, what's the matter, thou art growne so
Thou art too bold, my presence to intrude (rude?)
Without my leave; this is mad kind of meeting,
(So like a brute!) is this thy gentle greeting?
If I had thought thou had'st been such an Ass,
When thou didst meet me, I'de have let thee passe.
I did not beg to have thy wine, nor thee,
'Twas freely profer'd; thou would'st give it mee.
What else beside, I was unwilling to it;
But thou didst urge me, and didst make me do it.

My way of living is to use my trade;
What should I do? was I so handsome made,
And not for use? pray, was it ever knowne,
But without danger one might use her owne?
I had no portion e're to serme forth;
And in these times, not any man of worth

Will take a Maid, though she's adorn'd with graces,
 (Well borne and bred) till angels shew their faces;
 Vnlesse some ~~Man~~ that is coarsely bred,
 I ever loath'd to give my maiden head
 To such a Clown: then blame me not to do
 Such things as Nature ever prompt me to.
 I was not bred to labour with my hands,
 I am a prisoner, bound in ~~cap~~ bands;
 All actions ent'red let them on me lye;
 I will not vex, here will I live and dye:

I knew thee not when thou cam'st to me first,
 Thou might'st have perced having quencht thy thirst;
 And kept away till I had sent for thee;
 What is the spight that thou do'st owe to mee?
 Thy money's spent, which makes thy envie burne,
 A trull of six pence might have serv'd thy turne:
 Thou being privie to thy poore estate,
 Yet com'st to me? I do thy basenesse hate!
 I had thy money, thou hadst pen'worths for it;
 Thou wast content then, now thou do'st adhor it.

I thought thou hadst a min; for I le say that,
 Thou wast too free, for ever to be fat,
 I lov'd thee, as I lov'd another man;
 All of their wares will make the most they can.
 Would'st have me watch thee in this time of griefe?
 The hospitals are bound to give reliefe
 To men diseas'd: what wouldst thou have me blam'd,
 'Cause thou do'st want, or with the pox art sham'd?
 Go like a Letcher, tis thy canker'd sore,
 That was a breeding many yeares before.
 Let me alone; if once thou do'st me wrong,
 My friends at Court shall quickly tame thy tongue.

Now like a prisoner standing at the bar,
 His speech does falter, and his mind's at war

Against

Against it selfe: his very heart doth ake,
His hands do tremble, and his knees do quake,
His eyes do sparkle, with his haire upright,
His looks are gashly, which might well affright
A man to see: his lips began to mutter,
But shame did silence them, he could not utter
A word compos'd; but when he did begin
To make reply, he thought upon his sin.

Poore man distressed! betwixt these two extreames,
Wake and be silent, or discourse in's dreames.
She never chang'd, nor shamefull griefe nor feare
Did once possesse her: waiting still to heare
His fruitlesse answer: being in a trance,
He doth at last his spirit thus advance.

Letcher. Vile strumpet! guilty of all filthinesse,
The badge of shame; none can it so expresse
As thou deserv'st! thou art a loathsome grave,
Thou swallow'st men alive; still thou do'st crave.
The mouth of hell, or else the Devils jawes,
Come short of thee: thou open'st wide thy clawes,
Bring'st soules, and bodies, and their states in thrall;
Hell takes no money; but thou takest all.
The Spiders venom, and the loathsome Toad
Are not so venome; as to make aboard
With such a Serpent: go and hide thy face,
For to thy sex thou art a great disgrace.

Venus is chaste, when she's compar'd to thee,
And *Messaline* that was a whore so free,
Which bought her pleasure at so great a price;
Thou sell'st thy sin, which doth increase thy vice.
Thou hell on earth! let ages blaze thy shame,
Let time and death scale curses on thy name.
And let a Poet put thy sins in rime,
When thou art dead and rotten in thy slime!

Oh ! let that place, where first I met this jade,
 Be barren ever, let a dismall shade
 Attend upon it, let that silent earth
 Breed only vermin with a monsters birth !
 You fruitlesse plants, how could you then abide me ?
 Time blast those trees because they did not hide me :
 And let those springs that murmur'd other times,
 For being silent then, share in those crimes
 That were committed ! let them still be dry,
 Or fill'd with teares ; and let all passers by
 Take and preserve some as a monument,
 To shew my sins, they may the like prevent !

And let that path which I went o're to see,
 Be crost by none it brought a crosse to mee !
 And ever let that whisp'ring gale of winde
 Be banisht too ; that would not prove so kinde
 As once to check me ! let the light'ned aire
 Swell up with griefe, and breake with close despaire.

And let those birds that were as *Testes* to it,
 Because they saw, and yet did let me do it,
 Ne're sing againe ; and when they seeke their meat
 With empty cawes, let them finde none to eat !

And let that Taverne, where we first did drink,
 Breake first the Master, after let it sink !
 And let those boyes, that did at us connive,
 Beare halfe the sin ; and let them never thrive !
 Oh ! let that house which doth resemble hell,
 (The place I meane where once this whore did dwell)
 Be made a dunghill : for it did invite me
 To sup with care, for sorrow to benight me !

I am a patterne of this wished ill ;
 And on record my sins must tarry still :
 Black like my crimes ! so is this dolefull letter,
 It may pteserve the good, or make them better.

If any one shall read this tragick line
That's guilty; let him joyne his heart with mine,
To live againe, before we dye for ever;
I'll give the onset from the world to sever.
And let the man who is endu'd with grace,
In this foule glasse, behold his fairer face;
With care to keep it from this sinfull stain.
Tearcs will not cleane it, for 'tis di'd in graine.



SECT. 7.

*Of a child found murdered by a whore
the mother of it.*

A New-borne infant, that was found of late,
Did move beholders to compassionate,
And drop downe teares; (for 'twas a dreadfull sight!
I wish the murthereffe may be brought to light.
I do not doubt, though present time conceale it,
Time will e're long grow angry, and reveale it.
Iustice divine, with Iustice here below,
Will find such out, and make all murtherers know
Their hainous fact: Mufe leave them till that time,
This object now may satisfie my Rime.)

This infant by a woman first was found
Rowld up together: lying on the ground,
Put in a bag, being black; 'twas thought therefore
The mother of it was a black-bag whore.
'Twas clad in mourning, and that made the shrowd
'Twas buried in; (yet other was allow'd)

The neck was broke, and twisted round about,
 And wring'd so hard, that streames of blood ran out
 Vpon the corps: the neck was black and blue,
 The face was pale, the corps of sable hue:
 The blood halfe water (which might raise up feares)
 Asthough the infant mingled it with teares.
 One of the jawes was broke: or else in crying
 It might have peacht the murther when 'twas dying,
 Or mov'd some pitie; but 'tis always knowne,
 They're worse than beasts who do destroy their owne.

Poore harmlesse infant! there's no reason why
 Thou being borne, that guiltlesse thou should'st dye.
 Yet be content, death ended hath thy strife,
 Thou might'st have liv'd in miserie: thy life
 Have kinred claim'd with a continuall death:
 Thou to thy Maker hast resign'd thy breath,
 And in a moment thou thy race didst run,
 Thy life did end so soone as 'twas begun.
 Thou art redeem'd now out of all distresse,
 But yet the murther that is ne're the lesse.
 Although thine eyes were clos'd with envious night,
 Thou shalt behold the everlasting light.
 Thy tender limbs shall to perfection grow
 In glory: but we mortals know not how.
 Thy soule that God infus'd, shal now appeare
 Before him, and be fill'd with comfort there.

Yet I must weep! oh! call my partners hither,
 'Tis fit the Iury-men should weep together
 For this vile murther! 'tis a dreadfull sin!
 He shall be fore-man that will first begin:
 In broken language let it be exprest,
 For Interjections now are counsed best.
 Let every one here answer to his name,
 And keep *Decorum*; spredding out the shame

Of this foule deed, and make the aire to speak,
And caule the bowels of the earth to break,
Or bring the murthereffe out: oh! make it tremble!
For it is solid, and cannot dissemble.

And let that house where now she draws her breath,
Sink downe, or spew her out, pon paine of death.
Or let her conscience sting, make all appeare,
Or dreaming cry, The murthereffe is here:
Or else the stones, when she doth passe along,
First make her slip, and after hide a tongue
To make her knowne. Let Constables not spare
To use their power: let it be their care
To search suspected houses, round about,
And for this purpose send the Beadles out.
There are such nests of night-birds in all places,
That are to be examin'd in such cases.
Oh, that they were remov'd, more Bridewells made;
That all might there beat hemp, and drive a trade!
And if by any meanes you chance to finde her,
Bring her to Newgate, let the Iaylor binde her;
And at the Sessions have her sentence; then
Go visit Tyburne: now 'tis new agen.

Come, answer here, O! murthereffe, where art?
Thou art not quit; for first, or last, the smart
Will have thee outlaw'd, and arrest thy life,
No baile shall free thee; then begins thy strife.
Was't not a fault thou didst commit before,
When thou to serve thy lust did'st turne a whore?
(A foule offence!) and prostitute thy selfe
Vnto a villaine, or a rogish elfe?
But to a sin so bad, thou add'st a worse,
To wrap thy selfe fast in a helpleffe curse.
A work of darknesse! thus, thus to destroy
Thy fruit? thy selfe too thou hast cast away.

Where was the voice of Nature? none call to it?
 If any call, she never lets them do it,
 Or where was conscience? that she did not strive
 To tye thy hands, and save thy babe alive?
 Hadst thou no thought of God? was he not there?
 Did not his judgements strike thy heart with feare?
 Nor what Christ did, or suffer'd? nor the story
 Of mans mortality? nor heavens glory?
 Nor of thy death? nor yet of hell below?
 Didst thou forget, or didst thou never know
 Thou hadst a soule, that living lives for ever?
 If't dyes in sin, it is redeemed never.

Hadst thou no friend to speake a word in season?
 And then to tell thee, 'twas against all reason
 To kill the infant? thou hadst no pretence
 For this curst fact: it was against all sense!
 Thy Councillor, alas! it was the Devill,
 He did command, nay, urg'd thee to this evill.
 Didst think to hide thy shame? that thought was vaine,
 Thou lay'st it open, and thy inward paine
 Gives strength unto it: still thy hatefull fore
 Breaks out with shame, the Sessions bring thee more:
 But at the Gallows shame will then be double:
 Conceited freedome brings thee into trouble.

Before, th' Apparator might bring thee in
 To pay, or else do penance for thy sin;
 Thy life was not in danger, Now 'tis true,
 The Hangman he will charge thee. So adieu.
 At first, Citations might have serv'd to charge thee,
 Pay and away; but who can now enlarge thee?
 They'd not set thee on horse-back: being tri'd,
 Now all thy priviledge is, thou shalt ride.
 There will be much ado to bring thee to't;
 When all is done, th' hadst better go a foot,

When

When thou art gone, thy shame shall carry still,
My tell-tale Mule will ever blaze thy ill.

All beasts are loving ever to their young,
They'll feed, preserve, and rescue them from wrong;
Nay, they will feed their young, how e're they fare:
Nature pleads for't: 'tis strange beasts have such care!
The birds do labour, up and downe they fly,
To gather food against their young ones cry:
And are so tender of them, one will stay
To look to home, when th' other is away.

Nay, some so loving, that they'll spend their blood,
And lose their lives to do their young ones good,
But thou art curst; the murder speaks no lesse,
A hellish policie thou didst expresse.

The Beare grows angry when she wants a whelp,
Thou'stroy'dst thy infant when it had no help.
The birds do shame thee, they their young ones feed,
Thou murder'st thine, thou art a Fowle indeed!

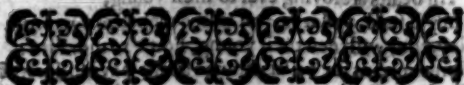
Thou art afraid of whiff'ring; and thy life
Is but like death; call death to end thy strife.
Thy cursed practice which the Devill taught thee,
Is like a witch, for to a strait 't hath brought thee.
Vnlike to all thou art, but him in sinning,
Who was a murderer from the beginning,
I'll leave thee now, and end my mournfull tones;
Time calls thee in; for now the Gallows groans.

The Epitaph.

YOU passers by, take notice of these stones
Behaviour towards an infant call away;
They'll overlook this parcell of small bones,
And keep them safe untill the Iudgement day.

Peace,

Peace, she is dead: but if you ask me, why?
She was begot, conceiv'd, and borne to die.



SECT. 8.

Of two brave Blades, that would hire a whore
betwixt them by the year.

TWO roaring blades being on a time in drink,
(I censure not, judge you: did they not sink?
Fierce time did blush, when it had heard & seen them)
They parl'd about keeping a whore betwene them.
I know a wench, Tom said unto the other,
(Faith, Nick, I love thee, sworne I am thy brother)
That's very handsome, had she but apparrell;
Let's take her home, for we shall never quarrell;
Allow her meanes, and use her both alike,
For she is loving, and I know she'll strike.
She's well proportion'd, and she's very young,
And middle fix'd, grac'd with a pleasing tongue:
She'll be content with thirty pounds a yeere;
We'll save one halfe from wine, strong ale, and beere;
Nick, speake the word; what, shall we both go to her?
Or bear thy share, and I will go and wooe her.
Nick paus'd a while, his breath so strong did smell,
As if it came from the upper part of hell;
Or else to say, to lessen this his fault,
It came as from the bottom of a vault:
Being rais'd, at last, he belched out the smoke,
Then drank his cup, and thus his minde he broke:
I like

I like the motion, if she be so neat,
 Shee'll be for us a dish of daintie meat.
 Wee'll take her over, for such ware is deare
 With us; or dangerous, though they're plentie here;
 I'll pay one halfe, but yet I'll see her first;
 At any time shee'll serve to quench our thirst.
 But yet I feare shee'll trade with other men,
 Which if she doth, wee'll turne her home agen.

Tam. Tush, never feare, wee'll order so the case.
 To mew her up, she shall not shew her face
 At any time; for only thee and I
 Will keep her close, that none shall her espy:
 Wee'll take a roome in private, do not doubt,
 Though one should seeke, he shall not finde her out;
 Her habit shall be plaine, her face still mask'd:
 Shee'll constant be, though she be often ask'd:
 If she do prove to be a fickle lasse,
 Wee'll strip her bare, and turne her out to grasse.
 Farewell till night, I'll drink but this caroule,
 Then go and revell in some bawdy house.

A speech of one in the company.

You make me blush to heare your consultation!
 What? are you shamelesse? is not condemnation
 Appointed still to wait upon your sin?
 Or d'yce forget your soules, that you begin
 Your hell on earth? what, do you not regard
 God, nor your selves? what, is there no reward
 For honesty? or is your shape, your stature,
 And dispositions bent to ruine nature?

Nick. Pish, hold your clack:
 Are you in earnest? or do you speak in jest?
 'Tis bad enough, if I should think the best.
 Pray let me speake, for reason's on my side,
 My cares do tingle, nor can I abide:

To heare your lavish casting out your shame;
 I will not flatter, least I beare the blame
 Equall with you: remember Death will straine
 Vpon your spirits. Where will be your gaine?
 Or pleasure, when you are return'd to dust?
 Then gaskly crawlers feed upon you must.
 Yet sin will live, when you are in your graves,
 And prove a foe: sell not your selves for slaves.

Tap. Go prating asse! *Nick*, drink to me in beere;
 This foole do's preach a chamber-lecture here!
 The colt does play, while bayard eates the chaffe,
 The low that's silent, eates up all the drasse.
 Hang him, he's worse, if time and place would fit,
 He'd hugg a wench, and all that have but wit
 Would do as much. Would he were hang'd for me
 That would not do't: but we shall scape all three.
 We must take pleasure, we shall nere be yonger,
 We'll leave it then, when we can ha't no longer.

Reply. I see'ts in vain to speak, you both want reason;
 You're led by sense like beasts, and practice treason
 Against your soules, let senselesse creatures reach you,
 Know, heaven's angry; vengeance, that can reach you,
 The clouds consult to bring a storme of weather,
 The thunderbolts come now in troops together,
 Charg'd full of fury: if you will not yeeld,
 You'll have no quarter in that bloody field.
 See how the streamers in the ayre are spread,
 Some blew, some white, and some like blood are red,
 Threatning destruction; some of sable hue,
 They seeme to mourne for men turn'd beasts like you.
 The ayre is so corrupted with your breath,
 It spits out threatning, and it sends out death.
 Look how the river doth both swell and rage,
 Chiding your folly: it would cleere the stage

Of such vile actors; but 'tis bended so,
Although it murmurs, out it cannot goe.
It hath done justice on the like before;
Fire next must purge, water can purge no more;
These trees look thin, the leaves fall off with feare,
Those that abide hang trembling quaking there,
The dust do's creep together, and combine
To turne to vermine, or to make you blind:
The stones have all consented with the dust,
And wait to be reveng'd upon your lust;
Th'house cannot keep you, speak I what I think,
Your hell-borne language, that will make it sink.
All things are snares which for you lye in wait,
To take you napping, or 'tis my conceit,
The feather'd watchmen flying swift about
Do cry for wrath against your coming out:
Se'ing in your vilenesse to exceed you strive,
The earth doth gape, to swallow you alive.
Then I perceiving dangers were so nigh,
There left those varlets, and away went I.



SECT. 9.

*A fruitlesse debortation of a friend, to one that
was undone by a whore.*

A carelesse gallant, having quite undone
Himselfe, his wife, and morgan'd from his home
His house, and lands, did meet upon a day
A faithfull friend, who thus to him did say,

You

You keep a whore, unto your great disgrace;
 Who hath or will undo you, and your race
 Have cause to curse you: leave these whores who have
 For all your cost, provided you a grave.
 (You call her sister) can a whore love any,
 But for their gold? and so she may love many.
 Leave her betime, or in the Dooms-day book
 You'll finde your name of all the world forsook.

This speaking for the present seem'd to change
 His minde clean from this whore; 'tis very strange:
 He needs must see her face, and heare her tongue,
 Then he repents he staid from her so long.
 He makes a new agreement with this whore,
 And is engaged stronger than before.
 To please her mind, with fury he will stammer,
 Raile at his friend that would diswade him from her:
 The evill spirit takes on him more hold;
 Nor will he trust him, though he's sweake and old.
 Oh! pittie him that for a vaine delight,
 Hazards his soule to everlasting night!



S E C T. 10.

A fight betwixt two Pimps.

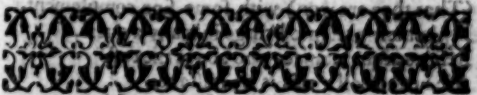
A Pimp went strutting (fearing not a fray)
 Being very brave: (for 'twas a gawdy day)
 Another met him, who did much disgrace him:
 For he was vext; 'twas he that did displace him. (them,
 Sharp words by grosse putt, those that then did heare
 Did say 'twas strange, that flesh & blood cou'd bear them.

But

But gawdy Pimp being ung'd, his sword was drawn,
But being rusty, newly come from pawn,
He could not use it; and his hand did shake;
His heart for feare made all his body quake.

The other got the seabert; being rough
Struck solid blows: poore Whiskin had enough.
Perhaps his blade was short, or very weak;
Or else being brittle, was afraid it would break;
Or else being borrow'd, would not put him to't;
Or else he promis'd that he would not do't;
Or otherwise I must conclude from hence,
The hilt was open ill for his defence.
Or being cautious (so 'twas very good)
He was afraid to spill a subjects blood.

But by and by, he spy'd his pistoll gun;
Then he grew valiant, quickly made him run.
But how I pray? I'de tell you but for laughter;
He ran away, the other he ran after.
As was his raiment worth more than his lands,
So were his heels presen'd before his hands.



SECT. II.

*A heape of Vassalls pleading for precedence,
and priority one against the other.*

A Crue assembled (where I know not wellly
(They came as from, or travelling towards hell)
Who should be first and chiefe of all the rout,
Was then the point, they did contend about.

where

Whore. The whore speaks first, her argument doth
 To prove her calling lawfull; and the end (tend
 Will make it good: tis honest downright dealing
 To use my taile, to keep my hands from stealing.
 I trade in love, the price I never make;
 What men doe give, that I may freely take.
 I do maintaine you all, your sweetned gaines
 Sprung from the blood which runt along my veines:
 What custome ere comes in, is brought by me;
 Why should not I be first, and chiefly free
 Of this assembly? crums to feed a mouse
 Would not be found, nor brooms to sweep the house,
 Were't not for me: pray give me then my due,
 Speak what you think, what ere I say is true.

Pimp. Be not so confident: although my place
 Be to attend: 'tis I that sets a grace
 Vpon you all. I walk along the street
 So spruce, and boldly, powder'd very sweet,
 Cocking my beaver, looking bigg withall,
 The gallants that I meet give me the wall.
 When any come I give 'em such content,
 (That they are won) with some fine complement.
 My comely presence brings in many a guest,
 Besides acquaintance, who above the rest
 Are beneficiall; this is no mistake;
 What ere they spend 'is chiefly for my sake.
 Why should not I then be preferr'd as chiefe,
 Se'ing by my meanes comes in the most reliefe?

Pan. Thou prating coxcombe! what dost think that I
 Am underling to thee? we'l quickly try
 Which is most usefull; I am put in trust
 With all their secrets: reason saith I must
 Be overseer still, I keep the dore,
 And let them in, and out, and which is more,
 I sure

I sute the wenches to their owne complexions;
If I but speak, they all take my directions.
My wit dos often gaine a double fee,
I stay at home, to make an assle of thee.
I'm not so fine in deed, but more I thrive,
Where thou dost get a testar, I get five.
The custome soone would faile, if I go hence,
Why should not I have the preheminence?

Bawd. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

I laugh to heare these fooles; they dominere;
Alas! they know their gaines, and being here
Depends upon my love; they make their boast
Of this, and that; 'tis I that rules the roost.
The house is mine, the furniture I bought;
But yet I see much like a thing of nought.
They value me; they might have beg'd ere this;
I took them in, least they should doe amisse.
Although the whore be handsome, she had never
Been thus preferr'd, had I not us'd endeavour
To clothe and set her out, nor had she been
But like a novice in this veniall sin.

The Pimp was very poore, till I did raise him,
And for his comely parts, 'las, who did praise him
Till I had trim'd him; now he's growne so proud,
He'd faine be master; but he's not allow'd,
Priority, the pander is as bad:
He would usurpe the place he never had;
He has the vailes belonging to his place,
Which puffes him up, I see his ends are base;
He'd set himselfe aloft; and then he'd raigne,
Much like a Demi-god, and all my traine
Must follow his advise; but soft and faire:
His words being spoke were soone dissolv'd to ayre.
I spent my time to learne (when I was yong)

This way of living; having us'd it long.
 Age made me weak, and then I entertain'd
 Those that did love that way, and still I gain'd
 Experience in't: you cannot but agree
 That I am chiefe: yo' are servants all to me.

Prodigall. Here's much adoe, and yet but little wit
 Amongst you all; I can no longer sit,
 To heare your simple prating: I am he
 That every one of you would seeme to be;
 Words only make a sound; but 'tis my gold
 That claimes priority, and takes fast hold
 Vpon the chiefeft place; yo'uld quickly make
 Your wants break forth, should I the house forsake.
 I pay the whore, and give the Pimp his fee;
 I give the pander coyne, the bawd may see
 Her comings in, comes only from my hand;
 You have nor money, house, nor food, nor land
 To succour you; nor any way to thrive,
 But with my purse; I keep you all alive:
 I send in meat, and divers sorts of wine,
 I sold my lands for you: this cost of mine,
 Ioyn'd with my love, the highest place may crave,
 It is my right, and all I'm like to have.
 Be wise, and silent, put me still before,
 Your hopes depend on me; I'll say no more.

Thiefe. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

Me thinks I see, as once at Sutors-hill
 A silly gull; who having had his will
 To break o're hedges; being took at last,
 I robb'd him of his gold, and bound him fast.
 Although he made his moane, away went I
 To free my selfe, but there I let him lye.

This brainlesse affe, that now relates a story
 Of what he has, and seems to raise his glory

From

From what he has bestow'd upon a whore,
(The bawdy-house doth gaine, but he's made poore)
When all is spent, he hath no other way
To help himself, and yet (forsooth) he'll say
Precedency is his: he do's beguile
Himselfe with hopes: I cannot choose but smile.
The day, the place are mine; and he shall finde
That I must go before, he come behinde.
When I am out of cash, I scorn to borrow,
I have a trick to banish all my sorrow:
One happy night may blow me into stock,
Or with a Pistoll, or a stab, or knock,
I gaine a weighty Purse: or, if that misse,
I have another way as good as this:
I'll chear, and steale, and rob a house by night;
And having got my prey, I take my flight.
I have a share from all that rob about,
I way-lay some, and others finde them out.

This foole that sold his land, will nere beleove
How much I got upon one Christmas eve
At Hide-parke-corner, or at Bagshot Downes
Another time, among the countrey-clownes.
I cannot want, unlesse that crooked tree
Dos choake my hopes, and prove a foe to me.
What can the whore, the pander, pimper, or bawd
Do of themselves? or he that does applaud
His crazie humour? onely in the spring
He'll chirp about, and like a Cuckow sing;
But moult away in winter: when my time
And fortunes usher me into my prime.
I must relieve them all: Iudge, who is best?
Shall I not be prefer'd above the rest?
The case is plaine; those that have eares and sight,
Will know I challenge nothing but my right.

As for the pleaders, all their braines are weake:
I am content to let the Vmpire speak.



S E C T. 12.

*The Devil's Vmpire; their causes; the feare.
full Conclusion.*

THey plead for place in sin; they might as well
Strive which shall have priority in hell.
The Devil's Vmpire to decide the case.
He comes in hellish-state to take his place;
And by degrees he strives to bring'em in
As fast unto their paines, as to their sin.

Thus he begins: ho! can you not agree?
I'll make you friends if you'll be rul'd by me:
You're all my servants; why should you fall out?
Sith I am umpire to resolve this doubt,
I'll do with judgement: first, the whore's my childe,
Though yet she be not, she may be as vilde
As mistris Bawd: I love to keepe her fine,
For I doe use her, as a hooke and line
To catch Iack-simple: let her stay her time,
And she will be as perfect in her crime
As any of the rest; in act, and tongue:
Alas! you must consider she's but young!

My pretty pimping Boy! be of good cheere,
Thou com'st as bravely on as any here,
Being but lately enter'd: this I finde
Thy will is good; that do's content my minde.

Observe,

Observe, and gaine experience from the rest,
There's none too wise to learne; thou maist be best:
Cheare up, go bravely on, and thou shalt have
The chiefeſt place, and what elſe thou wilt crave.

Ho! come my little Pander, thou art he
To whom I do commit much ſecrecie:
I ever found thee faithfull in thy place;
Thy minde is bent to honour, praiſe, and grace
My kingdome here below: the place is thine;
But make no words on't, for the gift is mine.
Go on my bully, as thou haſt begun;
Ile pay thee bravely, when thy worke is done.

Come, come, my old acquaintance! gentle Bawd!
Thy conſtant ſervice I muſt needs applaud;
The Queene of hell ſalutes thee; Doſt thou ſmyle?
To think thou haſt bin abſent all this while?
Thou haſt my love; I'll keep thee at my coſt.
Now take my hand, I think there's no love loſt:
Thou ſerv'dſt me young; when that way did not hold,
Thou did'ſt me better ſervice being old:
In harboring thoſe that have a minde to play
Their lands, their time, their ſoules and all away.
I put much truſt in thee, and thou art true
Still to my kingdome; honour is thy due,
Preheminence is thine: come downe to me,
Thou doſt not know how welcome thou ſhalt be!
But hinder not thy buſ'neſſe: let me know
A day or two before! but we below
Are ne're unfurniſh'd; we can entertaine
(In helliſh pompe) thy ſelfe, and all thy traine.
Thy houſe is like to mine, but that 'tis leſſe,
Lighter and cooler too; but thou maieſt gueſſe,
How well our gueſts doe ſure: untill thy tombe
Doth cloſe thee up, take thou the chiefeſt roome.

My Spark of velvet ! I'me glad to heare and see,
 That thou reposest confidence in mee !
 Thy will I do accept, thou spend'st thy store
 To honor sin : what can a man do more ?
 Thou shalt not want, thou need'st not to repent,
 I have more ways (when all thy store is spent)
 To raise thee up: I make no doubt ere long,
 Thou wilt be fit to grapple in the throng,
 For this high place of honor : then I will
 Praise thy endeavors, and applaud thy skill.
 Persist, sweet Honey-chops ! lay't on, and spare not :
 Some few may envie us : what's that ? we care not.

What, what, my bonny Hackster ! thou com'st last ?
 Thou art my son, this title was not past
 In vaine upon thee: thou didst never give
 Occasion of disgrace: but how to live
 In honor, reputation, 'twas thy care
 To be a man of dread, of courage rare.
 Thou do'st affright the world ; such is thy state,
 They value thee not at a common rate.
 Th'art free to all my friends ; I'll say to thee,
 Thou steal'st from them, who faine would steale from
 Nor art thou cowardly, but bold, and brave (mee.
 In all thine acts : if some penurious slave
 Fals but into thy clutches, thou wilt make
 Him leave his bags, or thou his life wilt take.
 Thou bear'st my image ; I have robb'd the world,
 Although I was into a prison hurl'd,
 I venture still. What's murther, but a crime
 Which I have made almost as old as time ?
 Spend upon whores, and drink what thou do'st get,
 Feare not the crooked tree ; why should'st thou set
 A doubt before thee ? try if thou canst win
 Thine Host, to make a bawdy house of's Inn :

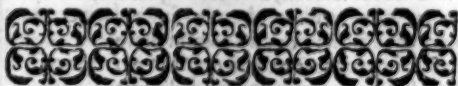
That

That will promote thy Art. For ought I see,
Prioritie of place belongs to thee.
Continue in thy course, and let me heare
Thy valor speake: I'll help thee, never feare,
It grieves me thus to part; but you all know,
My greatest bus'nesse lyes in hell below.

But, at their parting, think how pale the ground
Did look upon those mortals! what a sound
Did eccho in the aire! the blushing skie
Did hide it selfe with clouds! the Heav'ns great eye
Was blood-shot, dark, and dim; he had resign'd
His office up; but that he was confin'd
Within his bounds. The Heavens dropt downe teares,
The orbs grew angry, and the earth with feares
Was overcharg'd; the smoothen streames did glide
More hastily, to turne against the tide:
The plants did shake, all loosing of their hold:
Only the barren Bramble grew more bold.
The beasts, depriv'd of sence, do gently stand;
Their happiest time lyes in the Butchers hand.
The fowles of heaven, that did sing before,
Are now growne silent, they can sing no more.
Poore tired spirits! can no comfort have,
They'd faine exchange with death to get a grave.
They dye alive; but being much distressed,
One amongst many thus his minde exprest.

What's all this rumor, but an emptie bubble
Dropt from the skirts of hell? the shame will double
Vpon them shortly! all the hatefull rout
That plead for sinfull praise, shall fly about,
Toft with a blast from hell: then they will see
Sin; paine and shame will have precedencie!
This Vmpire, that would seeme to please'em all,
Will bring them in, and leave them in such thrall,

That time can ne're release; when they shall dwell
 With him that hath the greatest place in hell.
 The Caniball when he a stranger saw,
 ' He strangely entertain'd him in his maw:
 But this man-eating Devill draws them to't,
 He'll burne their flesh, and broyle their soules to boot.
 All things will quiet be, when sp'rites are laid,
 The clouds dissolve; the Heavens that are staid,
 Will move in order; and the earth will spring,
 The plants recover strength, the birds will sing,
 Poore soules that dwell on earth will then rejoyce,
 That made the best, though not the sudden'st choyce.
 The bawd, the thiefe, with all that did attend them,
 Must have their doom: nor time, nor means could mend
 How is this world deceiv'd! how do's it wooe (them.
 Hells breath'd delights! alas! what do's it doe
 To stifle nature! put the rules of reason
 Quite out of joynt! oh! this fata'l treason!
 The storme is past, which was a type of death,
 Rest now my Muse, for thou art out of breath.



SECT. 13.

*Of an Irish Foot-mans entertainment in a
 bawdy house; and what miserie
 followed.*

AN Irish Teige, once walking late at night,
 Did cast his eye upon a loathsome spright,
 But cover'd o're with flesh; that painted too:

Her

Hertongue being oyl'd, she thus poore Teige did wooc.

Pray, Sir, come in, a friend that loves you here
Would see your face, and drink a cup of beere,
To talk, and laugh; such time is sweetly spent,
That 'grees with mirth; you shall have good content,
He hearing this, stopt; and his thoughts began
To rove, not thinking who should be the man;
He thus reply'd at last:

*Mastris, me tank yo for yor love an care,
What mon is him tat sands for me? I dare
Ga in Sine Patricks name, and sew mee vace,
It shon't be xed tat Irish mons be base:
'Shave argee, fait, chill drink some ale, wone, beere:
V'll see te mon, drank an be jocund here:
'Che sarve an Anglish Gantelmon, tat have
Gan mee some skillings, made me seine an bravo.*

But coming in, there's noman to be found,
But woman-kinde great store: Teiges braines being
Was fit for any company: he did (drown'd,
Reveal his shame, which nature always hid.
The Bawd perceiving that an easie bait
Would take this Flounder; then she askt him strait,
What wench he'd please to have; one young, or old,
A coufser, or a finer; they are sold
As they are high, low, young, faire, richly tir'd;
Or else as coyne's brought in; so are they hir'd.

Now Teige thus answers; *Me ha won hueg meend
To tat fine Duck as boydes her vace bebeend,
Pie mastris let me ha hur, an I sholl
Gee hur some argee, an my xelf an oll.*

It is agreed that Nancie must receive him

Into her chamber; how they did deceive him,
Time will discover:) there a while they staid,
But how they dallied, how they sinn'd, and plaid,

Indge

Judge by the sequell: having vainly spent
The time allotted for their merriment;
Teige searcht his pocket; he was freely willing,
To gratifie her love with halfe a shilling.

But comming downe, the Bawd enquiry made,
How he was pleas'd? what match was drove? what
What he had gin her? further asking when, (trade?)
He did intend to visit her agen?

He told the Bawd how they their time did passe,
How they agreed, how bountifull he was,
To give her six-pence. Then the Bawd call'd out,
Why *Nancie*, *Nancie*, come, resolve the doubt,
What this man had? what thou hadst of this man?
Then *Nancie* cry'd, anan (forsooth, anan.)
What had this man I aske? forsooth I gave
Him his desire, he did but aske and have:
Embraces by the grosse, a curious song,
A large Coranto; kisses mixt among;
We did in all things very well agree
But this; I had but six-pence for my fee.

How wench! but six-pence? who shall pay the rest?
I thought h' had been an open-handed guest:
Coranto's are not sold at such a rate,
Nor will I lose my money, though't be late.
Give me five shillings (truly, Sir, 'tis true)
I cannot 'bare apenny of my due.
An Angell is indeed my usuall price,
Where once a Crowne, I have an Angell twice.

Then *Teige* dives downe into his slops, there found
But just so much that freed him: turning round,
Away ran he most nimbly; for his cash,
Was for his learning, chopt away for trash.
He was asham'd to come in's Masters sight,
His heart being heavie, and his purse so light.

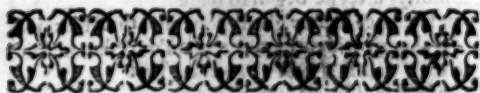
But

But shortly after he began to finde
Some swellings, where gheffe you: and then his mind,
Being charg'd with griefe, complain'd, & thus he said:

*Hooe I be pain'd? me trot me be afraid
I chee be spoyl'd: mine belly all is sore,
Mine fait and trotla, Nancie was an whore;
Mine pictures all bin spende'd; none dere be
Woll bring a Churgion, and gee him a see;
'Cheed pa'em weell agin, when chee con run;
But now chee con't go weel: chee be undon:
Unlesse some course been takin! oh tat cheat!
Me mout is sore, chee cannot yeat mine meat.
If some tat low'd Sinc Patrick ded ma nowe,
Dey'd gee mee argees, dey wod vavor sew,
An heilp me in dis case; de Churgin pa,
Chee shoold be wele agin Sinc Patricks da.
Eles chee shall leese mine Master, and be veine
To starve, or beg, or eles go whome ageine,
De'le take te whore as did entice me in!
Rope take te Barod, as did wee me begin
To make da match! shame take Nancie, vor shree
(chee be ascard) ha gin te pock ta mee!*

A purse is made; a Surgeon now is brought,
He findes the truth; and yet the matter's naught;
The griefe's laid open; and the Surg'on's faine
Tolance, and stew poore Teigr. Oh! then the paine
Forc'd brinish teares! as he distracted stands,
My Muse now leaves him in the Surg'ons hands.

Señ.



S E C T. 14.

*Arable of Cheaters in a twofold
plot discovered.*

A Pack of cheating villaines, went to drink,
And spent a night; & with that spent their chink,
And when the night was gone, still they were staid
With deeds of darknesse: as they all remain'd
Together in a knot, being hungry, they
Did cast a plot, how they might take a prey.
As they did thus consult, a Maid past by,
And one among the rest did cast an eye
Vpon her; and perceiving on her head
Raw flesh good store, although she had no bread.
This Cheater cheapens, soone the bargain's made:
And now to shew he's master of his trade,
The Maid must carry it home; and as they went
He found a trick to finish his intent.

A Gentleman being walking neere that place,
He goes to him, salutes him with such grace,
(And made) as if he knew him; and to hide
His plot, he askt for one who did abide
Neere to that place: he judging by his coate
He was some Pimpe, or else a sherke of note,
Slighted his words: then coming to the Maid,
Where she had for him with her burthen staid,
Told her that was his Master; she must go
To him for pay, his worship told him so.

He'd

He'd trouble her no more, he'd take the paines
To carry it home: this project of his braines
Deceiv'd the silly girl: h'has tooke away
The Pigeons, and the Pullers: for her pay.
She goes unto the Gentleman, but he
Ow'd her no money; she did plainly see,
How she was cheated: then halfe wilde, halfe mad
Home she return'd; 'twas all the helpe she had.

Now they have got this meate, if they can thinke
How't shall be drest, and compasse bread and drinke
With such another trick; then they will roare,
And to increase their mirth they'll have a whore.
'Tis brought into a Taverne, there 'tis drest;
They eat most freely, swearing 'tis the best
That ever men did eat: nor can they dine
Without great store, and divers sorts of wine.
They spent their time in drinking healths about;
Sol lights them in, the Moone must light them out:
They call for pottles, where's this rogue so long?
But all their purses are not sixpence strong.

But when black night had in his shady throne
Triumph'd a while, they in their canting tone
Exprest the ir mindes: and being all amorst
They plotted to be gone, which spoil'd their sport.
One project fail'd, the second was as vaine:
Then speaks a third, who had a subtile braine:

You are simple guls! one plot is good enough
To free us all; we'll play at blindmans-buffe,
The Drawer shall be one; let's make him drunk,
Blind him, and sink away: then said the punk,
There's no way else to do't; come, this is it
That quits the score; all prais'd him for his wit.
They call a fresh for wine, before they part
They meane to drinke, just every one a quart.

The

The Drawer drinks his share ; they brought his minde,
 To make the number up at hoodman blinde.
 A sherke being hoodwinkt stood behinde the dore,
 He gropt about, at last he caught the whore ;
 She takes her turne (but yet with much adoe)
 And having roy'd at large, a bout or two,
 She was more nimble, but of all that saw her
 She had the praise, when she had catcht the Drawer,
 He's bound up close, because he knows the place,
 They doubled up the cloth about his face.

If this plot faile, 'twould put'em all in feare,
 For 'tis the last; their jest, and hope lie here :
 Hewas but dull, when they had hid his sight,
 He mindes no bill, his head alone was light,
 He feesles about, but as this foole did play,
 In earnest, they sunk by degrees away.
 Below they bid'em welcome, never said
 Call down the Drawer, see if all be paid.

The Drawer having gropt so long about,
 Nor felt, nor heard a man ; began to doubt
 That he was catcht : he being unmask'd, there's none
 That he can finde ; his play-fellowes are gone.
 With that his heart was much possess't with feare,
 Nor dares he to go down, nor yet stay there.

But how at last he gave his answer in,
 How he was pay'd, how's fellowes did begin
 To jeare him with his play: how he was sham'd,
 (For after this he blind-mans-buffe was nam'd ;)
 I will not make report, nor will I sweep
 The channells for those vermine that did creep
 Away so slyly: let this pack of knaves
 Be hated living, scorn'd in their graves;
 Let golden *Phaon* with his piercing eye
 Disclose such vassals! *Luna* still descry

Their

le, Their wayes by night! let day and night consent
To bring them to some open punishment!
Let age which is the Register of times,
Record their shame! let nothing blot those crimes
But teares of sorrow! oh! let all beware
From such examples! who with hell would share?



S E C T. 15.

*Of an outlandish Nunnerie that was a brothel-
house; and how discovered.*

Henric. Bibellius monialis nobilis.

A Germane Nunnery was once erected,
Onely for noble Ladies: being protected,
By no lesse power than did sute with state:
(They were maintained at a lottty rate)
And to restraine desire, they mew'd 'em in;
But afterwards it prov'd a house for sin.
For growing up in years, their minds did run
To break the thred which they in youth had spun.
Young bloud is wanton, and it hath desire
T'increase the flame, and mingle oyle with fire.
Marryage they were deny'd; that place must be
A canker'd snare to their virginity.

When freez-clad winter with his cloudie shade
Had chill'd *Apollo's* beames, and did invade
The Countries with his haile-shot, and did hide
The earth with Mantles, the fleet swelling tide
Had catcht a cold; the brooks could no way passe,
Because the streames were pickled up in glasse,

All discords kept their turnes, the mournfull ayre
 Was over spread with clouds, and black dispaire.
 The heat that's least alive, dos take it's hold
 In private corners; yet the furious cold
 Dos haunt it still; the birds are freeest from harme;
 For they have feather-beds to keep'em warme.
 The beasts did feele the blast, and shrunk together,
 Their hides being tann'd alive: the blustering weather
 Keeps randevow; proclaimes no other thing,
 But (roaring) cryes, that *Æolus* is King.
 Then every tree receiv'd a fatall wound,
 And tender plants did languish in a swoond.
 With his keene breath, he smooth'd the warry plaines,
 And made cleere passage for the lofty swaines.

In this sharp season, brave yong lads (whose ends
 Were to salute their sisters, and their friends)
 Were met together; and they did consent
 To spend a day or two in merriment,
 With these yong ladies: being welcome there,
 And entertain'd with mirth and royall cheere:
 The time with them grew warme, their Aprill yeeres
 Brought on untimely May; and cancel'd feares.

For after supper (having pleasing sport)
 The Nunnas with those that did to them resort
 Were dancing in the hall; one ran about,
 And suddenly put all the candles out.
 Then every man laid hold upon a Nunnie,
 Which with consent did into corners runne.
 But in this Night-prize, one among the rest,
 Applauds his fortune, he had catcht the best.
 But walking in the dark, o'th' sudden mist her,
 And when she spoke, he knew it was his sister.

Then he cry'd out, ho! some one change with me;
 I've light upon my sister, she will be

A Night Search.

65

For any but my selfe. Sin all they did;
But Fame was mov'd, and would not have it hid.

A shamefull visit! hatefull love is showne!
Sin, death, and hell do ever loath their owne.
Societies of sin, mask'd with a show

Of strict devotion, next to hell we know,
Do take their ranks; for barren shewes are curst,
And hypocrites are of all people worst.

How hatefull's that profession, that restraines
Virgins from marriage! when their swelling veines
Break into lawlesse lusts, their acts are vild;

The father's robb'd thus of his hopefull child;
And Priories, when they receiv'd their rent,
Engag'd the yeoman (else they'd have 'em sent)

To bring a virgin faire, and in her prime,
That they might keepe her untill such a time, (good,
(Then turne her out with shame) this they thought

'Twas not for lust, 'twas but to purge their blood.
They are the bane of people where they dwell;
They make such houses Nurseries for hell.



SECT. 16.

*Of a Letcher, and how the Devill assum'd the
Shape of a Malefactive that had been hang'd;
and lay with him.*

Dr. Strozzi Cigogni, nobilis Viaticus Theologus & Phi-
losophus. Lib. de magia omnifaria, &c.

A Wanton man (if I a man may call him)
Engag'd to lust; shame did at last befall him.

G

In

In whoredome, drunkenesse he spent his time;
His lodging suted to his loathsome crime.

But walking all alone along the street
(Being very dark) he did a woman meet;
And heard her muttering as she went along,
Complaining of her husband; and the wrong
That she receiv'd: how she was much abus'd,
Turn'd out of doores, and how her friends were us'd.
This lustfull Ape, thinks he has got a prey,
Pities her case, and thus to her did say:

Faire mistresse, walk with me, and you shall have
A lodging to your minde: I only crave
Your love for rent; 'tis cheape, although't be best,
Accept this kindnesse; you shall be my guest.

Small courtship serv'd; away with him she went,
To what he did desire, she gave consent:
And when he had beheld her in the light,
Found her exceeding faire: oh! how her sight
Did ravish him! both in a bed they lay,
Where they did spend some time: but when the day
Broke in upon them, all delights were past:
(He turn'd about) for she had breath'd her last:
Her corps lay by him, cold as any stone;
He felt her carcasse, but her life was gone.

Then feare and shame possess his saving minde;
He call'd the Bawd, nor he, nor she can finde
The cause of this her death, they're much dismay'd;
Nor can they hide what sin hath now bewray'd.
The neighbors heard it, and came running in,
They knew her face; she suffer'd for her sin
The sentence of the Law; death was her paine:
But yet the Devill took her up againe
To do more work: (with policies to strive)
Al though she serv'd him all her time alive.

But *Succuba* is gone, left sin and shame
 Vpon the score, to blast this villains name.
 She's buried once againe ; she'll rise no more
 To ease the Devill, or to turne a whore.

But now this *Leather* finds his fact is knowne,
 His hope, his name, his credit overthrown,
 How Gentlemen his company did shun;
 How every one that knew what he had done,
 Abhorr'd his sight: (his friends as all am'd,
 With feare and shame, they strangely on him gaz'd.)
 And how the guilt did call upon his crime,
 To make his name the by-word of the time.
 Or else set d upon him ; shame did make him sad,
 His lust was eas'd, although his minde was mad.

In this forlorne estate he liv'd a space,
 But dying still ; he striv'd to hide his face
 From all the world : the place where he doth dwell
 Doth paint out flames, and represent a hell.
 The flesh that feeds him doth commence a suite
 Against him too: eate like forbidden fruit.
 What's blest, is curst to him ; he spies a fish,
 And thinks he has a Scorpion in his dish.
 His drink doth change its nature (by his sin)
 'Twill not assuage his scalding heat within.
 He hates his gold, and envies his apparrell,
 And every day he strives to pick a quarrell
 With what he doth possesse ; 'twill help to burne him.
 In his conceit ; nor can dissensions turne him.
 I'th' night he thanks his bed-fellow doth drive
 The Furies, cry, Take him away alive.
 He's to himselfe and all things else a slave,
 But suddenly he droppe downe to his grave,
 All cry'd that saw him lying on the brim,
 Let *Incubus* ne're enter into him !

His Epitaph.

This man did live like a lascivious Ape,
 Spending his strength in sensuall lust and pleasure;
 The Devill did assume a fellows shape
 To humour him; and gives his lust full measure:
 The grave's his bawd, the devill was his whore;
 H' has now enough, that nere was clayd before,



S E C T. 17.

*Of a North-country mans meeting a trull; and
 how they were drunk together: his complaint,*

Within the Northern parts, near Neptun's plains,
 Where *Thetis* us'd to feed her frisking trains:
 Thin *Boreas* with his breath, did charme the flood,
 Envy'd the dwellers there, and cool'd their blood:
 The soile was barren too, the men grew poore,
 They wrought, and eat to live, but eat no more
 Than Nature crav'd: withall 'twas not so ill,
 Some fill'd themselves, some did their purses fill,
 But one among them, having store of gold,
 Resolv'd to ride a journey from the cold;
 And in the South, awhile he did abide,
 (He had a feeling in the case beside)
 And being there, his blood began to thaw,

His lust arose, and fought against the law.
He of his sinns did make himselfe a sword,
And judg'd the law, to be an empty word.

He meets a whore, she smil'd, to him she spoke;
Then he reply'd, and thus his mind he broke.

Kaind lovin maistrisse!

Feath aies be tak-en mee thee vary face,

Ge mee thee bond, aies kee'st, o sick a grace

Tha hast at eance came, let mee clap mine arme

About thee middell; thare is mickle charme

Geine from theene eyes: in't I con freeles ha

Min: weell of thee, an minit ist a da.

Benison leecht on thee! Iles gee thee wine,

Sa mack I love tha: eame, troth thee beest mine.

Away they went together, what they did

'Cause 'twas a stranger, let that fault be hid.

He having staid till midnight, with that punk,

Then out they reel'd together, both being drunk,

The watchmen found'em: but the cunning whore

Gave them the slip; another watch before

Perceiv'd a running post, catcht her at last,

Put her in Bridewell: there she's bolted fast.

And for the countrey-man, his braines being sped;

Would faine take up the chanell for his bed.

Sometimes he slips, and then he takes a fall;

Then by and by, his head against the wall

Receives a knock; he's with himselfe displeas'd,

Although his stomack's full, his purse is eas'd.

His feet draws out Indentures, as he goes;

His body's like a coarse, his eyes, his nose,

Vnman's his face; and all his parts are prest

By *Maligo*; now to proclaime him beaft.

His mouth lets in his shame, but lets out reason,

His heart agreed to bring about this treason.

Sometimes he thought himselfe at home, but when
 He felt it warme, his minde did change agen,
 Then presently he thought, he with this whore
 Was drinking healths, as he had done before.
 He'd knock the stones, as if he'd raise 'em up,
 And call the boy to bring a bigger cup.

But coming to himselfe, his braines grew rane,
 His eyes being clearer then, to see his shame:
 Thus he began, (increasing then for pittie)
Is o stranger; not once yea this one
Befare this time, nor never wealt agene,
Vnlessen woemin be meare true to mine.
I wea is me! what mun I do to geine
Me geud report? wrow yet, a pistiffe steine
Hau teane me beame? in trot I is undone!
Prey let me gang, an I away will run.
Muck ill beside tha jade, for she has gin
Me sike a welcam, as I feele me sin
Teating mine sol; O! weell a neare that I
Did ken her face, or seene her pigher me!
I wot naane harme whan I did gang to teake
A leetell drank; an whan I had cood no speake;
Her run away; whailst I is here behead;
Whick way hur's gang'd, I ken not: hur's non frend:
Shew statne mine coyne; mee selve doe tell now lee,
Indead la, a deaft lasse, hur seem'd to bee.
O weale a da! ere sine I is from beame,
I hau been seinding his ta be a meame!
Guide sirs discharge me! Ist chee strang yo than:
An woon non nere be cauten sike agan.

They let him go; if he should thaw thus long,
 He'd rot away; for whores and drink are strong,
 Being joyn'd together. Drunkenesse is found
 To hate the man; but yet it loves the ground.

It steales in at the mouth, to drowne the soule,
 Takes place of wit, and doth the brains controule.
 It breeds disease, consumption in the purse,
 Bladders the face, the nose; and it doth nurse
 What e're is ill. The stomack overcharg'd
 Doth belch out filth, his words are more enlarg'd,
 Regards nor time, nor place, but all may finde
 Him spewing up the secrets of his minde.
 It boyles a man to froth, (oh! hatefull crime?)
 Brings shame, paine, death, and all before the time.
 All that are men, abhor't! has he the day
 That drinks downe men, to carry shame away
 For carrying drink, this beast the praise doth crave,
 'Tis only that the Brewers horse should have.



SECT. 18.

*Of strange policies in a new-
 found Bawd.*

'**M**Ongst many Bawds, yet one these was of late,
 That had her Imps of any fixe, or rate;
 Her customers of all degrees and ranks
 Resorted thither; plaid their hellish pranks.
 If she could meet with any that was young,
 And handsome too, and had a nimble tongue,
 She'd play the Devill, trying all her skill,
 With promises to draw her to that will.
 Thus long she liv'd, through guile she many won
 To serve her ends, and so they were undone,

But yet at last, she growing out of sorts,
 To feed the streame, and keep her *Venus* sports;
 For both the Bridewells had of them a share;
 She nor her pander then did never dare
 To owne them there; the turning of the mills,
 And beating hemp was sore against their wills.
 But will they, nill they, they were forc't unto it,
 Or take the lash, if they refuse to doe it:
 And shamelesse New-gate got another part,
 They could not budge, which vext her to the heart.
 There was no help, which makes her fret and chafe,
 Yet New-gate promis'd her, to keep them safe.

The Hospitalls had some to try their cure,
 Which had the pox, and there they must endure
 Sharp tortures, broylings, now a change they find;
 They broyl'd before, but in another kind:
 With medicines they search and pinch their guts,
 'Tis cutting torment, good enough for sluts.

Then weather-beaten Tyburne claimes the rest,
 And now the hangman is become a guest,
 But cannot please them: so they quickly part;
 He takes his leave, and leaves them on the cart.
 Their faults so bad, the hangman scorns to cloke them,
 His pills are slips, yet being tough doe choke them:
 Yet Gregory he's executor; all they have,
 Will only help'em to a high-way grave.
 Now in this strair, the bawd to raise her store,
 Doth try her witts, and findes one project more;
 Goes to a carrier modestly attir'd,
 Enquires for servants, she would faine have hir'd
 Two at the least; there being none, then he
 Must bring her up some, promising a fee
 Of forty shillings; for each one bespoken;
 'Twill set him up, or raise him being broken.

A shrewd

A shewd temptation! so he seeks about,
Mistrusting nothing; when he finds some out,
He brings them up, and has his money paid.

She entertains them, thus they are betraid
With flatt'ring words: and what they do desire,
She'll promise them; and pay them larger hire
Than they expect; new lutes from top, to toe
She freely gives them; she will have it so.
They shall be brave, poore girls! they think it strange,
And doe rejoyce at this their happy change,
(As they conceive) not us'd to be so cloath'd,
Their other garments are with them so loath'd,
They will not owne them: then to lectures next,
She brings them, and they must bring home the text,
(She seemes devout) that there they may be view'd,
And that she may the better them delude
With shew of goodnesse: next, unto a play
She will bring them (for there the fowles of prey
Do much resort) they being often spy'd,
The plot is laid, and now they must betry'd:
If they will yeeld unto this cursed sin,
And bring new custome; then she do's begin
To blesse her-selfe, that trading comes againe,
She reapes the fruit of her forecasting braine,
But if they will not, after twice, or thrice
Attempted to't; then this her last device
Dost take effect: she'll threaten them, and say
I'll strip you bare, and turne you then away.
What, was't for nothing that I made you fine?
To keep you thus, 'tis for no ease of mine.
Goe take your raggs; those garments which I bought
Leave them; I will not give them you for nought.

Faine they would goe, and yet as faine abide,
They love good names, yet will not leave their pride;

They

They would not have fine feathers thus to fall;
 To put on rags, that grieves them most of all.
 They seeme to looke when they should put them on,
 As comming from the hill neere Paddington;
 The subtiler moths, conspired with the rot
 To take possession: being long forgot;
 The ugly forme, considered with the sinell
 They could not like, nor did it favour well.
 Now being neate, they thinke they shall be priz'd;
 Put on their trash, they shall be much despis'd.
 If they consent they shall enjoy the place,
 Or else they must go home with great disgrace:
 Sometimes again, they judge it no wayes fit;
 Then blame themselves, having so little wit.

In this distemper, then the Bawd steps in,
 And she will prove, this but a veniall sin;
 Which brings in profit, pleasure, wealth, and ease:
 I speak the truth, you may do what you please.

First shewes of good, mixt with apparant evill
 Drawes them to yeold; and now they serve the devill.
 Alas poore soules! their rising is their fall!
 They onely breathe, but do not live at all.

But yet ere long this Bawd is question'd for it,
 And former vilenesse: Neighbours do abhor it;
 And Newgate doth imbrace her, as 'tis meet:
 She has preferment, riding in the street
 Her selfe alone: ludge, is not this great state?
 (But all such honour women still do hate.)
 Her Coach had but two wheeles, one horse did draw it:
 Her Coachman was a Carman, people saw it.
 'Twas open round regarding not the weather;
 Nor was the top once over-laid with leather.
 The inside of it being never lin'd;
 'Tad but one boot, and that was quite behinde:

'Twas

'Twas of long standing, and so full of holes;
'Twas ever after forc'd to carry coales.

Her footmen many, onely for that day,
All volunteers, not one of them had pay.
Both sides they run, in running still they hollow'd:
The Marshall rode before, the Beadles follow'd.
She was saluted as she rode along
With kettle Musique; and the bassons rung.
Her fame was spread, and she was often crown'd
With Carret-tops, and whatsoever the ground
Did there afford: and 'twas at such a time
When Chamber-pots agreed to purge her crime.

Her journey ended, all her men discharg'd;
Her fine, her fees, before she be enlarg'd,
Must all be paid: and then away she's banish'd,
Downe fals her trade, for all her imps are vanish'd.
She'd plant againe, though in another coast,
But that disgrace and shame do haunt her ghost.
She runs all brow; *Muse*, be thou content
To leave her helpless in her banishment.



SECT. 19.

*Of a Hackney Hestie; the trade she drove;
and how she ended.*

A Common Strumper (as I heard it told)
Being impudent (for whores are ever bold)
She tempted many with her flatt'ring tongue;
And with her eyes to death were many stung.]

Sh'ad

Sh'ad all the ways that might be had to gaine
 Fresh customers : at last she did so staine
 The Towne she dwelt in, that a course was taken
 To drive her thence ; she was of all forsaken :
 For she grew odious ; time had blaz'd her name,
 Her lewd light carriage still did speake her shame.
 She hangs out colours ; when her lumps came in,
 She fell againe unto her wonted sin.

A publike house she keepes ; all men may be
 There entertain'd ; more common now is she
 Than high-way Truls ; though she be now remote,
 Vermin do smell, and then begin to dote
 Vpon her painted face : she rules the roost,
 And every lack's corivall to mine Host.

He can digest it, though his horns do grow. .
 (A Tinker patch'd his face, and peec'd his brow.)

She wants not money, pleasure, sport, nor ease,
 Thus trades a while, untill the foule disease
 Doth seize upon her ; then her tempting tongue
 Begins to faulter, and her breath's so strong
 None can abide it ; and her wanton eye
 Bewrays her shame ; and both her jawes do cry,
 We are undone ; for P: hath seiz'd upon us
 With violence, to take our teeth quite from us.

Paine follows pleasure ! she can only crawl,
 She's loath'd of many, but she's shunn'd of all.
 Her rascall crew forsake her, having spi'd it,
 Alas, poore Host ! he only must abide it !
 In this distresse she doth her selfe bemone,
 What shall I do ? my friends are from me gone !
 And I am left to end my dayes in grieve !
 No meanes I have to bring me in reliefe !
 To serve my lust, how did I daily strive ?
 And for reward, now I must rot alive !

My shame is noysed everywhere about;
I'me like a monster; boyes do hisse me out!
The Surgeon must be paid; but where's the coyne?
'Las I am weary of this life of mine!
All that have reason, do abhor my sight;
Darknesse attends me; for I loath'd the light!

Me thinks the beasts cry, as they daily feed,
(As I go by) There goes a beast indeed!
The fowles all day do at my window call,
And chatter curses, wishing for my fall.
I cannot look towards Heav'n, but despaire,
Nor but with horror wave the gentle aire:
Nor without dread, once tread upon the ground,
Or any way, but hell besets me round.

In this mad fit, she does at last conclude,
(See how the Devill does poore Imps delude!
First to presume; that acted, to despaire;
The sterme is gathering, while the weather's faire)
To end her life, and fall by her owne hand;
She has no power, Sathan to withstand.
She'd hang her selfe, but that she wants a place:
(But I dare say, that 'tis for want of grace,
That she attempts it) For she has a halter,
The beame's too high, and so her minde does alter.
At last a beame she findes that's very low,
The halter's laid, but where she does not know,
So she's dismiss: but having place and rope
Another time, O! now she is in hope
To doe the deed: but being then prevented,
Prolong'd her life: yet being discontented,
She plots afresh; and findes another way,
How she untroubled may her selfe destroy.

A well was neare her, which was very deepe;
(Though she was rotten) she did cawle, or creepe

Vnto this well; and head-long threw her selfe;
 Her life there ended; so this noisome elie
 Was taken up, as cold as any stone,
 She being breathlesse: for her soule was gone.
 Whether, God knows: I will not sentence passe;
 I feare the worst: I shew you how it was.
 A dreadfull spectacle: his horrid sight
 Fill'd the beholders with amazement, fright.
 Her clothes all being long (not long in getting)
 Are now too short, for they are shrunk i'th' wetting:
 Her countenance was black, her tongue hung out;
 Her eyes wide open, but she's blind, no doubt.

Foole, why didst thou against thy life rebell?
 Didst think to ease thy selfe? didst think that hell
 Was but a fable? grieve I doubt begins!
 Selfe murther's judg'd next to the worst of finnes.
 Didst think that water would so cool thy sore,
 To ease thy paine? lust was alswag'd before.
 Did Satan presse thee? or didst thou appeare
 Proffring thy selfe to him, as volunteere?
 Long in a journey didst thou scorne to dwell,
 That thou didst seek a neerer way to hell?
 Or didst thou think, that by thy selfe alone,
 Thou'dst haue thy hel, or else thou wouldest haue none?
 Didst think thy shame, & pain would then haue ended,
 Or else with hell-hounds think to be befriended?

Though like a beast thou liv'dst, thou didst undo
 Thy selfe; for why? thou canst not dye so too.
 Worse than a beast thou art, and hadst less way;
 They're taught by Nature to avoyd a pit.
 Thou heardst that hell was in a place below;
 Didst goe to see, because thou didst not know
 That was a truth? or whether it was deep?
 Or what those vermine are, that there do creep?

The Well was deepe, but yet it had a ground ;
And hatefull creepers were, where thou wast drown'd.
Poore soole ! alas ! didst not beleeve, nor feare
In hell was fire, but no water there ?

'Tis bottomlesse ; it had bin best for thee
To have beleev'd it, not to go and see :
But this I thinke, thou couldst not judge but hell
Was very large ; or larger than the Well :

Sure thou didst thinke, 'twas but the way into it.
Yet thou wast worse than mad when thou didst do it.
These silly creepers that have here abode,
The Frogs, the Lizard, or the loathsome Toades,
Are not so odious : (nor their shrieks, nor cries
Like them in hell :) nor of so large a size.

We'll hasten now to bring her to her grave :

The Crowner calls a Jury ; found they have
She onely guilty of this fact committed,
And suffer'd for't : yet she's of no man pittied.

They passe, and do condemne her ; for this cause
A Crosse-way grave, according to the lawes,
Is made for her ; and thither she is brought
And tumbled in, just like a thing of naught.

Being covered, a stake is driven in
Quite through her Corps, to shew her hainous sin.

Her friends were sham'd (if she had any left)

She through her vildenesse was of all bereft.

None durst be seene, all did so much abhor her :

For not one griev'd, no shew of mourning for her.

All mouthes are open still, to blaze her shame,

But eares disdain to entertaine her name.

The fowles do cry, and will not be at rest,

For being disappointed of their feast.

The wormes had had the best on't when she stunk,

But could not once come neere her 'cause she stunk.

Mye,

Muse leave her there still as a way-marke curle,
And with all better, but none ever worse.

But where's mine Host so long? he's gone astray,
Or else to grasse, to cast his hornes away.
But do's he not go roguing up and downe,
And leave his children now to charge the towne?
Or is he so in debt, that even the light
Is hatefull to him, so plaies least in sight?
Or has he not some Iaylor to attend him?
Or has he not the pox that soon will end him?
He send no hue and cry; 'tis not my taske:
After this time He never for him aske.

Her Epitaph.

Here lies a *Whore* that did exceed in evill;
She common was, and had the pox 'twas known:
She'd more, and more acquaintance with the devil;
At last she was by her own hand o'rethrowne.
Let passers by take notice of this stake,
That they may fear, and warning by her take.



SECT. 20.

*Of a Childe borne full of the pox: with a
Satyre playing his part upon the Father.*

A Female infant newly being come
Into the world; and living from the wombe;

Death

Death soone did follow : while she liv'd, the same
Did every minute speak the fathers shame;
She as an Embleme and a type of death
Did shew her selfe, when she received breath.
She was inclosed with the fowle disease;
Though little time she liv'd, she had lesse ease.
For why ? she had extremity of paine,
Till she return'd unto the dust againe.
Sh'was coffin'd up, with scurfe and noysome sores,
Her father brought it from his rotten whores
Vnto her mother ; so it was convey'd
To her ; her mother had been else destroy'd :
Yet both undone ; and yet this rascall vile
Being often shent, he'd jeare, and laugh, or smile.
Her griefe was much increased, being poore,
Most that he got, he spent upon some whore ;
Or on the Surgeon, being often cur'd ;
But no whit better ; what he then endur'd,
Yo'd think might change his mind ; but he grew worse,
Nor is he mov'd with Gods eternall curse.
He runs in debt, and scores up what he may,
'Tis known full well he doth not use to pay.
I know he borrow'd much his lusts to fit,
Somewiht him whipt ; he hath not paid them yet ;
Nor never will ; which grieves them most of all :
He's out of credit now ; nor ever shall
Grow more in debt, because no man will lend him ;
Speak harsh, he's mad ; or faire, it will not mend him.
He must be dieted at th' fall and spring ;
He'l no strong drink, nor wine, and thus he'l sing
A month together ; while the Surgeon's by,
He'l seeme to grieve ; being gone, then presently,
He is the same ; no orders will he keep,
But drink, and drab, while civill men doe sleep.

If money last, he will not look tow'rds home,
 Had they but food, they'd rather have his roome
 Than's company: he'll kick his wife about,
 And pawne his goods; he has not much I doubt.

In this distresse, if she doth seek reliefe,
 Amongst her friends, if they but ease her griefe,
 This monster's wilde, spits venom, threats, he'll say,
 See if they dare to keep his wife away:
 If that prevails not, then he'll sweare, and lye,
 He loves her so, that he for her shall dye,
 If she returns not home. Thus will he seek,
 Till he attaines: she being milde and meek,
 Conceives the best; he promising a change,
 Goes home againe; beleve it, 'tis not strange,
 He's chang'd indeed: but 'tis from bad to worse;
 She's almost starv'd, yet he hath no remorse.
 Makes he much of her, as he promis'd? no,
 He sells her clothes, then hang her, let her goe.

He never goes to Church, but hates all such
 That would perswade him to't, thinks all too much
 That any doe for heaven: calls them asses,
 Especially amongst his bawdy lasses.
 He'll domineere, when they upon him fawne.
 I'll judge the best, his clothes are all at pawne,
 Or else he's loth to fright folk with his look,
 Or else because the Broker has his book:
 Or is he in some Celler under ground?
 And drinking, till he thinks the world goes round?
 He hangs on others, they must pay his score,
 He has no coyne, his hoste will trust no more.

As for the woman, how to set her free,
 Alas! I know not, except time agree
 To end her life: some Hospitall may take him
 To try their skill, and as a patterne make him.

No other way can I conceive to do it,
 Unless the Sessions do agree unto it;
 That he may grieve his wife and friends no more,
 To have him hang'd, though he was burnt before;
 Of all, the hangman then would prove his friend,
 He'd never leave him, till he saw his end.

But after all his friendship, he'd be mad,
 When once he finds his clothes are all so bad,
Muse, leave this goat, for he defiles thy pen;
 Rank him with beasts, but never more with men.

But this poor infant I have left too long,
 We'd parle a little; couldst thou use thy tongue,
 Thou'dst teach my pen, to write with blood or teares,
 Or make it silent; and beget strange feares
 In those that hear thee, and as strange to see;
 T'ould move a stone, to wail thy misery.
 Not like a child, thou like a monster rather!

Oh, blame not me! but blame my wretched father!
 But quit my mother, for she's guiltlesse knowne,
 Her comfort here's like mine, quite overthrowne.
 She was deceiv'd, my fathers flattering tongue
 Did so insnare her (when she was but young)
 Though 'twas but non-sense, she could not perceive it;
 What ere he spoke, she'd willingly receive it:
 Her friends being simple, matcht her to her sorrow,
 To one daies mirth, which ended on the morrow.
 By love she try'd to draw, and turne his heart
 From ill, but he still plaid the devills part.
 In sorrow she conceiv'd, and brought forth me,
 An object of disdain, that all may see,
 I am a wonder, for my fathers sake,
 A signe of great displeasure: warning take
 All you that see me, or doe heare my story,
 Amend your lives in time; give God the glory.

All filthy courses see you alwayes hate;
 "When Ruine knocks, Repentance comes too late.
 Then you must beare the evils that you doe,
 And your posterity will curse you too.
 They'l suffer for your sins; as you may see,
 My fathers sins, are now reveng'd on me.
 My suffering's here, for I shall finde redresse,
 And be redeem'd out of this deep distresse.
 God's just and righteous, as he still hath bin;
 I shall not alwayes beare my fathers sin.
 My time is short, how soone my race is runne!
 I must away, before I see the Sunne.
 I now salute the world, and bid adiew;
 'Tis only vaine; leave it ere long must you.
 I for your sakes was sent; I had my breath
 To entertaine my friend. Come, gentle death.

The Epitaph.

Here lies an Infant, while she liv'd in paine,
 Did (in a kinde) bewaile her satall birth!
 She was an Embleme of her fathers staine,
 Till she returned to her mother, Earth.
 The sight of her might quell all lust and pride.
 Her presence gave us warning; so she dy'd.

Scd.

S E C T. 20.

*How a subtle Queant fained herself to be with
childe by a man of qualite; of her lying in, and
how the plot was found out.*

WAllang alone; about the evening tide,
I heard a voyce: turning about, I sp'd
Two walking hand in hand; and as they went,
They whisp' red out their frame; 'twas their intent
To sin in secret. First, the man did wooe;
And soone the female gave consent unto
What he desir'd: a place then they desir'd;
Which they did think would all their folly hide.

But what is hid from that all-seeing eye,
That's done in hell, or on the earth? the skie
Is fix'd full of eyes to finde our sin;
And every creature must give verdict in,
Again? the sinfull world: but all this while,
Those witlesse Imps are striving to beguile
Their soules of peace; and having had their ends,
They part for that time, (seeming loving friends)
But pointed when, and where to meet againe:

He breaking promise (for it seems his braine
Grew addle after this) she sent to know
Where all this time he did himselfe bestow,
Desiring him to visit her; for shee
Must shew to him her haplesse miserie.
He told his name, his place, that he was rich;
Vnto this whore: and now her fingers itch
To handle some of's gold: she rubs her neyes,
Hangs downe her head, and blubbers out, and cries,
She's halfe undone; her belly now doth swell,
For she's with child by him: she loves him well,

And would not have him sham'd ; give her reliefe,
 She'd free him on't, and still conceale her griefe.
 Against her lying in, he must provide
 A nurse, and linnen ; divers things beside
 Which she must have ; then, had you heard him curse
 This whore, his fate, their meeting ('cause his purse
 Grew emptie by this meanes) you would have thought
 The Devill spoke by him, what's worse than nought.

Herries with care, and cost, to hide his sin :
 For now the time is come, and she lyes in,
 So neat, and fine, he goes to see her then,
 And to supply her wants ; and goes agen,
 And findes her weake : the child i' th' cradle by,
 The bawdy Nurse was rocking : presently
 She takes it up ; oh, here's th' owne fathers child,
 Your eyes, your nose, your picture is not spoyl'd
 In ioyning up ; while this babe doth survive,
 He'll keep your image, and your name alive :
 D' yee see your fore-head, eye-brows, double chin,
 Your little mouth : just as your lips are thin,
 So are the child's : his fingers long and small ;
 He's quiet too ; that sutes you best of all.

This gives him no content, away he flings,
 And leaues his image ; but the Nurse she sings
 A Lullaby, the woman that lyes in,
 Is rais'd with gold, to strike the merry pin.

He meets a man whom he well knew before,
 Reveales the passages 'twixt him and a whore
 And how much gold he had had, and of the shame
 That he did feare would light upon his name.

His friend (if so you call him) heard the case,
 Took his fit time, and went unto that place,
 Pretending thers full mirth ; but she seem'd dill,
 And would not once submit unto his will,
 Being subtil in her trade, she told him how
 The case did stand : he must not touch her now.

Away

Away goes he, acquaints a Magistrate,
 How such a man was made unfortunate,
 By dealing with a whore: he brings him to him,
 Who promis'd them much kindness he would do him,
 To set him free: unto the house they went,
 Where he had been, and had his money spent.
 They coming in, the Trull seem'd very weak;
 The Nurse being rocking, she began to speake,
 But feare restrain'd her: for the man, they knew,
 Did use to give such birds of night their due.
 He taking up the child (but he mistook)
 Was quite agreed it had the fathers look;
 I am perswaded in this heart of mine,
 Who ever sees this babe, may swear 'tis thine.

With violence this child began to cry;
 A woman charg'd with fury, suddenly
 Rush't in upon 'em, What d' yee meane to doe?
 Borrowing my child, pray do not murder't too?
 I will not trust you (Bawds and Whores are vilde)
 You doe not care how you abuse my childe.

By this the plot was found; the Whore, the Nurse
 Devis'd a lying in to purge his purse.
 The lade from her preferment had a fall,
 She's sent abroad, and yet not church'd at all,
 The Nurse must go before the month be out,
 To old Bridewell, to turne the mill about.
 (Her gossiping is spoyl'd) there she must stay,
 To try her strength a twelve-month and a day.

The other Imp to new Bridewell is had,
 To knock the hemp: which work she counts as bad
 As Purgatorie: now she cheats no men:
 A sudden change! there she lies in agen.

As for the man, I'd place him with this whore,
 But he has promis'd to do so no more.

Thou little infant! did they bring thee in
 To be a patron to a new-borne sin?

Thou ne're didst act a sin: but at the first
 As all by nature are, thou wast accurst,
 They thought thy thee, their vile intents to smother;
 And act one sin, that they might hide another.
 Did they intend to bring thee, being young
 A stranger way to hell? or did the throng
 Forsake the broad high way? they did abuse thee
 'Cause for this purpose they did strive to use thee.
 Had'st thou been active in this plot so soon
 Thy morning had been chaurin: but thy noone
 Had been more dark than a night: how had the times
 Been poyson'd by thee! and thy forward crimes
 Had ran through ages! and all vile men full
 Had made thee as a par, on for their ill.
 Poore harmlesse infant! seeing 'twas thy lot,
 To seeme to be indeed what thou wast not,
 Bewarn'd for ever by: let not the shame
 Once follow thee, or e're disgrace thy name.
 But could thy mother harbour thee so neare
 The mouth of hell? was not her minde in feare
 Thou would'st slip in? or did she send thee out
 On purpose, thus to bring their ends about?
 Then she was guiltie too: or was't for need
 To have some milk, she might her infant feed?
 Did not thy tender flesh begin to melt
 Thy spirits faile? oh! if thou hadst but felt
 The weight of sin and shame, thou hadst been stranger
 To them: for thou would'st then have wish'd a change.
 Did not thy fix'd eyes, thy mouth, thy face
 Disclaime their wickednesse, bewray the place?
 Yes, thou didst watch thy time (thou little spie)
 How to discover all: for thou didst cry
 And call thy mother up: who did disclose
 Their projects, dash their hopes. Shew more of those
 Vnlicard of plots: and then my pen shall raise
 Vnto you both a monument of praise.



S E C T. 21.

*Of a homely suspected gentlewoman, that was
plaistered up in scarloth every night, to
make her skin white.*

WITH searching in my course, I spy'd at last
A monstrous sight, which made me much a-
She was a woman once, but since she fell : (gast;
Into a humour to resemble hell,
She seem'd to have been scorched with the flame,
And strain'd with Art, to cover o're the shame.
She being prodigall of *Venus* store,
Had gott a wound, and plaistred up the sore.
She was in bed, her husbaud lying by,
And low enough ; but still her mind was high.
He had been happy, had he liv'd without her,
Now all his ease is, he has wit to flout her.
Me thought he lay a breathing time to crave,
Arm'd with a charge, to watch her in her grave.

Her corps with stinking scarloth was o're-spread,
Shames her alive, but 'twould preserve her dead.
Her breasts were dawb'd with salve, her armes both are
(So farre as she doth dayly keep 'em bare)
Rowld up in paste ; her neck wore lether bands,
Her face was mask'd ; sh' had gantletts on her hands.
The colour of this plaister was like pitch ;
I thought at first, 't had been to kill the Itch ;

But I conceiv'd (when I went further in)
 It was to draw the tawnie from her skin :
 And make the wrinkles smooth, and colour fresh
 Her corps decay'd ; which was like parboyl'd flesh.
 She's pickel'd up ; her upper parts do show
 As clad in mourning ; but she's bare below.
 This sight compar'd with the unsavoury stench,
 The lust of any *Incubus* might quench.
 Gentilitie with this is all her pride,
 She envies nature, 'cause she hath deny'd
 Her comeliness ; and now she strives to be
 A patterne of the worlds deformitie.
 Dame Nature knew her once ; but as she's now,
 She scornes to owne her, nor will she allow
 Her any praise : sh' has brought a new fowle in
 Into the world ; and she's as foule within.

She lying thus in pickle, all the roome
 Did seeme to be allotted for her tombe :
 Me thought it had a savour of the slime ;
 An earthy show, and stunk before its time.
 If't had been thus, the worms being weak and blind,
 Had been constrain'd to enter her behind :
 Or else below ; but they would never rest,
 Till they had suck'd the plaisters from her breast.
 This sight would fright them, if they could but see't ;
 (To sure the rest) had she but cloven feet,
 They durst not touch her : faine I'd see her rise,
 Make a sack-poffer, let her wash her eyes,
 And pull the parches off ; and rince her skin :
 Then let me see if any blood's within ;
 Set her the glasse, that she may dresse her head,
 Askew where she'll please to paint, or white, or red ;
 See how she sets her face, and how shee'll change,
 Now shee'll be modest, and extremely strange,

Then

Then shee'll be merrie; by and by shee'll grieve,
Then bridle up her head; you'll not believe,
How she will turne her postures, and her shape;
When all is done, she's but bare Natures Ap:
This colour is too red, and that's too white;
Or if it lyes too thick, 'twill shame her quite,
But being finely temper'd, then 'twill do;
Now if her taile were scerie, she'd paint that too;
One lock of haire lyes wrong: she'd crisp againe,
But that will melt the colour from the graine.

She's ready for to day had she but pray'd,
But now it is too late, the cloth is layd;
And guests are come to accommodate this sinner,
With wanton jests and tales, whilst she's at dinner.

When dinner's done, they'll passe the time away
In gaming, or with chat, untill the play
Is ready to begin; and there her coat,
And painted face, do make her one of note.
Shee'll praise a love-sick fancie, but shee'll vex,
If any word, or act, doe touch her sex;
She's powder'd sweetly, which may gaine delight,
But coming home, she stinks agen at night:
Her face is spoyl'd: her dressings are laid by;
She's coffin'd up agen. My Muse and I,
With joynt consent, did then her absence crave:
And left her as a restlesse living grave,



S E C T. 22.

*How an old Bawd lay in for a young Whore :
they are found and punished.*

A Private Bawd, that us'd to entertaine
A subtile queane, or two ; finding the gaine,
She did encrease her number : and did learne
How every one might come to take her turne.
She kept a hot-house (which did bring her gold)
Vnder pretence ; but 'twas too hot to hold.
One of her creatures being prov'd with child,
Having no husband ; (sin had so beguild
This simple Slut) and now to hide her shame,
The Bawd must seeme with child : and who can blame
Her for't ? her husband's very well content
To cover it, all danger to prevent.
Being very big with clouts, she does begin
To fit her selfe against her lying in :
Her reck'ning's out ; her groaning's heard by some,
But ere the Mid-wife and the neighbors come,
The child is borne ; some take distaste and cavill,
And some do wonder at her easie travell !
She seemes exceeding weake, and very sick ;
The Pander's faine to run and buy a Chick,
To pull't alive, then boyle it to a jelly ;
The Nurse approves it good to ease her belly.

Some

Some doe mistrust: this the discourse they hold,
Admiring that a woman growne so old
Should have so sweet a babe; but having past
The danger of her month, she's church'd at last,
The whore that bore the child, is free from feare,
(But not from danger, though the coast seemes cleare)
Vnto the Bawd she does her selfe engage,
And goes by Bridewell boldly; and the cage
Affrightes her not; but see, the wals ere long,
(Or something else) begins to find a tongue,
And does bewray the plot: and how they swerv'd;
And they were punish't, as they all deserv'd.

Was't not enough to sin, thou strumper vilde,
By prostitut on? and to have a childe
Vnlawfully begot? but thou must make
Another stranger sin? and to forsake
The infant when 'twas borne? father nor mother
It should have knowne; but time would never smother
Such monstrous crimes. Poore infant! thou art come
Into the world, to be disgrac'd by some,
And pitied of the rest! for thou wast brought
Vnlookt for hither, by a thing of nought.
Take warning by thy mother; doe not sell
Thy soule away, for that which springs from hell.

Thou hatefull Pander! how couldst thou abide
To owne this child as thine? how couldst thou hide
This matchlesse plot? 'tis like thy fee was more
For this, than ten times keeping of the dore.
Or did they gull thee, making thee believe
It was thine owne? my pen should then reprove
Thee from the crime. But thou art weake and cold,
So is thy Bawd, growne impotent and old;
Or didst thou doe't to keepe thy selfe from trouble?
How couldst thou think, but this would make it double?

Or

Or didst thou take a pride to be a father ?
 That nere wast one before ? but I guesse rather
 Some gallant got it, and his morgag'd state
 Is bound to keep thee at a higher rate.

Come neere, thou bawdy hagg ; thy wrinkled face
 With rawnie furrowes, will thy cause disgrace.
 Thou hast no wit save only for such tricks,
 I think thy age hath out-runne sixtie six.
 Thy hollow eyes have almost lost their sight,
 Thou hast no colour, but thy head is white.
 Who gave thy baby suck ? once thou hadst store,
 But 'twas at least full fortie yeeres before.
 Or if some *Incubus* had laine with thee,
 How could thy fruit lesse than a monster be ?
 Those that did see thy shape, thy lying in,
 Did think that elves and goblins did begin
 To nurse their changlings there; when thou didst speak
 They thought the furies did their gorges break,
 Some thought a witch bigg with a little devill
 Had come to leave it here, because in evill
 It should be more expert : or else in hell
 (Being hot and dark) she could not nurse it well.

Some thought that (snake-like) thou'dst turne yong
 And others thought thou'dst be a shame to men. (agen,
 Their fancies differed, as their minds were prest;
 Some fear'd the worst, and others hop't the best.
 Thou desperate wretch ! how durst thou goe to meet
 Him that doth know the waverings of thy feet ?
 Or come within his house ? dost think thy vow
 Is priz'd of him who knowes thou mockst him now ?
 Dost come to give him praise in peoples sight
 For safe deliverance ? lasting paine's thy right.
 Dost think he doth not know thee ? or dost think,
 Although he knowes thee, at this fault he'll wink ?

He's ne're deceived; thou'lt find thy conscience will
Ioyne with the Iudge, thy soule with guilt to fill.
Thou'rt ever lost, except thou dost repent;
Ile leave thee now to corporall punishment.



SECT. 23.

*Of a strumpet accusing others, and afterwards
her selfe: her protestations.*

WHen wealthy sommer did decline in strength,
The golden dayes diminisht much in length;
The waking time which they from night did take,
Bring urg'd upon't, they restitution make,
To reconcile the ods (but not the crime)
Both day and night must share alike in time:
But light found wary friends to plead for day,
Though she be cast, sh'has a months time to pay.

Men did rejoyce because the teeming earth
Was safe deliver'd of a fruitfull birth:
But she lookt pale upon't; for all her store
Was strain'd upon, to pay a twelve months score.
This dealing vext her; faine she would have chid,
But men had bills, and bands for what they did,
And judgement past upon'em; most unkind!
The birds and beasts glean'd what they left behind.
The watry treasure open'd wide its mouth,
And grants a licence to the weeping south,

For

For bottling up of teares: the clouds did hold
 Their swarthy colour, to invite the cold.
 The trees grew naked, whistling winds did call
 The leaves away. The earth depriv'd of all
 Her new-borne treasure, makes a league with men,
 For one graine she receives, to pay 'em ten
 Within the yeare: she doth receive the seed
 As earnest eyes, to pay as they agreed.

(The foole thought all was buried in a tombe,
 Some liv'd in hope) and then she clos'd her womb.
 But keeping Centry at that time, I spi'd
 A walking clod of earth; and when I tri'd
 My skill, to know what creature this might be,
 I found she lov'd the Art of Bawderie.
 She being question'd, did with fury prate,
 Till she was lockt within the wooden grate.
 But being freed againe, she did unfold
 The names of those, who residence did hold
 At such a place; the nature of their meeting,
 Th'occasions on't, their feasting, and their greeting.
 What randevous they kept; what domineering,
 What time they spent in drinking, whoring, swearing;
 How Lady-like one of the queanes lay in;
 If any aske, she must not be within;
 She's at her Countrey-house to take the aire,
 To purge her blood, and make her seeme more faire.
 Her Serving-man will answer at the dore,
 (He's but a dunghill Pimp, t'attend this whore)
 That he is left to manage her estate,
 In black and white; this cancell'd Ass will prate.

Another is a Maid, new come to towne
 To buy a gorger, and a Tabbie gowne,
 And sell a jewell: she goes all in Plush:
 She's newly enter'd, and she'll quickly blush.

She

She keeps her chamber, lying backward still;
She now takes physick, and she's very ill.

Another, if you knock, will be afraid,
And she (forsooth) goes for her Chamber-maid;
She'll wring her hands, and call the Gods above
To right her cause: she hath been crost in love.

The fourth's a daintie widow, rich, and young,
Her husband di'd at sea, and she staves long
To gather in her debts: she's wary, staid,
And she's resolv'd to live without a maid.

A Merchant loves her well, and he doth watch
To take her in the minde to strike the match.

All those are common: though they do pretend
This, and the other thing: mark but the end,
You'll finde this true, if you have common sense;
Call up the Constable, and fetch 'em thence.
The Master's Pander, and the Mistris Bawd;
Take them to Newgate, there they will be aw'd.

When she had spoke, I follow'd in the round;
The place was search'd, the persons all were found
As she descri'd; the first began to frowne
When th' Bridewell Matron came to change her gown.
She clad in Plush grew milde, and chang'd her hue.
She was in black, to morrow she's in blue:
The love-sick maid is from her sweet-heart barr'd,
She'd love the Beadle, but he whips too hard.
The widow learns good huswifrie, she knocks
The hemp; and yet she's angry with the blocks.
The Merchant leaves her; is't not very ill?
Nor can she stir to prove her husbands will.
The Bawd must ride, the Pander's in disgrace,
Yet he's in hope to get the Hang-mans place.

But afterwards this tell-tale whore confess
Her shamefull plots; thus she herselfe express:

'Tis true, I am a whore, who knows not that?
 I love a private corner, like a batt.
 I cut a purse sometimes, and take my share
 When others do't; and drink away all care.
 But yet I come to robb the poore, and when
 I do't unknown, I pay 'em all agen.
 Those that can spare it, when they come to me,
 (If in our love we can but once agree)
 I often pillage them: when they grow bold,
 I watch my time to seize upon their gold.
 I am no market whore, like those that say
 Before they truck, sir, what shall be my pay?
 Such mercenary trulls, that will not trade
 With any man, untill the match be made,
 I ever hated: it shall nere be sed
 (By any blade) that I am basely bred.
 I'll be gentile: with any hide-bound elfe,
 I have away how to relieve my selfe.
 Could I weare silke, with gold and silver lace,
 A beaver of this price, which gives a grace
 To all the rest, a gorget of fine lawne,
 Edg'd round with purple, if I did never pawne
 A woodcocks golden feathers? take a prey
 When it lies open, ready in my way?
 Should I refuse such booties? is it reason?
 Farewell, 'tis late, we'll finde a fitter season
 To drink and laugh: the Constable is true,
 The Beadle's right; well, once againe, adieu.
 See here the vilenesse of this black-breath'd spirit,
 Who thinks her damned sin bespeaks a merit:
 'Tis true, it merits hell: I fesse she'll creep
 Quite from her grave into th' infernall deep.
 What's bad in others, is to her a grace,
 It may be she doth think to have a place

Of eminence in hell; 'pray has there bin
At any time a noblenesse in sin?
She did reveale the meetings of a crew
That leigers were for hell, and lay perdue
To stay the passers by: she thought her trading
Might mend upon't, which by their meanes was fading.
I hope that sin is of the falling hand,
When hell's divided, long it cannot stand.
Ah! how's this world bewitcht! how doth it play
With serpents, crocodiles which will destroy
Their owne familiars! how doth it spend
Its marrow, strength, and time! rush to an end
Which brings in endlesse woe! oh that my pen
Might strip those beasts! the rest may live like men.



SECT. 24.

*Of a teeme of hackney Jades, that use to goe
coupled in the night along the streets.*

TO usher in the black and silent night
(Tis often seen) six beasts with collers white,
With measur'd pace, doe walk along the street,
Keeping a distance, mincing with their feet:
Like pamperd mares they prance, spreading their flanks;
Being double-ey'd, they keep both file and ranks.
How stately ev'ry one would set her parr,
If they might draw together in a cart!
Sometimes demure, and sometimes swell, and some
Like oxen; but they leave their horns at home.

The

The two before weare beavers, gowns of silke,
 Rich diamond-rings, their hands as white as milk:
 Their cheeks new playster'd of a Crimson hue,
 The ground well fix'd, but that their eyes were blew.
 No shark durst tempt'em; for it cannot be
 That they should yeeld without a lawyers fee.

The second two are full two sizes lower,
 They'l take five shillings; if youle give them foure,
 They'l doe for once: the villaine will rejoyce
 That he can have 'em both, or take his choyce;
 Their gowns are Tammy, Grogren, and their rings
 Are set with *Brislow* stones, or some such things.
 Their hats are Demicasters, and they're faine
 To use the courser paint, but's laid in graine.

The last are Wastecoters, they want the trick
 To temper dirt, nor can they make it stick;
 Or if it doe, being greasie, soone 'twill melt,
 Their linnen's soule, each of them weares a felt.
 They weare *Saint Martins* stones set well in brasse,
 They shine i'th'night, and they alike will passe.
 They're eighteene pence a piece; they will abuse
 You cheape enough; there's not a — to chuse.
 What is their fee, they will not be deny'd,
 You must be sure to pay the shott beside.
 If some of them be tooke, the rest nor had,
 (The tearme being done) the night proving but bad,
 They know each others haunt, where they will meet
 To taste your bounty: (watchmen search the street)
 Take one of them, thou'lt take a sixfold curse;
 Then take thou heed, or they will take thy purse.
 This is the way to make a man derided;
 By this we know, hell is not yet divided.



SECT. 25.

*An enquiry, after a yong man, that was
led away with a whore from his master.*

A Yong man lately chanc'd to be in place,
Wherewas a Trull, who had a brazen face;
Her words she spo'e by grosse, her tongue wastip'e
With shamelesse boldnesse: for 'twas newly dip't
In divers liquors; but she did protest
The Wine she drank was caught; the Ale was best.
Her carriage with her words did so agree
You'd think that hell had none so bad as she.

This pretty beast found out a filly Ass,
They both agreed to go abroad to grasse:
His wit lay in his tongue; all that he had;
But now the Ale had rob'd him; drunk, and mad,
He now begins to dally, with this whore,
Through her allurements (so have many more
Been taken by her) and his blood grows warme;
What ere he did, he thought it was no harme.
She having brought him to her cursed bent;
Begins to search what coyn he had; what spent:
Judge you his case, for she was much in feare
'Twas low; but then an Angell did appeare,
Which chear'd her heart: the reckoning being paid;
She draw'd him thence, time must not be delaid,

If place be silent: gone they are together;
 (Think what's their end) but who can tell me whither?
 Faine would I find them, grant me then your ayd;
 And get a Warrant; search, for they are strayd
 Into some corner: if we find them, so;
 But if we cannot, hang 'hem, let them go.

How you may know them, I will now describe,
 But if you find them, do not take a bribe,
 Nor let them go; but shew the Man the Devill;
 As for the whore, let Bridewell prove this evill.

He's tallow-fac'd, his eyes are black, and narrow,
 His chops are thin, he's mouth'd much like a sparrow,
 With beetle brows, his braine with humor swims,
 Ear'd like an Ass, his hat hath narrow brims,
 He's tall and slender, that me thinks might grace him,
 But what is said before doth still out-face him.
 His clothes are very poore, his cloak's the best,
 A sad brown colour; being once but drest.
 I doubt she will perswade him (else she'll raile)
 To put it for its faults in Brokers lyale.

And for the Iade, marke, how you may descry her;
 By my description I would not bely her.
 Her face is swarty, with a hawks-bill nose,
 And goggle-eyes: how such a paire as those
 Would fright one in the night! her looks so rude
 Would make you wonder, if you are endu'd
 With common sense, her mouth o'th' largest size,
 Stands always open, or with lust, or lyes.
 Her head is almost bald, her teeth are thinne:
 She, like a changeling, slobbers down her chinne;
 Her hands are brawny, and her fingers are
 Shrunk up for length, yet swell'd with spight, or care:
 Her body's grosse, her legs do keep asunder,
 Her feet are sure, yet being so kept under,

They

They hew each other; but her legs being big,
Will beare 'em out in't, she cares not a fig;
Her knees are reconcil'd, yet by relation,
They lepart asunder on a light occasion:
Her parrell is as meane, as meane may be;
Her gowne is thred-bare, and as light as she.
Her gorgers dirty and I heard some grumbl'd,
She weares no ruffe, for feare it should be rumbld:
Her Felt is out of fashion; yet 'twill last her
Till trading mend; and then she'll have a Casser.

These marks will help you, if you do but mind them;
I'll tell you where too, you are like to find them.

First, search the tenters; place, and persons mark;
If there you misse, then go to Mutton parke:
For that's a noted place; but yet, I feare
The Bawd being lofty, has no poore punicks there.
Search narrowly; blind Ale-houses may be
A cover'd But; let not the hornes go free.
Then go to *Bloomsbury*; and common places
Where varlets dwell, and vermine hide their faces:
From thence to *Islington*, and seek about
In Alehouses, and Taverns; for a rout
Of vassals there do meet: if that be vaine,
And having rais'd the spirits of the braine,
Come back to *Turneboll-street*; but have a care,
Be not too bold; for why? such creatures are,
Both tempting, and infectious; I have seen them,
And three in all had but one nose between them.

Then by the way that is about the Play-house,
Search carefully, for I mistrust the day-house;
If still you misse 'em, go to *Shorditch* then,
For that's a place, where whores have beggerd men:
If there you find them not, I'll say 'tis strange,
Yet be not out of heart, for *Pink-batch Orange*

Is the most likeliest place: For this I know,
They're either there, or gone to rotten Row.

Enquiry being made, they're found at last;
The common stock was small; they spent too fast.
The Angell was casheer'd, nor can they rest:
For both their purses, were not penny-bless'd,
Yet rest they did; but how! their bones were staid;
Ere they are freed, the reckoning must be paid.

Now farewell cloke, it's like to go in trouble;
The sweet is past, the sower will be double!
The whore will car't it; quickly he is drawn
To quit himselfe, to put his cloak to pawn.
Well, gone it is: he sends it by this whore,
He takes no leave, but never sees it more.

He's pawn'd the while, his word they will not take,
Nor can I blame them; now his heart doth ake:
Yet not recover'd; like a beast he sits:

This whore, and drink, have rob'd him of his wits.
This is thy doome, poore foole, thou must abide it!
Thy shame breaks out, thou hast no cloak to hide it.

Muse, stay a while, for yonder comes the lade,
And thou shalt know, what markets she hath made,
She being come, begins to tell her tale;

What paines she took, to put the cloak to sale:
She should have pawn'd it, for a noble price,
But she hath sold it, for a noble thrice.

One part she gave to him; the other two
She kept her selfe: thus queanes do use to do:
One of the parts, she reckons for her paines;
The other part, she counted for her gaines:

This long-lane Broker, well deserves a check,
He judgment gives, and hangs it by the neck:
His master thought, it should but beare's expenses,
'Tis faine to suffer, for his foule offences!

Wast known by any ? has it ever been
That cloaks were punisht, for their Masters sin ?
This tyrant shows some favour to the Cape,
'Twas prov'd, that was not guilty of the Rape :
It had reveal'd them, had it not been blind,
And sham'd them too, but that it hung behind.

Then he perceiving how the markets went ;
His cloak being gone, and all his money spent,
And he himselfe is brought to such disgrace,
He'l be but hist at, when he shows his face.
Vnto the whore, thus he his mind did utter,
(Shame mov'd his tongue, he could but only mutter.)

Thou dunghill lade ! thou hast undone me quite :
The time's accurst, that I came in thy sight !
Thou tempting witch, thou rotten hag, thou monster !
How vile thou art, the World can never conster ;
'Twas thou, 'twas thou, did'st draw me unto sin,
Thou jear'st me now, what pickle am I in ?
Time, where's thy sithe ? oh ! that my glasse were run !
I had been blest, had I not seen the Sun !
With that he stopt, grieve had his spirits sunk,
He could not speak ; then thus begins the Punk :

Thou prating foole ! I took thee for an Ass,
Thou art a Rascall ; like a coxcombe passe.
Thou foule-mouth'd villaine, what, dost raile at me ?
Go hang thy selfe, and ease thy misery.
Thou simple drone ! doe'st think to lick the hony
In *Forma pauperis* ? hast thou spent thy money ?
And art thou vext ? who ist can give thee help ?
Thou art too yong ; alas, poore sucking whelp !
Hast lost thy cloak ? maintain'd how should I bee
Or such as I, but by such fooles as thee ?
Do'st cry ! hold up thy head : and let me kisse thee,
Kisse somewhere else, if I do chance to misse thee.

Go learne more wit; if thou so canst, and then
Get money too't, and come to me again.

Vntill that time, I will thy absence crave,
This is no jeare; and so adew poore slave!

He sighes, and weeps, nor can he think of rest;
What dreadfull torment doth possesse his brest:
He'd faine be gone, and yet as faine would stay,
But that his cash is spent, he must away:
But whether knows he not, 'tis his intent
Home to returne; yet fearing to be shent,
His mind doth change, he'd go then to his kindred,
But he shall shame them; so, his journey's hindred.

If he dos walk by day, his friends will spy him;
Or if by night, the watch-men will defery him:

He giving no accompt; then they in rage,
Will put him into Bridewell, or the Cage.

His cloke he cannot get, yet goes about it:
Nor has he food, nor can he live without it.

He thus laments his case.

Wretch that I am! was I not worse than mad

To yeeld to such a whore? I'me worse than bad!

Vndone, undone! I have my Fortunes crost:

My Friends are turn'd my Foes; my credit's lost.

As I do, who can live: nor can I dy:

My death's to live; in what a strait am I!

Me thinks the earth doth speake to my disgrace,

The stones, the dust spit venom in my face!

Ere as is angry, growing sharp and thin;

The cloudy Ayre swels, to revenge my sin

The Heavens frown, they'l not endure my fight:

The dayes controwler, scornes to give me light!

Could I with these, but once more, have a truce,

And with my Friends, if ever such abuse

I do commit again, then let me be

A modell of disgrace; that all by me
May warning take, oh! how do I repent
Of all my baseness! homeward I am bent.
I will submit; what though my master please
For punishment, send me to little ease!
Or els corrects me private? let him do it:
I have deserv'd it, and I'll yeeld unto it.
In living thus, it adds unto my sorrow,
Fall back, or edge, home I will go to morrow.



S E C T. 26.

*Of a fight betwixt a whore and her Money-lesse
guest; and upon what termes they parted.*

A Sattin Trull, that had bewitcht a man
With her enchantments; (for the Devill can
Fulfill his pinaps desires;) (a Conjur'd spell
Works wonders, strange, being newly brought from hel)
She with her powder, charmes, or that black art
Makes him her pray, and seazeth on his heart.
She like a spider, weaves her web so fine,
Fac'd like an Angell, and her speech divine.
A perfect hypocrite! so full of Sin!
None but the Devill was more full within!
I'll not describe her, with her painted face;
Her Character, is in another place.
This paulty whore liv'd at so high a rate,
So Lady-like, she must be serv'd in state.

With dainty fare, in plate ; she will not faile,
So long as she keeps coying with her taile.

This painted flye spends all that he can get,
For he's took prisoner in the Spiders net :
He thought of nothing, but of sport and play ;
At last this flye had worne his wings away.

A captive he remaind, and was content
To undergo'e ; 'twas sweet imprisonment
In his conceit ; but 'twas the Spiders will,
To cast her venom to infect him still.

At last the flye got loose, away went he
Creeping along, because he could not flee.
Oft he was catcht ; because he felt no paine,
He long'd to be a prisoner once againe ;
Ere he had got his strength, or impt his wings,
With golden feathers ; divers other things

Were wanting too : as policy and wit,
Which made this vermine, shew a Bedlam fit. (money?)

What, com'st thou here ? for what ? hast brought no
Thou simple drone, dost thou think to taste the honey ?

'Pon quarter ticket ? can I sup or dine,
Or pay my rent, except thou bringst me coyne ?

Words cannot clothe me, they are cheap ; but thou
Regardst me not, thou broughtst me nothing now.

Then like a Panther flew she in his face,
Her clawes were sharp, her talons did disgrace

His forme and visage : he was scratch-sore,
The blood ran out, you'd think he'd come no more

To visit her ; because he felt the smart :

Face, purse, both chang'd, all will not change his heart ;
He begs, intreats, oh ! here's a valiant spirit !

She pleads desert, and stands upon her merit.

The co'ne he had, he gave her to be quiet ;

But still she swears, five pound's but three dayes diet.

Must

Must I not feast my friends, to raise my name
 From ill report, to credit, love, and fame?
 I must be open-handed to the poore,
 I must give food and money at my doore:
 And to my neighbours must not I be free,
 To win their love, they may speake well of me?
 How should I do't? my love, and not my hands,
 Must bring in gaines; thou know'st I have no lands.
 Out of my sight! ne're come to me agen,
 But bring more gold; I'll trade with other men.

He was perplext, nor knew he what to say;
 But cries for mercie, thinking of a way
 To make amends, if she would but forgive him;
 He'd send her money; for her words did grieve him.
 The under Pimp must go, they did agree,
 (Seeing he was mov'd with her necessitie)
 That he should come againe; but not before
 A time set downe, or sent for by this whore.
 Nor durst he come; (oh! this a hellish prize)
 For feare that she should scratch out both his eyes.

Fresh customers are come, she must have time,
 To tell her money, and to act her crime.

Muse, stay not here, thou hast no hope to mend her;
 Go out and see, what money he will send her.
 He'd take up money, promise any rate,
 But here's the spight, his word is out of date.
 He tries a second, he no coyne can borrow;
 A third denies him, to increase his sorrow.
 He cannot chuse, but see his credit's lost:
 He frets, and sweares, Was ever man thus cross't?
 But then at last, he thought upon his chest,
 Where he had clothes; one sure above the rest,
 Being verie costly, must to Brokers hall,
 And be condemn'd, to free himselfe from thrall;

He

He took the gold, and sent it to his trull;
 Iudge, had he wit? or were his braines so dull
 To think it fit, to plaister up this sore
 To bleed a fresh? it cost him six times more.

The whiskin brings the gold; and now this Iade,
 Do's blesse her fortunes; such a thriving trade
 None but my selfe enjoys! how am I blest!
 I live at ease, I eat and drink the best!
 My house well furnisht, I have ioy my fill,
 I go in silk, here's gold, more's comming still;
 O sweet! O pleasing! profitable sin!
 To raise me thus! now I can raise my kin:
 I've brave attendants, one weares silver lace,
 The other scarlet, is not this a grace?

Now here's a calme, the blustering Devils laid,
 The evill spirit's conjur'd; hell is staid,
 From beleehing fury: i't not very strange?
 'Twill vent again, when once the *Moon* doth change:
 The Pimps must have their fees, need makes 'em crave
 To buy them boots; she's loth to let 'em have it, (it,
 Although her gold doth ring such lusty sounds:
 Her trading's rais'd from eighteen-pence to pounds.
 'Tis but a time! will she be ever yong?
 Her pounds will fall to nine-pence er't be long.
 Age and the P. will shame her shamelesse life;
 Or hell will arbitrate, and end the strife.

But where's the lecher all this while, that I
 Have left so long? thoughts of Adultery,
 Have made him drunk; or is he raging mad,
 To think upon the pleasure that he had?
 And how he is depriv'd? or of the time
 When he shall go once to renew his crime?
 Or do's he count the minutes of the clock?
 Or enjoy time, and with himselfe a Stock?

Or does he take an hower for a day?
 Or thinks the day a year? or does he stay
 I'th' Countrey for the aire? or in the Citie,
 Expecting still when she will shew him pitie
 To send for him? and think that houre is blest?
 For that houre sake, he'll chide, and curse the rest.
 The time's not come, she set; nor has he treasure,
 He dares not go 'pon paine of her displeasure;
 Vnlesse he'd sell his eyes, or pawne his face
 Against her nailes; 'tis money buys the place.
 His heart is dead, although his griefe survive;
 His body tombes his minde, while he's alive.
 The time is tedious, for it will not run;
 Nor change the scene, untill its part be done.
 The place yeelds no content, nor will he cartie
 In any place, his fancie still doth varie.
 No company can give to him delight,
 Except the queane; O! were she in his sight
 To put his minde in tune, his griefe were past:
 H'has nere been merry since he saw her last.

The faithlesse Broker, on the other hand,
 Doth fret him too; he will not take his band,
 And let him have his sure; no, he must pay,
 Or if he doth not fetch it at the day,
 'Twill be condemn'd againe; so he's perplext:
 The Broker and the whore, though he be vext,
 Shew him no favour; how is he distrest!
 He's no more pitid than a savage beast.
 Had he but money, then the Pimp would finde him,
 And flatter him, and sweare, how she did minde him
 At every turne; and open such a story,
 That how she counted him her chiefest glory.
 But now he feares, he'll bring some other to her,
 That's flush with gold: & help him then to wooe her,
 Alas

Alaspoore man ! why do'st not think as well,
 The way to her is the right way to hell ?
 Think how *Calisto*, in his heat of lust,
 Beat out his braines ; think how this whore will rust,
 And moult away : *Paulina* was more faire,
 Dukes did embrace her ; like the guilded aire
 She did appeare ; she to the Hang-man gave
 Her selfe a Prostitute ; that she might have
 But one meales meat ; sh' was afterward deni'd
 A peice of bread ; with guilt and shame she di'd.
 Cast up thy gaine, see how it doth amount ;
 The more thou sinn'st, the greater's thy account.
 How vaine ! how short ! how curst are thy contents !
 Take them at best, they are but merriments,
 That bring forth shame, guilt, everlasting horror ;
 Art thou not mad, that thou do'st thus grieve for her ?
 Would'st thou faine have thy children beg their bread ?
 To hate thee living, and to curse thee dead ?
 Now turne betime, while yet thou hast a space ;
 For after death, thou'lt finde nor time, nor place.



SECT. 27.

*Of the life, death, and funerall of a Gentleman,
 undone by a brood of vermin.*

A Mournfull accident I must unfold !
 I'll speak but that which prating Fame hath told:
 A Gentleman well bred (for by relation,
 His friends were famous for their reputation)
 Brought

Brought up to learning, never sparing cost;
 But yet it was but charge, and labour lost.
 For why? his lewdnesse hurri'd on his fate,
 He follow'd whores, so was unfortunate.
 What e're he got, 'twas spent, and all his care,
 Was to grow carelesse; he would never spare,
 But laid it on; for this, who can but see,
 That whores are knowne the costli'st beasts that bee.
 Much thus he spent, and oft he was suppli'd;
 But of his will he was at last deni'd.
 His father found all was but throwne away,
 The more he had, the more he went astray.

He to reclaime him, striv'd to keep him shorter;
 It chang'd him not, but put his minde to torture.
 Advice, instructions, promises to wooe him,
 The likely danger put he oft unto him;
 Then threatening him, that for his fowle demerit,
 He'd cast him off, and would him disinherit.
 All would perserve, he is so far from mending,
 That he's more vile, though not so much in spending.

But tender-hearted parents needs must love
 The childe, though bad; their bowels still did move.
 Though he was shamelesse (sin did never grieve him)
 Yet still his father could not but relieve him.
 He'd often cry out, This unhappy Boy
 Hath sham'd my glory, and o'rethrowne my joy!
 I am in doubt, if I his part should take,
 I shall be deem'd as guiltie for his sake;
 If I neglekt him, though he be so vilde,
 I shall be censur'd too; he is my childe.
 My griefe is great, yet all my hope's not past,
 Though he goes far, yet he may urne at last.
 How should I joy, to see him urne and thrive!
 I'd think my selfe, the happiest man alive.

My

My hope dies now ; while I fresh hopes would borrow,
 Feare threatens mee, to aggravate my sorrow.

This Ruffian values not (as it appears)
 His fathers mourning, nor his mothers teares.
 Nor weeping of his sister, nor his brother,
 Nor yet the counsell of his friends, nor other ;
 But such as are like-minded with him ; they
 He'll hug, although they take him as a prey.
 His Comrades are such Roarers, you may well
 Think they were newly vomited from hell.
 For like a gallant of great *Pluto's* Court,
 With borrow'd language, one must make him sport :
 Although he be a bird fit for a cage,
 Yet, if he can but parrot on the stage,
 He's now a Gentleman, th' other can coyne
 New oaths, and sweare, This oath at first was mine.
 He sweares in *follo*, domineering in't ;
 Hell would elect him Master of the Mint.
 Give him the wall, or else he'll draw, or stab,
 He's made an *Vicer* to a painted Drab.
 His wealth hangs on his back (let's have no mocks)
 His riches lye in his Tobacco-box.
 He's valiant ! pitié 'tis he wants a sword,
 The Gentleman must buy, or passe his word
 To furnish him : and then he'll brag and boast,
 And hack and hew, as mad *Pom* did the post.
 His clothes are all put into Taylors books,
 He'll hardly pay, I ghesse it by his looks :
 The Taverne is the place where he'll abide ;
 His sword doth hang so nearely by his side,
 He looks upon't ; it joyes him at the heart ;
 Then knocks, & cries ; Rogue, bring the other quart ;
 But has no coyne : it is enough that he
 Vouchsafe to grace them with his companie.

Then

Then having paid, and drank a round carouse,
They went to revell in a bawdy house,
(As 'twas suppos'd) but there they fell at strife;
The Gentleman ('twas thought) did keep his wife,
And he consented to't; but who can tell,
Whether or no? but this, all was not well.
The wine did work, which stirr'd up angry words;
From words to blows; and having drawn their swords,
The quarrell grew so hot (and so it past
Betwene them all) that it fell out at last,
This gallant there was slaine; a little wound
Spoyl'd his delight, and brought him to the ground.
A fearfull thing! but e're he lost his breath,
He struggeld much with that grim Tyrant, Death,
Confest his faults, but when his friends came in,
Shame forc'd him thus to aggravate his sin.

Alas! my sorrow cannot be express'd
A hell, a hell is gendred in my breast!
My hatefull sins have brought me to this case,
And every one seemes with a Devils face:
I liv'd a beast, O! that I might so dye;
I wish in vaine! worse than a beast am I!
If scorn'd advice, now I am scorn'd of all,
The world may now rejoyce to see my fall.
My soule is sunk; it must go, who knows whither?
I'd live, yet dye, and yet I would do neither.
My heart encreast, though I did often drench it;
But now I finde, my blood alone will quench it.
Reproach for ever seize th on my name,
And for my sake, my friends must beare the shame.

How short are vaine delights! how soone they're
They shew content, but yet they give us none! (gone!)
Vnseason'd pleasures! what is't that they bring,
But guilt? they passe, and beare a dreadfull sting.

Which

Which time will ne're weare out. Alas! this story
 Is but a catalogue of painted glory!
 I pleas'd my selfe with sensuall things; and lies
 I took for truth: all good I did despise.
 I see my folly, how am I too blame!
 These curst contents have but a rotten name.

Thou great Preserver of the soules of men,
 Shew mercie on me: and thy praises then
 Shall be declar'd by all that know thy love:
 And I shall blesse thee with thy Saints above.

Vile world adieu! O heavens, take my breath!
 And snatch my soule out of the jaws of death!
 Thus spoke, he ended; all his breath was spent:
 Death seiz'd on him, and clos'd him in his tent.
 To shew the case his body then was in,
 The consequent of his precedent sin,
 I now forbear; I'll give you leave to think
 What whores do bring, with great excesse of drink.

His friends lament him; how their teares do fall!
 They'll all be spent before the funerall.
 His mother chiefly layes to heart this crosse;
 With brinish teares she thus bewailes her losse.

O heavens! how hath this black horrid fate
 Made such a blessing so unfortunate!
 Had he but di'd an infant, or my womb
 That brought him forth, had been his senselesse tomb,
 Both had been happie; how had I been blest!
 For in my grave I had been left at rest.
 But now I am tormented; this my sorrow,
 Vntill death come, will never finde a morrow.
 I see on hopes the more I set my minde,
 The lesse of comfort I am like to finde.
 Who had more hopes than I had of a son?
 Who hath lesse joy? alas I am undone!

Is this a token given by a friend,
To bring my boy to an untimely end?
More she had spoke; but being discontented,
Griefe call'd for teares, and so she was prevented.
The Cause of this his death, how he was slain,
Whole fact it was, all's evident and plaine.
Who'd stand upon't: the Sessions would decide it,
But that I think they have already tri'd it:
He's coffin'd up; now this is all I crave,
Provide some teares, and drop them on his gravel
I would not beg, but that his friends have none;
Yet in a week, they'l pay you ten for one.
Grave, now receive him; I've discharg'd my trust.
Conceale his name: and cover him with dust.

His Epitaph.

HERE lies a man, I can no more commend him,
He sham'd himselfe in living like a beast;
While he had cast, his sinns would then defend him,
Now he is charg'd, to make the wormes a feast.
His lust, his life, that was so proud and stout,
Now soone 'tis all with a rapier's point let out.

R

S



S E C T. 28.

*Of an old man, wooing, and marrying of a yong
girt; how they disagreed, and how she turn'd
a whore.*

THarold was a man, (but where I need not tell)
For credit, worth, esteem'd of all so well,
That fame began to prate on't : for his life,
To make it sweet, he wanted but a wife :
Death rob'd him of his first ; she's in her tombe,
Had he another to supply her roome,
How happy he should be ! for being old,
He must have one, to keep him from the cold :
Wealth's not sufficient, to cheere his age ;
He's newly coming on the seventh stage,
Of bald swift time ; his haire with snow was mixt,
But 'twas at odds, for there were parties berixt,
The hoary-frost, had seiz'd upon his beard,
His face was pale, and wrinkled : you have heard,
How Northerne *Boreas*, from the pole doth glide,
To shake his treasure, or'e the Westernne bride.
The plants do tremble, Winter is his guest,
Of all the months, December suits him best,
So is his flesh grown chill, his bones do quiver,
Some yong one that is warme, must him deliver,
From his cold palsy : O ! how faine he'd find
One qualified agreeing to his mind !

He sought a while, but 'twas his hap at last
To spy a Virgin, as the flowers he pass;
And as he looks, his heart began to melt,
His colour's chang'd, the passion did beset;
Did warm his blood, his skin, his flesh, it grew more,
But alter'd quite; not cold, as 'twas before.
Has Winter's blast now got such power here?
Or will it be but summer, but once a year?
Frost has no heat in 'er bones then, comes this change?
The eyes are cold, the alteration's strange;
Nor was there sign of fire, how comes this frost
Dissolv'd so soon? 'twas by a walking ghost.
Sh' had made him young again, if she had said;
But now he'll ne'r be well, till she be laid.

This old man bends his mind, to obtaine his ends,
H' has hope to have her, 'cause he knows her friends;
He'll go to try, if he be welcome to her,
He's mad for ever; but his gold must woo her.
He wants a face she fears she will abhor him;
But yet he hopes, his wealth will do it for him.
Wealth is a Lady; no obb will dispise her;
But if she doth, he knows, her friends are wiser.
He's gone to try; I wish him good success:
And all that know the man, can do no less.
He speaks but little; that is best at first;
The sight of her's enough to quench his thirst.
Yet he must kiss her; had you seen them play,
You would have laugh'd; she cri'd, old man, away.
He must kiss her; O, his pretence!
Fie, fie, said she, an old man kiss a girl?
Her friends appear'd on't; he has hope to goe;
He thinks, if time be, she would be agreed.

Home he returns; but ere he goes againe,
He'll change his visage; though his habit's plaine

He'll have it alter'd; though his beard be made
 To grow so broad, and squared like a spade,
 It must be shav'd away; and it must be
 Turn'd up, and sharp: 't's just like a Roman T:
 His cloak bag, breeches top, shall be cut lesse,
 He will be fured, in a comely dresse.
 To sute the rest, he weares his second Ruffe,
 'Twas made of Cambrick, or some dainty stufte.
 His hat's cut narrower, and 'tis newly drest:
 (Good husbandry.) He meanes to keep his best,
 Vntill the wedding: Lovely he had bin,
 To look upon, had he but chang'd his skin.

He's gone without his staffe; he wants no prop,
 The worst thing is, (being cold) his nose doth drop.
 He courts this lovely lasse, with great delight,
 She finds his drift, and then she loath'd his sight.
 At last he broke his mind to her, and said

I have a suite to thee: I am a fraid,
 Thou wilt deny me: this is all I craue,
 Thy love, thy love, O! that's the thing I'd have:
 Sweet hony, grant me this, and I will prove,
 So kind to thee, that I'll deserve thy love.
 I've wealth enough, I'll make it all thine own:
 If I can have from thee this favour shown,
 I shall be blest; am I too old for thee?
 I'm not so old though as I seem to bee.
 What's forty yeares? my wife death took away;
 I griev'd so much, that made my haire turne gray.
 Thou'lt find me yong, and active, never feares
 Be thou but kind; this Diamond ring, my deare,
 Take as a pledge: come, never blush, but speak
 Thy mind in love; or els my heart will break!
 Yong men are fickle, carelesse of their wives,
 Men that are staid, do love them as their lives.

Thy friends do like it well, if I may find
Thy liking too, O ! how 'twill ease my mind!
Then he was silent ; but the maid repli'd :

Sir, you mistake the mark ; or shoot too wide.
Do's gray haire's dote ? how do you think I can
(Being yong and fresh) affect so old a man ?
In policy you have these words exprest
To try my wit : I take it but in jest.
Love's out of date with you ; 'tis rather meet,
You buy you coffin, and your winding sheet.
I thank you for your love ; your wealth, your gold
Provokes me not : if I may be so bold,
I'll say you were not wise, to set your mind,
'Pon one so yong : but love they say is blind.

If needs you'l wive, then take a matron grave ;
Decrepid age, with wealth might comfort have.
Cease, cease your suit ; judge, is't a fitting thing
To match cold Winter, to the wanton Spring ?
My blood's now rising, yours is in the fall,
You'ld do me wrong, your selfe no good at all.
What good wilt be to you to do me harme ?
You'ld have a yong one, now, to keep you warme.
I cannot think my friends will give consent
To sell me to a living punishment.

Farewell old Father ; age might make you know,
Seing you are rich, you should not look so low.

He hearing this, it cut him to the heart ;
But could not speak a word, to ease his smart :
His joynts did shake, his eyes bewraid their lust ;
Then to her friends went he, now speak he must :
Alas ! this peevish wench, doth slight my proffer,
My love, my person, wealth, what ere I offer
As tokens of good will, are not respected ;
The giver, and the gift, are both rejected.

Perswade her but to love me; then will I
 Invest her to my wealth: and when I dy,
 I'll leave her all; if she refuse to give
 Her love to me, long here I cannot live.

Then they well weighing, of his great estate,
 The credit that he had, how fortunate
 She might be in the Match; how they might save,
 A sum of money by't; he did not crave
 A portion, but her love he ayin'd at most;
 She in his riches; he in her would boast:
 They sum'd up all; for they had many ends,
 She being rais'd, she might preferre her friends.
 They use perswasions, arguments to move her,
 With promises; and how the man would love her.
 But threatening was the burden of the song;
 She blusht, she wept, and yet she held her tongue.
 But discontented, to her selfe she said:

In what a case am I! I am afraid
 I shall be lost for ever. I had rather
 Displease my selfe, than move, and vex my father.
 One I must do; I shall be counted wilde,
 If he refuse to own me for his childe.
 Nor will he give me meanes; I shall be poore,
 And if I beg my bread, from dore to dore
 Who'll pittie me? if I this old man take,
 His wealth can never restitution make
 To my afflicted mind: how shall I do
 To ease my heart, and please my father too?
 His age will shame my youth, how shall I meet
 My old acquaintance, as I walke the street,
 Without a blush? his wrinkled flesh, his breath,
 Will be to me as similes of death.
 Oh, who would match young blood with parched dust?
 Or marrow with dri'd bones? alas! I must!

Time bring my doome I that's all the hope I have,
That I shall lay him quickly in his grave!

So she submits, and now her Fathers pleas'd,
The match is made, the Seigniors minde is eas'd.
But she is griev'd; her grieving is in vaine:
For 'tistoo late to ease her of her paine.

My Muse was charg'd (I'm loth that she should
To bid the guests, against the wedding day. (stray)
Nor shew th'apparell that they did provide,
To fitte the Bridegroome and his lovely Bride.
The preparation for the marriage feast,
What company, who was the chiefeest guest.
What mirth they rais'd, yet how the Bride was sad,
What plate was there, th'attendance that they had.
Nor of the Musique, how they plaid, and sung,
And bore their parts, or how the bells were rung.
What they agreed, their walking after dinner,
Their merrie tales, or who was the beginner:
Nor how they sup'd; the posset's at the last;
How he rejoyc'd, when once the day was past.
Or how the Bride was loath to go to bed,
(She was not jealous of her maiden-head.)
How she desired, that her friends would stay,
How he thought long, before they went away.
With sundry other things, if I rehearse,
They'd rob me of my time, and stufte my verse.

Black *Morpheus* cover'd them, old Time did place'em;
But *Hymen* being angry, would not grace'em.
Dame Nature's vext at those that made the match:
Her choler's turn'd to craft, and she does warch,
To do'em a mischief; she the marriage curst,
She scorn'd to come to's, though sh'was bid at first.
The Fates are bent against him, in their rage,
They'll graft his head, then bring him on the stage.

They had been married but a little space,
 Ere he grew jealous; and he did disgrace
 Her in his carriage; he did mind the earth,
 And dig'd for gold; she pleasure lov'd, and mirth,
 He was so harsh to her, and did deny
 Her things convenient; he was in her eye
 Slighted as much; for he was froward, mad;
 And fear'd h' had lost, that love he never had.
 His fire is quickly quencht, but there's a flame
 Of lust in her: nor can he quench the same.
 He's growing downward, she is rising still,
 He'd keep her in, but she will have her will.
 She calls for money, but he keeps her short;
 And sitting by her selfe, being all amort,
 Thus she complains: oh, how am I distressed!
 Vnconcofured! and my mind's oppress'd!
 Had death but married me, I had not scene
 These dayes of griefe, or matcht with age, and spleen.
 Oh! that my tender flesh, my blood, and bones,
 Were rak'd in earth, and coverd o're with stones!
 I should be freed from this cold peice of lead,
 That chills my flesh, lyes by me in my bed.
 Oh! who would suffer such a thing but I?
 My temper's hot, and moist, he's cold and dry.
 Why should I spend my youthfull dayes in sorrow?
 Or stay death's leisure, waiting for a morrow?
 Shall I alive, be pen'd up in my grave?
 Mewd up at home, to please this hide-bound slave?
 I'll never do't! *Lycurgus* made a law
 To break such matches; and to keep in awe
 Such jealous fooles: wise *Solon* did consent
 That woman which at home had no content,
 Might have some other friend should freely do
 Without controule; what she consented to,

What

What pitie 'tis, these Lawes are out of date!
That could not chuse, but be a happie State!
This help I have, I know he is precise,
(Though he be craftie, I will be as wise.)
I'll be so too: I'll go to Church; nay more,
I'll read, I'll pray, I'll seeme to go before
The strictest of them; many things I'll do,
Lift up mine eyes; both lye, and flatter too.
He'll no're distrust me, then I shall be knowne,
I'll get acquaintance, and I'll use mine owne.
Nature hath made me perfect, I was borne
To please my selfe, and give this Churle the horne.
I shall have gold enough, love, and delight,
When men of worth take pleasure in my sight.

This hypocrite is troubled in her minde,
Dissembles cleanly; if he will be kinde,
And let her go, that she may comfort take,
Sh'has sworne to turne a Convert for his sake.
He's glad; these times to her he will allow,
He does not doubt, but she's a Convert now.
She's mann'd along, she's gone, (he does not feare)
To see and to be seene, but not to heare.
When she comes home, she is so griev'd for sin,
She cannot tell the text; but she'll begin
To change her life: 'tis true, you may believe her,
She has not sinn'd enough, and that doth grieve her.
She's provident, she'll doe the best she can,
To bring her minde to go without a man.
She'd seeme to go to Church, but mist the dore,
Because her minde was bent to play the whore.

Her custumers kept touch; nor did she stay,
But Sermon-time; a game, and so away.
Her forward zeale did please the old mans minde,
Although he burn'd amisse; he could not finde

Out her deceit: before the bells had rung,
 She'd still be gone, and staying somewhat long,
 At last he did mistrust, and sent a spy,
 Who being cunning, with a watchfull eye,
 Found out her tract; and took her in the lurch;
 For of a bawdy-house, she made her Church.

This news being brought, oh, how this man lamented!
 His passion stop't his mouth: so discontented!
 His griefe's to great, to be exprest with tongue,
 Or melted into teares, shame's mixt among.
 When she came home (poore whore) (she had no doubt
 That he mistrusted, or had found her out.)
 She seem'd to be much taken with the preacher,
 And for the sermons sake, she prais'd the teacher.
 She could rehearse the doctrine, and the use,
 But left the reasons out; her foule abuse
 Is now discover'd: yet she dos deny it;
 He's but a knave that sayes it; I defie it.
 But being prov'd so plainly to her face,
 And where she was; she alter'd then her case,
 Not by submission; but she was more bold;

And told her husband; sir, you are too old
 For my young yeares; you cannot give delight;
 I like you ill by day, but worse at night.
 Age makes you senselesse; just like wood, or stone,
 You take up roome, but all your vigor's gone.
 Besides, you are so fretfull, and so froward,
 So hide-bound, jealous, dogged, and untoward,
 I cannot love you; I must take my pleasure,
 I am too quick, to tarry your dull leisure.
 You knew my mind before, yet you would crave
 My person; but my love you could not have.
 You urg'd my friends, and they prevail'd with me
 To give my hand; my heart did ne're agree.

Was not your act in that, as bad as this?
Pray pardon me then, though I doe amisse.

He staid not to reply, nor to release
How by her meanes, he was unfortunate;
Nor of her former carriage, nor shar'ast,
Though her dissembling did increase the fact.
But he in fury open'd wide the dore,
And turn'd her out; now she's a licentious whore.
She's knowne abroad, and she will trade with many,
And by degrees with shar'ing rogues, or any,
That are but young; she'll freely share a stake:
But with no old man, for her husbands sake.
Within the city she doth first begin
To set up for her selfe; and truck with sin.
She keeps all open, and she freely can
Bid welcome to the master, or the man.
But yet she stayes not long, in any place,
She'll change her name, and often change her face.
Yet now and then, the pilons crave a fee,
They're largely paid by such a one as she.
Some by her, lost their credits; some their health,
Some lost their soules (I feare) and all their wealth.
Men were bewitcht by this deluding sinner:
And when she found her hel-black troop came thinner,
She left the city walls, though there 'twas fading,
She thought the skirts would yeeld her constant trad-
When she had found a guest, that pleas'd her eye, (ing,
She never left him, till sh' had drawne him dry.

But walking by her selfe, two sparks did dog her,
And one of them was but a petty-fogger:
Of true-bred whore-masters; he had the straine,
H'had shamelesse speech, his nose was dy'd in graine:
He wanted wit, and money, but his hope,
Because he had relation to the Pope,

He.

He should be fortunate, and welcome to her;
 And any friendly office he can do her,
 (Put coynce aside) she shall command him still,
 All that he craves, is only her good will,
 That he may wait upon her; to a minur,
 He'll do her service; she may trust him in it.

She entertaines this servant of renowne,
 But with his Mistris he's familiar growne,
 And very inward; (yet if you had spi'd him,
 You would have thought the Hospitall had fri'd him.)
 Pretending businesse at her chamber late,
 And e're she rose: they two must lye and prate,
 What else they did at any time, or place,
 I'll leave it on the score: time will not race
 The shame away: they all the debt must pay,
 Or here below, or at the Iudgement day.

This letcherous Trull is carelesse of her name,
 Forgets her soule, and makes a jest at shame.
 She has her choyce of Rascals; 'mong the rest,
 One season'd whore-master doth like her best:
 He's very brave, although he be not rich;
 His colour's like to carrion in a ditch.
 His life doth stink as bad; he had a wife,
 But whilst she liv'd, she had a begging life.
 He spends his meanes and time to keepe this whore,
 And for her sake, he'll make his children poore.
 His friends forsake him, he is led by sense,
 He's scorn'd of all men; that's his recompence.
 The Cancars make him vex, 'tis worst of all,
 They visit him at every Spring and fall.
 They search within, and creepe up in their kinde,
 To seize upon his eyes, and make him blinde.

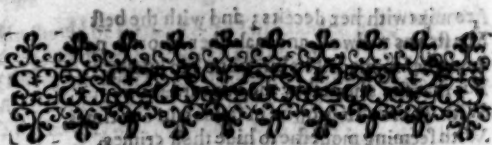
This quean doth carry'r smoothly; with her tongue
 She does deceive men, modest looks among

Are

Are mixt with her deceits; and with the best
 She strives to dwell, and make her whorish nest;
 And goes in modest habit; none can know,
 But that she's honest by the outward show.
 With whores 'tis growne in fashion in our times,
 With seeming modestie to hide their crimes.
 Where ere she comes, her promises are large,
 If custome faile she cannot pay the charge.
 If she be forc'd, her lodging to remove,
 They must beleeve: she'll leave her emptie love
 Behinde in pawne; this pawne is cheape and ill;
 But if she pay not, they must keepe it still.
 Long she continu'd in this shamefull course,
 No alteration, but from bad to worse.
 The old man tries all meanes to change her minde,
 All is but labour lost; nor can he finde
 Content without her; he his time had past
 With discontent; Death darted him at last.
 And now she's joviall; all her debts she'll pay,
 (If they can get 'em) when he's cloath'd in clay:
 To time I'll leave her, she must take her turne.
 By death e're long. Now he's laid in his urne.

His Epitaph.

THIS Seignior sold his joy, to please his lust;
 He did repent on't, when his heart was quench'd;
 Time judg'd it fitt he should match with dust,
 When he with brinish sorrow had been drench'd.
 Dame Nature envies all unrequall matches;
 Death, for his fault, doth keepe him under hatchet.



SECT. 29.

*Of a proud, stately Harlot raised by her sin;
 How she ruin'd divers; and of many passages
 in the prosecution of it.*

THe gallan-whore, who goes in rich array,
 Turns day to night; the night she'll turn to day;
 Although her self her breeding was but base,
 Sprouts as a branch from some Infortunates race;
 Being somewhat handsome in her blushing prime,
 She thinks it best, to make use of her time,
 Some braying Ass that can but use his tongue,
 He'll complement: they being both but young,
 Are soone bewitch'd with one anothers farts;
 Then for their ends they have their meeting place,
 Till at the last this Ass had shed his coat,

His braying alters to a mourning note.
 The Sergeants, Bailiffs, downcast his fears,
 Poore Ass at last doth prick, or shake his cares,
 And thinks his heels are better than his hands,
 He whips away into the Netherlands.

This Queene adorne her like a modest Maid;
 Alas! she is by her betray'd!
 Now she being cunning, will not serve his lust;
 His fire burns, and marries her he must.
 A little while they do in pleasure swim;
 At last he findes she made an Oxe of him.

He then complain'd: Alas! what did I mean,
 To marrie such an over-ridden queene
 His way of ending he doth quite neglect,
 His Creditors will give him no respect.
 His stock's consumed, his credit all is lost:
 Poore simple blind! he with this whore is cross'd!
 She layes it on, and spends (while it remains)
 On such that promise to allow her gaine.
 At last, when he had run so far in debt,
 He'd buy some wit, but 'tis too late: he'll fret
 His wit and money parted are away,
 Now he must run, he can no longer stay.

The time is come this whore did wish to have,
 She'll have more freedom with a perjur'd slave.
 She'll trim her selfe, and paine her face anew
 She's brave! her face looks of another hue.
 Come now who will, this block is far remov'd!
 You are the man that I have ever lov'd.
 Then she will sweare that she'll be constant to him;
 She works him in, but quickly she'll undo him.
 He must maintaine her at a lustier rate;
 She goes in pomp, at last her whordish state
 Does bring him low; his house he keeps no longer;
 He is convey'd to one that is far stronger.
 Then he bewailes his lamentable crosse;
 And does relate their passages, his losse
 ('Tis evident, poore man! he might have hid it).
 Breaks out the more, the more he strives to hide it.
 Now when it is what does want a man of worth
 To keepe her brave, she'll send her Pander forth
 (Pray call him Capaine) she must beare his charge;
 Her streames are low, expences have beene large.
 Well, out he goes, being hinder'd by no weather;
 His money's spent, but he will shake chis feather:

He

He finds the Spark, he tells him of a Lassie,
That doth for beautie all the rest surpass;
If he'd but go, he shall be welcome to her;
She's somewhat coy; but he will help to wooe her.

These joviall blades must make a merrie day,
To talk more on't: the reckoning call'd to pay,
Pimps purse is emptie; but's Tobacco-box
To all is free (they'd best beware of pox)
In open glasses they must drink the round,
Then suck the weed of eighreene pence a pound.
Now Whiskin brings this joviall gallant up,
A place appointed where they all must sup.
And for their sauce, they have this painted Jade
Brought in; he fees her, scone the match is made.
They vow then to be constant to each other:

She is his sister, he must be her brother;
And while he lives, he never will forsake her;
But for his wife, he'll bid, The Devill take her.

Now for his whore; her back and belly cheere,
Do cost him full five hundred pounds a yeere;
Maintaines the Pimp that brought him to this thrall;
No other Bawd; she's Whore and Bawd and all.

Now farewell Frecke, he's got to grace this harlot,
A Stammell sute; but you must call it Scarlet.

In habit like a Citizen she'll be;
Sometimes no Lady is more fine than she.

A house for winter, she must have to stand
About the Citie, with a brave command;

Her Summer-house neere to the flowing tide,
Rich furniture, gain'd by her whorish pride.

Now when this Spark is from his Fondling gone,
If none come to her, then she'll send for one;

Bring her but money, she will use her trade,
And truck with any, like a Hackney lade.

When

When he returns, she'll wipe her mouth, and say,
Why did my sweeting stay so long away;
He must imbrace her, kisse, and call her hony;
She'll quickly search to see what store of money
He has brought her home; if little, then she'll frown,
She wants a farrin, or a tabby-gown.
Vp he must take it on the Mercers score,
And glad he is that he can please this whore:
And of the Gold-smith jewels, diamond-rings;
When this is done, still she wants other things.
His state consumes, his friends give counsell to him
With grieve: and pleade, this whore will soon undo him.
All will not serve, but he will still adore her.
His wife now sees a queene preferr'd before h er,
With heavy heart do's to her husband cry:

Forfake this whore, or I with grief shall dye!
With teares she praies, as she before him stands,
You have an heire, then mortgage not your lands.
Alas! you know, 'twill be a living shame,
When he is an heire only but in name!
These infants, they must beg, or els do worse,
You on your children strive to bring a curse:
Shall it be said, this was his fathers place?
He kept a whore, and sold it with disgrace?
Your o'-spring too shal ever beare this flaine,
You rais'd them up, and threw them down again.

Think on that vow you did in marriage make,
With that injunction; which was, then to take
None but my selfe; you know I am your wife:
This Harlot now has gain'd your love; sow'd strife
Betwixt us two: what is love gone for ever?
Which once I thought, that none but death could sever?
My selfe, my love was constant still and true;
My friends I did forsake for love of you:

Oh! be perswaded, pittie now my smart;
 And toward your children, beare a fathers heart!
 If to my suit you will not bend your cares,
 Let griefe dissolve me to a flood of teares!
 When thirsty time hath drank up all my store,
 Then take me death: for I can weep no more;
 And let me now a second favour find,
 My children take, which I shall leave behind.
 And for my husband, let all honest men
 Lay out some teares; he'l one day pay 'em agen.
 Vntill that time, I wish, that babling Fame,
 Be silence: that he never spread his name.
 This one thing more (my passion is so strong:)
 And then for ever I will hold my tongue:
 Some Poet he will write upon your grave,
 He kept a whore who us'd him as a slave,
 To maintaine her, he did both sell and borrow;
 His children beg, his wife she dy'd with sorrow.
 Let time and age with men record his fall:
 Be warn'd by him; his whore and he spent all.
 This plaint moves not; nor infants moanes about her,
 He's vext at her, and sometimes he doth flout her;
 Then he relates this story to his drab,
 Who answer'd thus; what, hath she eat a Crab?
 What, doth she prate? a stinking dirty slut!
 Is she too full? I vow I'll pinch her gut,
 And make her glad to eat a piece of bread;
 What will she dye, except she may be head?
 I'll keep her bare and make her speak me faire;
 You must be tutor'd too about your heire.
 Tush, let him work, and set him to a trade;
 Pack out the rest: and let this ugly lade
 Vex in her grease; what, doth she fend about
 Her privy spies to find our meeting out?

Do, be a foole! and let her railing passe;
 And shew thy selfe a tender-hearted offe!
 What didst thou say when she did call me whore?
 Pray Love, be quiet. I'll do so no more.
 She raile at me! Oh! would I could but meet her
 In place convenient: see how I could greet her.
 Pray if you love me, make her rule her tongue;
 She's old, and wrinkled, I am fresh and yong.
 A snotty lade! I mar'le, how thou couldst love her!
 She's vexed that I have got respect above her.
 Let any one that hath but skill to try,
 Iudge which is handsome st, whether she or I:
 Let none compare me to this homely *Joane*!
 She frets because she's faine to lye alone.
 Who'd lye by such a whither'd piece of flesh,
 When he may have well favor'd, sweet and fresh?
 Go to thy dow'd, if thou hast but a mind:
 And quit forget that I to thee was kind.

Sweet, dost thou think that I will be so mad,
 That ere her words or teares shall make me sad?
 No, do not think I have so little wit:
 Let, let her swell in this her frenzy fit.
 Shall I be ry'de? I'll tame this peevish fool.
 And for her tongue, let winter make it cool;
 Let night-hags fright her in her bodlam dreames;
 Whilst thou and I delight in pleasant themes!
 I'll take my pleasure. Why should I do less? al
 I'll be no slave to what I do possesse.
 Come, thou art mine; and thou shalt find me true.
 My love to thee is more than to my heire;
 I'll spend my state; a brood of brats I have
 Who for my meanes do wish me in my grave;
 Thus farre I am resolv'd, for love of thee
 When I am gone, the world is gone with me.

Thou hast my heart, thou know'st I cannot leave thee:
 I am too honest ever to deceive thee.
 Hang'r, let her chat untill her tongue be weary:
 Care kills a cat, but we will still be merry:
 But yet I'll use a trick to make her quiet,
 She shall go barer, and have meaner diet.
 And if she dye, a grave I'll quickly make her,
 I love her so; make speed, come, heavens take her.



S E C T. 30.

*Of the woman dying with griefe;
 Her Funerall.*

MUse dip thy quill in blood, or teares of myne
 Shall change thy Inke, and turne it into brine:
 Make sad thy selfe; and when that envious night
 Doth cast a vaile to rob thee of the light
 (Being clad in darknesse) then do thou begin
 To mend thy pen, and bring those Vipers in.
 Draw now thy plaint for the poore womans sake!
 And for her children; hark! what moane they make!
 Call in those neighbours that have grief, to spare,
 To joyne their hearts, and help to beare a share.

A wife, a mother, is in such distresse;
 Dry grief nor teares can never it expresse!
 Let strangers come, and pittie her, and say
 Alas, alas! poore soule she's cast away!
 Pray stay a while, (for I invite you all)
 'T'attend her corps unto the Funerall:

You should have wine and comforts ; but the cleft
Is grown so barren, that there is nothing left.
Grief burn'd within her, to a raging flame ;
No teares were left to qualifie the same ;
Being spent, she fell ; and then she eald her head ;
The heaviest living ; but the lightest dead.

The Nightingal did to the black bird sing,
And Robin Red-breast spoke no other thing :
The Thrush, the Starling of her death did prate,
The Lark had come too ; but it was too late.
All beasts did mourne (but some with grief were prest)
Save one that joy'd which was a savage beast.

Grave, use her kindly ; grief hath made thee gaine her !
Wormes, grumble not, but gently entertaine her !
'Tis not her fault, you have no better cheere.
Call but a few ; 'twill one day cost you deare :
When death comes to arrest you, for her sake :
You for the spoile must restitution make.

Her Epitaph.

*V*iew well this heap of dust, drop down a teare
To moisten it, let every tender hart
Mourne o're this honest woman (call in feare)
I'll praise those that begin, and beare a part.
Her husband with his whore desir'd her death,
He mov'd with pity tooke away her breath.



SECT. 31.

*The shamefull triumph of the Whore, the
Prodigall, and the Pimp.*

WE having brought her pined corps to rest
Hoping her soule's alive among the blest.
We'll turne again, and seek the wanton's three,
The Sor, the Whore, the Pimp which merry be,
And drinking wine, the Whore begins to prate:

Whore. Farewell that hag, which did my person hate;
I'le mourne in sack: now she will raile no more,
Nor send her elves to harken at the dore.
She will not whine, nor can she heare us talke,
Nor spy us here, unlesse her ghost doth walke:
Come, drink to me, I'le pledge it o're her grave
My honest chuck? a better friend none have!
She spit her venom, owing me a spight;
Thou wast so constant, would'st not break delight.
Now thou art mine; come, take a thousand kisses!
Black *Joane's* nor here to keep us from our blisses!

Prod. My sweetest love! thy speech is fram'd so witty
With eloquence! much like a pleasure ditty:
Thy cherry lips do open with such grace,
Which when I heare, and look upon thy face;
I see a Lilly doth the Rose beguile;
Sometimes the rose takes captive for a while
The lilly too: thy nose smells *Flora's* savor,
Thy eyes like Diamonds, grac't with sweet behavior.

I cannot hold ! my armes shall now embrace thee,
My love, my person, and my meanes shall grace thee :
The Bedlam foole is now return'd to dust ;
She'l come no more to haunt us here, I trust.

Grave, keep her close; for if thou lett'st her see
The light again, I'll make a grave for thee.

Wormes, tarry not; creep forward, and grow mad
To eat her flesh; that little that she had.

Earth, shew me favour, let no moving tones
Make thee deferre, but soon dissolve her bones.

She being dead, and in her grave thus hurl'd,
I would not see her now for all the world.

Come, come my Jo, let pleasure still delight us,
The hag is gone, and will no more affright us.

Pimp. O, bravely spoken! Nature met with art,
Acts both a Tragick, and a Comick part:

So Poetlike ! Rhetoricall, and sweet,
In lofty termes, grac't with a cartiage meet !

A rarity grown too much out of fashion !
Sharp, sweet, unseen, and yet to vent a passion !

You speake of love so rarely, and so true,
That *Ovid* might have come to schoole to you.

But being cro'st your looks and words are sterne,
Democritus is childish and might learne,

Not words alone : but this I ever find
You are intric'h still with a noble mind,

And all your actions savour of the same,
Which with consent, bring honor to your name.

I taste your bounty ; and have cause to praise you !
I'll do my best to honor and to raise you,

O, happy journey ! happy'st of the rest !
When first I brought you where we now are ble'st !

For what I promis'd then, you found no lesse :
A beauty rare ! more than I did expresse !

That witch is gone, which did disturbe our mirth;
 A prey of envy swallow'd by the earth:
 The wormes are feasting underneath the ground.
 Now farewell Hag, thou hast thy mortall wound!



S E C T. 32.

*How the prodigall was servile to his whore;
 with the condition of the Pimp.*

MUse, make a stop, and view those ulcer'd blaines
 That stink and run along their fester'd veines.
 The whore's a fountaine, by whose poison'd spring
 This Bat, this Owle; they both do sit and sing:
 The Owle so soon as he hath fill'd his crop,
 Then of this fountaine he must taste a drop;
 Though 'tis infected, yet he'l often drink,
 It glides so smoothly by the swelling brink!
 Vawholsome drops! and change doth make it thicker:
 Yet dearer than ten quarts of wholsome liquor.
 The skip-jack bar, must wait to take his prey,
 And taste those drops; the owle being flown away.
 Both birds of night: the owle he'l have no taster:
 The bat's the servant, and the owle's the master,
 They allrejoyce: now his deceitfull whore,
 Doth promise love: she aims at one thing more.
 She like a frost hath nipt a fruitfull head;
 She loath'd her living, and she hates her dead,
 And so her mate, to please her do's as much,
 Oh! who should think the world had any such!

Vnnatural brute, to slight a loving wife
 To please a whore! whose love will turne to strife!
 And flattering Pimp that has no other living,
 But by this whore, unlesse it be by theeving,
 To fawne on him (the paines of hell to lend him)
 And breath his praise, when shame doth stil attend him!
 No greater curse, to have a villaine made
 To be familiar; but it is his trade.
 He's growne so brave, and if you heard him prate,
 You'd think he were a man of great estate:
 He'l take a house, but if you look for rent,
 You are deceiv'd: 'twas never his intent
 To pay for sleeping; you may have his bill,
 Take that or nothing, pay the rent who will.
 For any thing, if he can get but day,
 The price parts not; he never meanes to pay.
 Aske him for money, he will quite forsake you,
 He'l pay with scoffes, and bid the devill take you.
 Affront a Captaine? goe, you chearing knaves,
 Mechanick rascals are poore hungry slaves!
 Base peasants vex a gentleman of fashion?
 Aske me for coyne, to put me into passion?
 I'll make you stay. But if you haunt his ghost,
 He'l change his lodging: man and money's lost.

This whore being noted, then to hide her shame,
 Will oft remove, and often change her name.
 Amongst her names, there's one would make her blest
 In her esteeme; a lady is the best.
 So takes her name, alas! there is a man
 Keeps of the watch, she'l hang him if she can,
 Though't be her husband, what she can she'l doe,
 Lest she her selfe be hang'd for having two.

She's coacht along; she shortly must (I doubt)
 Ride in that box which carries doggs about,

To keep her close; lest some undone quite by her;
 Should brush her coat with kanes; if they doe spy her;
 'Tis good enough, but yet 'tis very bald,
 That such a punk should like the dogs be hal'd.
 Her ladiſhip (for ſo ſhe'd faine be ſtilde)
 Is growne ſo proud, ſo impudent, and vilde
 That ſhe will curſe this coxcombe, like a ſlave,
 He durſt not croſſe her, ſhe her will muſt have.
 If he by chance doth croſſe her, then ſhe'l thunder;
 He's fearfull, ſilent, thus ſhe keeps him under.
 Then he muſt beg and flatter to be friends:
 This paultry whore will then propound her ends.
 A peice of gold, a jewell, or a ring,
 A ſcarfe, a gorget, or ſome pretty thing
 That ſhe will have, ſo he muſt buy her kiſſes,
 Yet he is glad, and counts them for his bliſſes.
 Now he's perſwaded, ſhe loves none beſide him;
 Nor from her ſight, ſhe cannot well abide him.
 He'l make her honeſt; was it heard before
 That any man could make an honeſt whore?
 Or can a whore be honeſt? then I'll ſay,
 That black is white, and night is turn'd to day,
 The ſtones will flye, and fire will downward bend,
 And hell diſſolve, all things amiſſe will mend.
 Nor doe I credit that a whore loves men,
 But for her ends: and ſo ſhe's curſt agen.
 His ſwearing is rewarded with a curſe,
 Sweet poyſon'd pills doe make his plague the worſe,
 He dotes, and dos an Idoll of her make,
 But 'twas more ſafe, if he embrac'd a ſnake.
 If one to jeare him, aſkes with him to ſup,
 To ſee his whore, he will ſo take him up;
 And ſweare ſhe is as honeſt as his mother,
 Or any one that will make up the other.

If he a journey from her do intend,
And leave for her but twenty pounds to spend,
This queane then grumbles; and her throat she'll raise,
Pith, what is that? 'twill serve but for foure dayes
She must have more; she is a costly sister,
He had been happy, if he had but mist her.

Well, he is gone; think how she whets her braines,
To serve her lust, and to increase her gaines:
To shew the trade she drives with other men,
Would sad my Muse, and quite tire out my pen.
She chides the day, to turne it into night;
Iudge bad enough; and then you'l judge aright.



SECT. 33.

*How a Whore drem her sister to lewdnesse;
arguments on both sides.*

CUSTOM comes thick; she cannot serve their turns,
Her wil's to do'e; with lust her body burns.
Having a sister that's a handsome maid,
By her temptations she's at last betrai'd;
Seeing her pomp, her jewels, and attire,
Brave company, the money for her hire:
This silly girle, her honesty, good name,
Doth put to file; and glories in the same.

Come, take my counsell, do not be a foole,
To make a purl; for what thou learn' est at schoole,
Will not maintaine thee: and thy father's dead,
Left thee no meanes; sell, sell thy maiden-head,

And

And be not peevish : thou may'st have a prize
 Will raise thy fortunes, if thou wilt be wise.
 The work is easie, 'tis delight and pleasure ;
 Foole, use thine owne, and thou shalt purchase treasure ;
 Didst thou but know what pleasure there is seated,
 Soon would'st thou yeild, thou need'st not be intreated :
 The proverb's true, Frost genders not with fire.
 To things unknowne there is no great desire.
 Do, be a drudge ; if thou be built for toyle,
 Go settle to't : and leave the golden spoyle, (trench :
 Which thou might'st take, if thou would'st cast a
 Thou wast not made to be a kitchen-wench.
 For divers Knights, and Gallants would attend thee,
 What e're thou'dst have, they'l either give or lend
 Which is all one : what e're it be that men (thee,
 Do lend me once, I never pay't agen.
 'Las, what had I ? my povertie was knowne,
 As much as thine ; now happy windes have blowne
 Me golden dust : if I had been an Ass,
 T'have been so coy to let that season passe,
 What had I done ? no, no, I had morewit ;
 Now here thou seest, how Lady-like I sit :
 My table's furnisht richly still with fare,
 All which comes free, I never do take care :
 My charge of living, plainly doth appeare,
 Amounts unto a thousand pounds a yeare.
 Be rul'd by me, I speake because I love thee,
 Of all thy kindred none shall be above thee.
 'Tis for thy sake, that I relate this story,
 Beleeve thine eyes, and think upon my glory.
 All honour me, a Knight would faine me wed,
 But he's res the spight, that Cuckold is not dead.
 What, all amoit ? doth not my counsell please thee ?
 Speak, pettish foole, thy mind ; and that will ease thee.
Sister,

Sister, though I am poore, I hold it no disgrace,
 My honestie's my portion; and my face
 Is not asham'd; I dare to shew it where
 You cannot yours, unlesse it be in feare.
 With my condition, I am well contented;
 Though you are rais'd, you are to be lamented
 My labour likes me; but the world can tell,
 You go the way which ends at last in hell.

What is your state, for all your costly diet?
 'Tis true content, to have a conscience quiet.
 What should I do, if I commit such evill,
 But give my soule and body to the Devill?
 What you enjoy, is all but painted glory,
 The repetition makes a shamefull story.
 Should I consent, then all that did me meet,
 Would blaze my shame along the open streets:
 What e're I got, what would avails my store,
 When all shall point, and say, There goes a whore?
 And when I dye, my sins would then out-live me;
 Such gaine is losse, and what the world can give me,
 Can no whit coole the scalding heat of sin,
 Nor bribe the conscience; but it will bring in
 A sad relation to increase my smart;
 Then pleasing sin will prove a mortall dart.
 Pray urge me not, the stones your words do heare,
 They melt with passion, and they quake with feare.
 The rustling leaves do grumble at your talk,
 The trees do threaten vengeance as we walk.
 See how the grasse is now bedew'd with teares,
 O're-spread with palenesse, over-charg'd with feares;
 The fish did spie us, as they were at play,
 And were asham'd, and so they sunk away.
 Bright *Phabus* too is hid behind a clowd,
 To blast your counsell; being not allow'd.

The world affords no place for sin to dwell;
 To go out is worse, for 'tis to go to hell.
 The truth ere long this sinfull world shall finde,
 And have reward, all sited in their kinde.
 What, growne precise & what conscionable stiffe
 You trade in now! I know you have enough;
 Pray sell me some, and I will pay you well,
 But passe your word, it shall me keepe from hell,
 Conscience, I think, it is you prate about:
 He's hang'd long since, to put you out of doubt.
 You shew your wit; is this for my reward,
 To get you freed? and giving you regard?
 'Twas meerly love to you that did incite me
 To do you good; butill you do requite me.
 You saucie slut! is this the thanks I have
 To trick you up, and make you fine and brave,
 To censure me? and slight me for my paines?
 You'll damne me for't, and curse me, and my gaines.
 Pray get you gone, and if you cannot brooke it,
 A better place, let conscience go and seeke it.

I'll heare no lectures, nor be taught by you,
 I know enough: your counsell is so new,
 'Tis not digested; never see me more,
 Nor call me sister, be thou nere so poore,
 I'll never owe thee; nor the least reliefe
 Will give to thee to qualifie thy griefe.
 Your Maiden-head, and honesty together,
 Will feed you then; and cloath you from the weather:
 Conscience is but a Tyrant, at the best,
 And in distresse will never let thee rest.
 The Law of Nature bids thus take delight,
 And makes things meet to please our appetite.
 It kindles love, and breeds desire to it:
 Who durst say, 'Tis not lawfull then to do it?

Some

Some Bedlam Stoick did at first devise
(That wanted nature) treason stuf with lies,
To mew us up. The earth had too much treasure,
When all was free; and all might take their pleasure!
Have birds free leave to change once every yeare?
And beasts in common gender free from feare?
Shall we that once were made to keepe them under,
Enjoy lesse sweet, in being kept asunder?
A learned Poet sutes a Bedlams dreame,
And idle nurses, to the conscience theame.

"The lesse the better then, whence this will fall,

"Tis to be perfect, to have none at all.

'Tis not for youth, but for declining age,

To act a winter Satyre on the stage.

"Frost is till then prodigious, we may do

"What lustfull youth and pleasure prompts us to.

What say'st to this, thou froward silly girle?

Which wilt thou chule, the pibble, or the pearle?

To live in credit? or receive disgrace?

In some poore cottage, still to hide thy face?

Do'st love the warmth? or do'st affect the cold?

Gain something young, or beg when thou art old.

Come, learne some wits my care of thee is such,

That joyne with love, which makes me speak so much.

Feare thou not hell, or ever to be cast

From heaven: why? we may repent at last.

This silly virgin now is in distresse!

Faine would she speake; but words cannot expresse

Her troubled minde: she slides downe silent teares:

Her face is wan; within she's full of feares.

Shewould deny, but feares her sisters blame,

She would consent, but that she feares the shame.

She viewes the state, and has desire so it;

She now resolves, and yet she will not do it;

She'd

She'd faine be gone, but that she knowes not whither;
She'll stay, then go, and yet conclude of neither.

How is thy comely visage changed quite!
How is the Rose fell from the Lilly white
That were compos'd so lovely in thy face!
They're hid with teares, and left thee in disgrace.
Alas! thy grieve cannot be well exprest!
A world of care torments thy tender brest!
Thou want'st a friend; oh! that I had been by!
I'd have thee live, as one day thou would'st dye.
One graine of grace, is better than the world,
Perfumes thy dust, when in thy grave thou'rt hurl'd.
Where's now thy courage? think but how that gaine,
That's got by sin, will breed eternall paine;
Though time be short, thou wilt out-live thy pleasure,
Then all thy gaine will prove but hell-bred treasure.

Why do'st thou sleepe, thou registerst within?
What, art thou brib'd? that thou do'st wink at sin?
Or do'st thou wait (till wrath shall cloud the weather)
For hungry death, to sum up all together?

Yet she resolves to cast those dumps away;
Though not invited; they conclude to stay,
To vex her more: till at the last by sin
She strives by force, to let ill spirits in.
Now she's possess'd. Alas! she is ensnar'd,
Forgets the curse that is in hell prepar'd
For desp'rate sinners: O! thou foole! to sell
Thy selfe, and make an entrance into hell!

She's confident (and will no more be crost)
Her maiden-head is sweetest, when 'tis lost.
For gaine she trades; she sels (she hath such tricks)
Her maiden-head, at least, to five, or six.
When she can hide no longer this device,
Then she grows common at a lower price.

Ile leave her here, I have no hope to mend her,
I wish her turne againe, or death to end her.

Now for the whore which was the cause of this;
She glories in't; there's nothing done amisse
In her conceit; her heart is like a rock;
And she's as shamelesse as a senselesse stock.
To this preferment hath she brought her brother,
To make him whiskin, and deceive the other.

But now this lecher is return'd againe
To court this whore, but more and more the staine
Doth take impression; for she hath bereft him
Of all his honour; and his friends have left him.
Alas poore man! thy pleasure and thy ease
Do make thee senselesse; but a worse disease
Doth creep upon thee, than the world can bring.
After the hony thou must have the sting,
And at the best thy honey's mixt with gall;
And with the bait thou tak'st the hook and all.
What, past all cure? let conscience speak thy shame,
Then shew thee hell, and parch thee with the flame!
Set all thy sins in habit, like a devill,
In battell ray, to fright thee from this evill!

Let every beast, where e're thou dost him see,
Shew that thou art a truer beast than he!
And all men still that do upon thee look,
Put thee in minde of that great Sessions book;
By which the world is try'd! and let the earth
Slight thee as much as any monstrous birth!
And let the warblers of the aire now speak
To thy disgrace! the clouds with fury break,
Drop down revenge! the heavens fixed eyes
Blush at thy presence! and the lofty skies
Look pale upon thee! let those moving powers
Present thee wrath! and let all fragrant flowers

Bow downe their heads, still to thee let their smell
 Be like that brimstone, which does burne in hell!
 Let every creature sound (as being taught)
 This is the man that sold himselfe for nought!
 His whore and he begin to be so slighted,
 They cannot walk, unlesse they be benighted,
 But powted at: and all their meeting places
 Deny them shelter, sham'd to owne their faces;
 But spue them out: their lodgings oft they change,
 Being wearie of them; and a thing not strange,
 Shame still is constant! and it growes much stronger
 Like evening shadows that are ever longer,
 The neerer night; and at all turnes it takes them:
 Keepest closest then, though their best friend forsakes
 Those little Wags, that meet them in the street, (them
 Will dog them home; and then they will them greet
 With Whore-master, with Pander, and with Whores;
 They try their skill to drive them from the dore.
 To purchase freedome, they must draw their swords;
 Those knavish boyes will not be still'd with words.



SECT. 34.

*The ruine of the bawdy house, with
 its appurtenances.*

THe house breakes truce (for it is dayly tir'd)
 Because for bawd'ry it was never hir'd.
 And being frighted; 'tis growne strange and bald,
 In feare it shall a bawdy house be cal'd.

So with consumption it doth pine away,
And being distressed, invites the night to stay,
To hide its shame, it's vext for what it did,
And being guiltie, it would faine be hid.

The rooffe that hid them, falls into a swoond :
And by degrees drops downe unto the ground
With griefe, that ever it should be so vile,
And in revenge, it chides away the tile :
Gives warning that 'twill stand no longer under,
They fall with feare, and so breake all in sunder.

The morphew wals are growne so bleake and thin,
They have (through anguish) lost the outward skin.
Alas, poore house ! 'twould grieve a man to see
That everie storme should take revenge on thee !
The candi'd frost doth make the sore encrease,
Nor milder warmth will once admit of peace :
Because they kept them from the raging weather,
Their pun'shment is, they must rot together.

The guiltie windows batter'd with assaults,
Repent, that e're they did conceale their faults :
The stones, the winde, do bring it so about,
That by degrees they pick the quarrels out,
Blaze forth their shame, and witnesse now bring in,
That with consent condemnes them for their sin.
Faine would they speake, but cannot speake aright ;
The lead's so heavie, and the glasse so light.

The chamber-floore doth sink with deep conceit ;
And doth disdaine to beate this sinfull weight.
One side blames th' other, and they part in spleene :
Which parting seemes a little hell betweene ;
Time does refuse to quit it from the stimes ;
The more 'tis washt, the more the filth remaines.

The bed-stead screeks, with sad and dolefull tones,
And vents complaints, being over-charg'd, it grones,

Seeks to be eas'd: the head doth blame the feet,
 The feet the sides; the testerne that doth see't,
 Doth start for feare, that it must beare the blame,
 For winking at, and cov'ring of their shame,
 Doth change it selfe to sundry ugly shapes,
 To fright from sin these vile lascivious Apes.
 The posts do vex, which do abate their strength,
 And grow so feeble, that they fall at length.

The curtain rods (what honest man did forge them?)
 Do now conceit that they were made to scourge them.
 The hooks do hold them that they cannot do it;
 So they are guiltlesse, being willing to it.

The rings that run these curtain rods along,
 Before were silent; now they find a tongue,
 To prate forth their shame: and do disgrace them;
 Though they are brasse, they cannot yet outface them;
 They are not freed, the canker runs about,
 Without, within, to eat the substance out.

The curtaines too 'cause they were eas'ly drawn
 To hide their lust, and did upon them fawn,
 Now shrink away: their colour quite doth change
 As being sharers; 't is not very strange
 That senselesse things, should be asham'd of sin,
 And suffer for't? the moths do now begin,
 To seek revenge, and make of them a prey,
 And are resolv'd to eat them quite away.
 They do but lustice: so do all the rest
 That haunt their ghosts: for they to war are prest.

The bed is thought to beare the greatest blame,
 That did with patience underlay the shame:
 The tike complains the feathers are so light,
 As they at noone are, so they are at night.
 But they reply, and very well they may
 Confesse they're light; but not so light as they;

They

They must not chide, being gentle, milde and soft ;
But when they came, 'tis prov'd they grumbl'd oft.
They shew a reason why they blame the tick,
They could not flie out, 'cause it was so thick.

The cord is question'd ; being rack'd below,
Begins to yeeld ; what ever it doth know,
Now blabs it out ; receiving many checks,
'Twould needs be loose to catch them by the necks :
But being crost, it cannot vengeance do,
It swels with malice, till it breaks in two.

The pillows which did bear their musty pates,
Do fret with anger, 'cause as coupled mates,
They gave them ease ; but now they do deny it,
They smell the rer, and do at last defie it.

The sheets are found more guilty than the rest ;
For why ? in them those vermin made their nest :
Their shame's made open, for the secret sin
Which they must own ; they look both black and thin,
And fear that penance they must do at *Pauls*,
When e're their partners go to purge their soules.
(Time cite 'em in ; judge, is't not very fit
For all such persons ? shame may teach them wit.)
They'd turn to many to remove that curse,
And tie the penance onely to the purse.
If't be not likely to be brought about,
They'l see the washer then, to wash them out.
Shall innocents thus suffer in their places,
What they deserve ? and quit them from disgraces ?

Nor can I cleare the coverlet or quilt,
From being sharers in this hatefull guilt,
That overlookt them in their curst delight ;
And was so carelesse, be it wrong or right :
'Twas never mov'd to vex 'em ; let its shades
Dwell still in Newgate, or with Bridewell jades,

Where shame's in use : the Cut-purse too shal crave it;
Then let the dunghils cast lots which shall have it !

The stools, and chaires, when on them they do sit,
Doe trembling fall into an aguish fit ;

The table mournes for bearing of their meat,
Which feeds their lusts : it's weake, the burthen great,

The posts, that did uphold this house so long,
Begin to sink ; if they had but a tongue,

They'd beg for pardon, promising no more
To prop such basenesse, or defend a whore.

Sed, factum est ; though now they do abhor it,
They with the rest are like to suffer for it.

The ashie wormes shew justice, ever when (agen,
They have crept through, they creepe cleane through

Eat out the strength that's feared in the heart,
Quite past recoverie, though they feele no smart:

Sharp execution ! 'tis their bawdie hire,
Iust fit for nothing, but for flaming fire.

The groundsell being tender-hearted stones,
Do pine away, and change, like dead mens bones :
And melt with teares ; faine would they shrink away,
But finde no passage ; so are forc'd to stay.

They chide the lime, for holding them together,
And hate the men that first did bring them thither ;

They being sorrie (when the cause is tri'd)
Shall have this favour, by the high-way side,

They still shall stand, as monuments of shame,
And shall bewray the place from whence they came.

But now the dore, for being often lockt,
Which made them fearlessse ; being jeer'd, and mockt,

Falls in a palsie ; open then it flies,
Calls out in passion, to invite some eyes

To see their folly ; but the hooks were crosse :
The hinges (fearing they should suffer losse)

Part from the dore; the lock is chiefly shent,
(Being pliable) 'cause it did give consent
To come and go, with turning of a hand,
Much like a Pander: and did all withstand
That would oppose them in this cursed way.
But then the lock layes blame upon the key,
For forcing it to whatsoe're it did;
The key had freedom, but the lock was hid.

The wrangling key pleads, keeping much ado;
The nailes were forc'd, yet they were guiltie too:
They loose their hold; the hooks, and hinges sever,
The key is gone; the lock does his endeavor,
To purchase freedom: th' dore as faine would cleave
In sunder; but, it cannot yet get leave:
For execution in a worser kinde,
(Iustice decrees, not long e're he shall finde)
Must be his doome: the lock, hooks, hinges must
Dye with the nailes, a lingring death with rust.
The key's pursu'd (though it be stept aside)
With *Argus* eyes, and shall be strictly tri'd,
When it is found, as chiefly guiltie in't;
And then this story shall be put in print.

These hatefull Brutes now frighted are away,
By these extremes; but cannot go by day;
For *Sol* disdaines to give them any light,
And they're ashamed to come in peoples sight; (them,
Nay, silent night (though shamelesse) would not owne
They are so vile, had she before not knowne them.
Darknesse prepares for each a sable coat,
Vshers them out, unto a place remote,
Owles tune their organs, as they go along,
The Screech-Owles cries are mixed too among:
The nimble Bats do frisk along before,
The Polcat's call'd, and he brings many more.

The subtle Weefell followes on behinde,
 And nightly Beetes finging in their kinde.
 The Mouſe was wiſht, but would not help to place them;
 Welfare the Rat, he came, but not to grace the m.

Well, gone they are; but whither, who can tell?
 My Muſe wants ſente to track them by the ſmell:
 Nor is it wholfom: yet to cleare the ſcore,
 If they amend not, ſhe will tell you more.



SECT. 35.

*Of a Countrey Clowne, being cheated with
 marrying of a whore, &c.*

A Home-bred Clowne, that had a good eſtate
 Left by his friends: but over-ru'd by fate,
 Which wrought his woe; but well he did deſerve it:
 Read but the ſtory, then you may obſerve it.

This ſilly Clunch did love a handſome Laffe,
 Love, did I ſay? no, but to let that paſſe,
 'Twas but in ſhew; as afterwards appear'd;
 Or lov'd in jeſt; in earneſt he was fear'd.
 She's confident on's love, though fancie tremble,
 She learns to love, and he how to diſſemble.
 This Maid had beantie, honeſtie, and wit,
 And portion that might well become, and fit
 A better man: none of the former three
 Had he at all; ſo true a Clowne was he.
 Her love exceeds, alas! 'tis out of ſeaſon!
 When love gets head; it is not rul'd by reaſon.

The

The match goes on, in time they have agreed it,
All men conclude, the heavens have decreed it.
And then the day of marriage is prefixt;
Her love's intire, but his with falshood mixt.

Why she lov'd him, I'll say the best I can,
Because she did; or that he was a man;
And he had cause to love this lovely Maid;
But fooles want reason: so this foole's betray'd.
The Sun had looked on him with his power,
And tann'd his skin: his countenance was lower.
His goggle eyes, and rich enamel'd snout,
His brawny cheeks, his lips, or what's about
This trunk of treasure, I will not discover:
But how he woo'd in's progresse, how this lover
Obtain'd's desire; and how he was deceiv'd,
And how he was of all his friends bereav'd.

By accident he came into a place,
A man of note did shew him there such grace,
He was transported; for he knew not how,
To carry' himselfe, save onely at the plow.
He was not guiltie of a jot of breeding,
But full of flesh; and that he got by feeding.

He saw an Imp there, (and her face was painted)
Who was a whore; and for a whore was tainted:
She was his prospect, and did glut his eyes,
His minde with surfets did both fall and rise.
Sometimes he'll blush, and sometimes have no colour,
Sometimes he's quick, as quickly he growes duller.
He walks about, and then sits downe and muses,
Then speaks his minde, but clownish as he uses.

Zur, 'chave a secret to make nowne to yow,
Pray show me favor, on I'll tell you trew,
How stands my case; I chave a wounded hart,
That's peev'd quite through: for Cupid throw'd his dart.

Here

Here is a wench, I think but be his gillur,
 Hur looks dud ravish ma, whom I had kist hur.
 My heart dud swell, my head dud vall a aking,
 My eyes ware dazeld, all my limbs flood quaking.
 I con't tell how, my tongue was silenst quite,
 My honds ware manacled; yet wee delight
 I think upon hur; but I cannot rest:
 Had I but hur, oh! how wuld I be blest!
 If hur wooll ha' ma, oll that ere I have
 Zall be hur joyntur, much I wot not crave,
 Besides hur leave; vor I' shave welth onouffe;
 'Chave lond, on cattle, hounge, on howzold fluffe.
 On oll things vitting vor a contry mon.
 Zur, woll you speake on help ma whot yow con?

He heares, and ponders, and this lovers tale
 Does take effect: she being grown so stale,
 She stinks to most; but to the Clown her smell,
 Seem'd sweet (though ranck) and pleas'd his humor wel.

This Man of note confid'ring this, reply'd,
 Be not dismay'd, thou shalt not be deny'd,
 If I can steere the helm; put on, and try,
 Perhaps at first (being modest) she'l deny:
 Take no repulse, her love in time will yeeld;
 When thou hast conquer'd, triumph in the field.
 She's such a one as nature doth intend
 To make a patterne of; I must commend
 Thy wit, thy choice; her carriage is complear,
 Her breeding's rare, and her behaviour near:
 Her gifts, her parts do adde a comely grace
 To all the rest, her pleasant smiling face
 Doth usher in such glory that the sun
 Is quite ecclip't before the day be done.
 Her eyes being bright, (the beames with shame returne)
 They charme the fire, as't hath no power to burne.

Why

Why speak I thus, to put a heat to fire ?
Love, must have love ; that satisfies desire.
I'll make the way : *Love* give thee good successe !
I wish the winged god may do no lesse !

Thus having blaz'd her Fame, what's now agreed
She was in show ; but not at all indeed.
He never told (in this he much did faile)
Her body was too heavy for her taile.
Nor of her painting on her wrinkled face,
Nor how she was to all her sex disgrace,
Nor of her living, which was worse than bad,
Her trading brought in all the meanes she had.

Then he unfolds this matter to the whore,
She tels the bawd, her sister, and before
They do admit him, they consult about him,
She'll leave the man, and have his coine without him.

But then the spokesman vomited his mind:
Though he's a Clown, yet thou maist find him kind :
He'll dote upon thee, let thee take thine ease,
And go, and come, and do what ere thou please.
He'll not be jealous, he has not the wit:
But thou must rule him, and thy humors fit.
He's rich, and thou shalt always keep his treasure:
Thou'art wise enough to use it at thy pleasure.
Come, be not coy, seeing fortune gives a call,
And for his faults, know, gold will cover all.
Take something certaine ; thou know'st what to do,
Please but this foole, and keep thy trading too.

When he was silent, thus the quean began :
What shall I do ? this countrey Clown, who can
Affect his person ? he so like a foole
Behaves himselfe ? 'las, he should go to schoole
Before he seek a wife, and learne some wit
To make a husband, ere he will be fit

To know himselfe; and such as are above him,
 He is so clownish, I shall never love him.
 But if I could be married to his land,
 And leave his person, then I'de give my hand,
 And strike the match, with heart and free consent;
 I live at pleasure, and have full content
 Without controule: if he should marry mee,
 He'd mure me up: with those that come, to see
 My chang'd condition (how soere I sped)
 I quickly should graft thorne upon his head.
 Your love I tender; but the Clown I hate,
 And think it scorne that he should be my mate.

With that the bawd grew angry, looking fierce,
 Begins to speak, but cannot well rehearse
 Her mind in words: but when the storme was past,
 Her tongue broke loose, and thus she spoke at last:

What do'st thou flight what love to thee doth proffer?
 Art thou so curious to refuse an offer
 That might enrich thee? I'le not thee importune,
 Thou art not like to have so good a fortune
 If thou refuse him; be not thou so nice;
 If once deny'd, he may not aske thee twice.
 His clownish carriage, thou maist help to mend it,
 And cover all his faults, if thou'lt intend it.
 Come, he is wealthy, stand not in thy light;
 The pleasant'st day may have a cloudy night.
 Riches bring honor, fortune doth it send,
 What freely comes, thou maist as freely spend.
 Though he be hidebound, thou maist make this Clown
 Conformable; and bring his temper down.
 When thou art old, thy custome and thy trade
 Will quite decay; already thou do'st fade.
 He'l not mistrust thee, thou maist take thy time,
 And use thy own whilst thou art in thy prime.

Say he should think that thou didst do amisse!
Poor man! he'l wink, or salve it with a kisse!
If thou shouldst have a man discreet and wise,
He'd track thee out; for wisdom's full of eyes.
If he be poore, his wit will not maintain thee;
Thou wilt repent; thy friends will all disdain thee.
Reject him not, although he be a peasant,
A country life, with wealth, is very pleasant.

As she concluded, in then came the suitor,
So brisk, as coming newly from his tutor,
And kist them round, as he was taught to doe;
Yet still a clown, and clownishly did woe.

Thus he began:

*Zweet hart, I loave tha, woot tho be my wife?
Zay, const tho like a bonnie country life?
I ne're r'wantee I cood loave like thee,
Nor ever shall: show then such loave to me!
Thine eyes are charmes, thy vavor do's invite ma,
Thou hanzome duck! O let thy loaver requite ma!
Zpeak wolt ta ha'ma? if thou me deny,
I shall be rick, on ricknesse makes vowe: die.
I thout to night 'chad had tha in mine armes,
But when I wake, I ch' was bewicht we charmes.
I do embrace tho oton in my dreames,
But tan I vinde 'tis nothing but extreames
Of loave, and weare, of hope, on passions mixt,
Which genders grieve; dezpaire stonds us betwixt.
O pity ma, and care ma of me r'mart!
Tho hast a bawme woud cure my wounded hart:
My wealth, my goods, on whatsoere I ha,
Shall be thine own, com, dono zay ma na.
This crafty slut knowes how to make her game,
She'd seeme to blush, but that shewante shaine,
She screws him up unto a higher pin*

With silence and delays : now she'l begin
 To speak her minde ; Kind sir, I must be bold
 To breath a doubt, your love's too hot to hold :
 Nor am I willing my estate to change ;
 This thing call'd love, to me was ever strange :
 Nor can I brooke a silent country life,
 I'm far unfit to make a Farmers wife :
 I cannot toile, bake, brew ; nor serve your swine,
 Nor trudge to market, no, nor milke your kine ;
 Nor such like things, which suits not with my breeding ;
 But where you wooe, I'de have you go a speeding.
 And for your love I thank you, and am sorry
 You dream of joy ; but waking spoils the story.
 If you are sick, alas ! you must endure it !
 'Tis not my fault, nor have I balm to cure it.
 What's wealch ? much care a married life doth bring ;
 Ile n'ere submit to such a foolish thing.
 You lov'd another, let her be your bride,
 And so adieu, good fortune be your guide.
 So flunk away.

With that in haste he turn'd himselfe about
 To view the passage ; which way she went out
 He could not finde, but changed like a ghost :
 His minde perplext, his spirit sunk almost !
 His heart in pieces now is like to break ;
 He swels with griefe, so that he cannot speak :
 Thus he continued, though a little season,
 Yet in that time sense rob'd him of his reason.

But she relates his wooing all this while ;
 And how she answer'd, made them all to smile ;
 For they agree'd that she should only try him,
 To prize her more, not that she should deny him,
 For fear he'd change, and never more to crave her ;
 For well they knew none but a foole would have her

Then

Then in they came to comfort up his heart,
But she was absent (that did breed the smart)
In policie, which made him grieve the more,
But she to listen stood behinde the doore;
She'd see th'event; her frowns did speak his doome
If she appear'd; she was a living tombe!

But she was call'd, the matter was debated,
How he lov'd her, why he of her was hated.
They urg'd her to't, faine they would have her married;
She now resolv'd, but presently she varied.
But to be short, they'd not have him deluded,
They joyn'd their hands, the match is now concluded.

But now to shew how he embrac'd his choice,
'Twould make you laugh; and how he did rejoyce;
What he appointed for the marriage day,
('Twas thought the favour did his love bewray)
How he directed. Going plodding out
To tell his fortune, as he lookt about,
He spi'd the maid that lov'd him, told the story
Of this great match, and the intended glory
He'd have at's wedding; how five hundred pound
He had in promise (but not one was bound
To see it paid in money) nor a jot
I feare will ever fall unto his lot!

This harmlesse soule, in hearing this, reply'd,
False-hearted man! with grieve her tongue was ty'd,
She spoke no more; her eyes dropt silent tears,
Her colour chang'd, her mind's distressed with fears!
Her heart was swell'd, it would dissolve, but when
It sent out teares, grieve call'd them back agen!
Sometimes hot feavers seem'd to take fast hold,
Then frosty agues made her shake with cold!
Sometimes the spring spreads beauty on her face,
Then comes the autumn which doth it disgrace!

Time

Time gave her respite to renew her strength;
The clouds blew over, thus she spake at length:

What is truth banisht? or is she asleep?
Is faith in mortgage, that thou wilt not keep
Thy promise made? will conscience passe for coynne?
Death is corrivall of this heart of mine!
My heart is breaking, but it grieves not thee,
For why? thou bring'st me to this misery!
Now, now, thou leav'st me, and thou break'st thy vow,
Which God nor Nature ever did allow;
To cleave to one that is to thee a stranger;
Thou dost my welfare and thy soule endanger.
In wronging me thou dost thy selfe no right;
Take heed, I feare she is a graine too light.
She's coacht with gallants up and down the street,
Iudge then the rest, and shew thy selfe discreet,
To doubt the worst. Why, do I spend my breath,
But for my Bride-groome, constant, gentle death?

Then down she sunk, as if the day were come
To solemnize the wedding in her tombe!
The wormes her guests; they modestly will keep
Their watch, while she doth with her bridegroom sleep!

But raising up her breath, as from the ground,
She then reviv'd, for it was but a swoond.

Then spake this clown, 'twas all the wit he had;

What ailes their voole? what art ta turning mad?

Or dost dizenble? I wooll not believe tha,

Not I, but losse of what I ha' do grieve tha.

Dud I make promosse to tha? woo dud heare it?

Come, do thy worst, na troth I wo not reare it.

I have a sweet heart, though thou raist hur's light,

Hur vlesh is vast, hur's high on big; thy spite

Breast out agens't hur, vor thy noze do swell:

Hur's vaire, of Cowpids kin, I leek hur well.

Hur's

His handſom, young, well bred, on monſtrous witty,
There ne're a viler wench in all this ritty.

A great huge potion: god almighty rent hur,
I love hur mainly, on I hall content hur,
With money, goods, and lands, with pigs, on kine,
My ſelf on oſt: I havea hur hurt, & has mine.
I chooſe a happy man: what ere thou ſay.

Thus having ſpew'd his mind, he runs away:

Poor tortur'd Virgin! how art thou caſt down!
Grieve not to leave this falſe hard-hearted Clown.
Thou lov'dſt too ſoon, too much, and out of ſeaſon,
Call home thy love, let ſenſe be rul'd by reaſon:
Submit to what the heavens do decree,
Which have in ſtore a better match for thee.
Thy heart's ſo bruis'd it bleeds with inward paine;
But gentle time will make it whole againe.
For better objects keep thy love in ſtore,
Thou ſhalt be bleſt; he vexed with a Whore.

But now my Muſe, for pleading on thy ſide
Will loſe the love of the Bridgroom, and the Bride:
She weighs it not, nor will the flatter any;
She hates a bribe, and knows a foole from many.

Now they prepare againſt the wedding day;
(Though not invited) ſhe intends to ſtay
To ſee the ſervice in a corner by
She'll view the couple: now the time is nigh,
All things are bought, both of them rich apparel'd;
But coyn was wanting, and the Taylor quarrell'd.
Now they are marry'd.

To ſhew the manner of this ſolemn feaſt,
The butchers meat, the fowle, and how 'twas dreſt;
Or name the gueſts, or thoſe that did attend them,
What was their own, or what their friends did lend them,
What choice of wine, his waiting on the Bride,

What cost this feast, what paid for sauce beside,
I'll not relate it, 'tis too long a story:
Blame not my Muse, she's not a grave for glory.

But having din'd, he said his father's grace,
And pray'd the Sun to drive away apace,
And whip the steeds with fury to the West,
For in his sight but half could he be blest.
His spirits mov'd him *My phœbus* to invite
To spread his cloud; and haste to bring on night.
Black night being come, he went with's Bride to bed;
He had his wish, but not her maiden-head.
My Muse left them, & enjoy what from love sprung,
For she was modest, and she lost her tongue.

Their nightly pleasures smoothly glide away,
And night is forc'd to give place to the day.
Her tongue's restor'd to shew their griefe o'th'morrow,
Exchang'd with joy, unto the Bride-grooms sorrow!
What he took up on ticket, or the score,
For this great feast, and what he ow'd before,
Must now be paid; he cannot well deny it;
His marriage come, he can as ill come by it;
Yet safe enough, for it is out at use;
(So for awhile this was his chiefe excuse)
Where, no mans knows, nor when it shall be paid,
The bond is cancell'd, or it is mislaid.
He was deferr'd, (it was a cruell spight)
Vntill Dooms-day, at six a clock at night.

His Creditors (as Bees about a hive)
Doe haunt him still, nor is he like to thrive;
His costly mistis keeps him low and bare,
Which makes this clown run almost mad with care.
His spokes-mate, on the pander doth finde out
Where's money to be lent; 'tis brought about
That he shall have it; for it, all are bound,

But when 'tis paid, he onely can be found:
The other are Non-Residents; their trust
Is to deceive. But pay it in he must;
For they'll be gone (for this they must have fees)
Bats have their holes, and Owls have hollow trees.

But having took their pleasures here awhile,
The tide runs low, for time doth them beguile:
Downe in the Countrey they do haste away,
'Tis time, for here it is too hot to stay.

They take their leaves; the farewell of this whore,
"Made him an Oxe, that was an Ass before.

Away they went; their welcome was but small,
Their comfort cold, as good as none at all.

His friends had heard how he cast off the Maid
That lov'd him; and was by a whore betray'd:
How he had spent his moones, and was in debt,
How he was gull'd, and how at first they met:
All their proceedings, how she promis'd large,
How 'twas deferr'd, and how he bore the charge
Of all their feasts: his mother first 'twas spi'd them;
Course entertainment! she began to chide them!

What hast thou done? thou foole! hast sold for nought
Thy selfe, thy fortunes, that thou here hast brought
A noted queene? take her away with thee;

I'll never harbour her: if thou canst see,
Go read thy folly. Shall thy fathers name
Die in disgrace? or live in open shame?

What! bring a whore? go, I will never owne thee
To be my child; all hate thee that have knowne thee.

They were perplex'd, this unexpected change
Gives soules affront; the salutation's strange.

Then went he to a sister that he had,
(A marry'd wife) and there they sped as bad.

It was so noysed up and downe the count,

That Simpleton had brought a Halkey downe,
 No comfort there (his friends were turn'd his foes)
 Nor any where: then back againe he goes,
 Fill'd with displeasure: yet of none lamented;
 Griefe joyne'd with care; he's now grown discontented;
 He lives retir'd, fast bound unto his crosse;
 He thought to win, but he comes off with losse.

Now, he perceiving how the game doth goe,
 Still more against him: faine he'd breathe his wor,
 But brinish teares prevent him: to the smart
 He must be ry'd, which cuts him to the heart.
 Nor help, nor ease, nor succor, nor reliefe
 The earth affords, to mitigate his griefe.
 His Doxie now he cannot well digest,
 She cloyes his stomach that he cannot rest.
 To ease himselfe by thinking of a change,
 'Tis but in vaine: his case is very strange!
 And finding his estate consume so fast,
 He's quite disgrac'd, his parts fall out at last.



SECT. 36.

*The disagreements of his members
 and faculties.*

HE, all amorr, was walking in the street,
 His legs, they took exceptions at his feet,
 For being forward in this bairn out fact,
 They are ad judg'd, and censur'd for the act.

'Twas prov'd they striv'd which first should keepe his
And both are equall guiltie of the crime.

But then the legs as guiltie are accus'd,
They bore the rest, and let them be abus'd;
Yet still were silent; nay, they did uphold
The faction too: and being stout and bold,
They would not yeild; but ever trudg'd apace,
With haste to bring their Master to disgrace
And yet too slow: for when this Lady did sit
Neere unto him, they would not stir a whit.
They were submissive alwayes in her sight:
They'd bow to grace her, seldome stand upright;
They're doom'd, through stiffnessse, not to bow at all;
Or else with faintnesse, as they bow, to fall.

They blame the knees, which first did bring them to
They'd quickly bend, and force the legs to do it:
For temporizing, turning every way,
And flatter'ing him, although he went astray:
Yet true to her, for they would never faile,
But still with patience beare her sinking—

They take distaste, and lay it to the thighs,
Pleading, by them they were deceiv'd with lies,
They being strong, the other being weak,
Perswaded were; their friendship thus did break,
And fall to strife. The hips are faultie too,
For being acquainted when he did her woo:
They soon agreed, that they should make a match;
It plainly shewes that they did mischief hatch.
They're sentenc'd all; the hips, the thighs, the knees
Must now consume; the flesh must by degrees
Waste from the bones; the bones a drying lay,
The sinews shrink, yet cannot shrink away.

The newes of this would fright away the marrow,
But't cannot run, the passage is too narrow.

What neere adjoyner, I would not have it nam'd,
 The cause is foule, that all would be asham'd.
 To heare it pleaded; let it silent lye,
 But let the reines come answer here what I
 Lay to its charge; it ever bred that fire,
 Which gender'd shame, and stir'd up vile desire;
 It mov'd to ill, and fed that lustfull fire,
 And rock'd this wretch into a golden dreame,
 And ready was to wither in all lust,
 Provoking him; and did betray the trust
 It had in charge; and took occasion still
 How to bewitch him, yeilding to his will,
 So shamelesse; it was never knownt to feare her,
 But did rejoyce, when ever it came neare her:
 The censure's sharp; the gangrene and the gout
 Must search the sore, and eat the humer out.

The back, for joyning close un'o this part,
 Assisting it, is like to feele the smart:
 Th' back blames the belly, that it made it strong,
 Receiving food, which did maintaine it long
 In all this businesse: pamp'ring was the reason,
 That it did further, or conceale the treason.
 The belly finding, how it was back-bited,
 For all its kindnesse to the back: how slighted
 Began to grumble: and would hold no meane,
 But still grew angry, when the jawes did eat.
 You'd think him blamelesse, and might well be quieted;
 But he is guiltie, and must not be piti'd,
 Maintaining all against his Masters cause;
 And is condemn'd according to the Lawes.

Then next appeares the liver, and the lungs,
 They'd shift it off; but, for apparent wrongs,
 Who can excuse them? th' lungs are chiefly silent,
 For they did move to further his intent,

By fasting breath: the liver kept the blood,
Which nourish'd vice, which might have been a flood,
To drowne his lust: consumption is their lot,
For this offence: the bowels they must rot,
For being false, and joyning on their side:
It was a cheat, it cannot be deny'd.

These bend their envy all against the heart,
He is delinquent, and must beare a part
Of miserie: for it was false before
To one of worth: but constant to this whore:
And was so soft, that it would swell, and melt,
And in her presence still high passions felt,
With strength of lust: It most despairing lye,
To see all doom'd: that last of all must dye.
Death, Sergeant-like, must straine upon his breath:
If 'twill not yeeld, it must be prest to death.

The armes are bound to answer to the charge
That's brought against them; for they did at large
Spread out themselves; still willing to embrace her;
They might have clos'd; but would not once disgrace
'Twas treacherie; and yet they did agree,
To make a snare, brought him to miserie.
They answer not, for each distracted stands:
But yet at last, they lay it to the hands,
That drew them to so foule a thing as this;
They seem'd to grieve, that e're they did amisse.
The hands did hold her often while he kiss'd her:
And were like chame-twins; else he might have mist her.
They were like pullies; holding would not fade;
Nor would they loose, untill the match was made.

The armes, the hands must suffer all together,
Hang down they must; the blasts & storms of weather
Must shew them justice; all the time they have
Now to repent, is but to scratch a grave.

They blame the head (there all the senses dwell)
 That gave consent; 'tis cleare it was not well
 To overlook, and yet to be so rash,
 To gull him with such stuff, and musty trash,
 The braines had chiefly paid for't very deare;
 But 'twas not not known that he had any there.

But then they tax'd the noddle, and the scull
 For covering all the plot, though he was dully
 And let things passe at random: never thought
 On't till his master gave him selfe for naught,
 The punishment doth fall upon the haire,
 That moulrs away (the scull behind's left bare,)
 For lying still, it never stood upright;
 Nor summon'd feare when this hag came in sight.

The eares that did receive all false reports,
 And keep out true, were tickled with such sports,
 And surfett'd in hearing of her praise;
 Till she was won, the siege was never rais'd.
 They rebound to heare his ruin, and withall
 To beare a share; then not to heare at all.
 The nose mistooke; it could not smell the rot,
 But all seem'd sweet; now stinking is it's lot
 For that offence; the eyes are hated more;
 They spy'd her first, and ever went before,
 To usher in the rest with much delight;
 But they were dim when she was out of sight;
 And did connive her faults; her painted face,
 With what was ill, they counted as a grace.
 They were the spies to watch and bring in Newes,
 Be'ene re so false; the heart they did abuse
 With misconceits; they were so offe in trust,
 Illoverseers! drawn away with lust
 They did dissemble; any one would think
 They clos'd with sleep, when as they did but wink.

They'd

They'd never rest till they had brought about
 This fond attempt: all this is out of doubt,
 The judgement's past: they must be drown'd in tears
 In open view, that he that sees, or hears,
 May warning take: then dimnesse must o're take them,
 And by degrees their sight shall cleane forsake them,
 When fruit is gone, then leaves shall stay behind
 To shew the reason why the eyes grew blind.

The tongue is deeply guilty in this case,
 For flatt'ring first, and then to be as base
 To give denyall to that maid, & whom he
 Had been engag'd: 'twas plaine hypocrisie,
 By it the secrets of the heart were broken,
 Had it not been for this, none would have spoken,
 It blab'd abroad what ever it did find,
 Though ne're so closely seated in the mind:
 Such was its force, it might have all controll'd,
 And broke the march, if't had been wise and bold:
 It made the motion: then the rest about it
 Did yeeld: the march could not be made without it,
 No art but this (he never went to schoole)
 He'ad learn'd to sell his master for a fool:
 He's sentenc'd publique to confesse the crime;
 Then to be silenc'd for a little time,
 And when he speaks, to faulter in his tale,
 Imprison'd I, then not capable of bale.
 The fault's so great: being bound unto the peece,
 His jaw's the grates: but if it get release,
 It speaks true nonsense, that's the legall sum:
 Then greif, and shame at last must strike him dumb.

But now the chaps, for opening at a becke,
 And let him prate at randam without cheek,
 (The teeth did snarl, and bite flesh guiltlesse, long,
 Yet for this fault ne're snarl'd nor bit the tongue.)

(They

(They were confederates) therefore 'twas no wonder
 The chaps must fall; the teeth shall drop in sunder.
 Nor is the throat sound innocent: for why?
 The voyce had freedom, though 'e ne'r did deny
 The breath a passage: sounding out the note.
 Rough, hot, and dry: the nature of the throat.
 There was a fine laid on the subtil breath,
 Sentence adjourn'd unill the day of death.

Now all the members, feeling smart, are griev'd;
 They cast a plot (in vaine to be releiv'd)
 Against the intellectuals; malice breaks:
 The heart indites, and every member speaks;
 And plead, they govern'd them, and ever when
 They mov'd them, 'twas as Devils move in men.
 They could not stir, nor bring forth such events,
 But still were forc'd, and us'd as instruments.
 All that they did, was by the livened soule
 Devis'd, and acted; who did all controule.
 This is injustice! can it equall bee,
 That we should suffer? and the soule go free?
 Search out the cause: is it not very fit
 Those parts should suffer, and we should be quit?

The Understanding 'tis, that's first straign'd;
 The charge is heavie; for they all complain'd,
 How he deceiv'd them: never tri'd the case,
 But gave consent that Will should take his place;
 Which, like a Tyrant, quite suspended Reason.
 It might more freely plot and work this treason.
 What he propounded, all must yeeld unto it:
 Or else must suffer, if they would not do it.
 Be't ne'r so bad, none must dispute the cause,
 The Will will stand, and crosse all humane Lawes.
 All's currant coyne; what e're it did erect,
 To chuse this whore, the other did reject.

It made the match, and every thing's done by it;
This is not civile, nor do I belye it.

Th' affections, like to pages, for-moſt run,
That ſhould be hind-moſt: having ill begun,
As ill drive on: with haſte they turne to paſſion,
And roaving bring the members out of falſion.
They ſlight, and hate, where they ſhould truly love;
And love amiſſe, ſtand ſtill, when they ſhould move.
Luſt ſteeres the courſe, the compaſſe-rule is Senſe,
Conceit's the Pilot; no man knows from whence
Theſe Furies come, not whether they are bound:
Though they are out-law'd, they are ever found
Moſt buſie, with the reſt, to all that's evill;
As if they had their lerry from the Devill.

Their cenſure is; the Underſtanding's loſt;
Or by the Will it ſhall be ever croſt
In all deſignes; and carried like a ſlave,
And be a vaſſall, nor can freedom have.

The Will for ſo intrenching on that part,
Againſt its will, muſt undergo the ſmart,
To be imprizon'd: never to be free;
To do, or not to do; 'tis miſerie
To be ſo ſervile! yet here's no remorse!
Though't will not bend, yet this will breake its force.

Th' affections loſe their ſtrength, nor can they taſte
What's good, or bad, the ſenſes are laid waſte:
Or if they move, it is not like that ever
They ſhould attaine to what they doe endeavour.

Thus parts, and members in their kindes are ſtied;
With ſhifts or leadings none of them are quitted,
With one conſent condemned as they ſtand,
They beg reprove, and blame the guiltie hand.
They make it plaine (but if he hear't will mad him)
That was the cauſe, or elſe ſhe had not had him.

He could not move her, till he brought in that
 All leane conceits I he took her with the fat;
 That did the deed; and promi't more contents
 Than he, or all his clownish complements.

It is decreed that some must morgag'd bee
 To pay his debts, the others that are free,
 The Vsurer shall rye them by a band,
 Which forfeited, he'l straine upon the land.
 The feeling Lawyer too, must have a share
 E're all be gone. This emblem of true care,
 When all is spent, can he live on the rest?
 His hope dies first; for warning 'tis exprest.



THE S E C T. 37.

*Of a handsome cunning Whore, that had the
 Pox, and how she deceived her husband; and
 how she died.*

A Citizen, who had deserved Fame,
 (His honest dealing raised up his name.)
 The world did smile upon him: he was blest
 With wealth, with credit, and above the rest
 He priz'd his wife; her carriage seem'd so sweet,
 So full of beauty! and her words discreet!
 So free from cholet! she was milde, but witty;
 In all appearance, none in all the City
 Was more compleat; but see, such was his Fate!
 None in the land, was more unfortunate!

Though

Though she was faire, milde, young, and seeming wise,
Her heart was false; her husband in her eyes,
Was undervalu'd; she was fraught with evill.
Her out-side's faire; her inside's like a Devill.

'Tis strange dame Nature should be so o're seen
To give a beauty fitting for a Queen,
And keep all vertue back: can she dissemble
Her dowry thus? 't may make all beauties tremble!
Or is she mov'd with spleen? or to enthrall
The Faire? then dame, give vertue none at all.
Or is she blind, to think it is her duty
To give some vertue, and the other beauty?
O, part them not! how sweetly would they shine
Both being mixt! how lovely, how divine
Will be the lustre! are the best exempted
From beauty, 'cause she's loth to have them tempted?
Or do's she work by owle-light? or has she
Sworne vertue plainly to deformitie?
Or vice to beauty? keep them in some place,
Or vice will rob true vertue of her grace.

Here I could lose my selfe; but I must turne
Vnto the Whore; now she with lust Joshburne,
And takes her time to walk about the street;
If any lecher do's this Harlot meet,
Few words will serve; she'l quickly give consent,
Those ways of darknesse, give this whore content,
Nor do's she stand upon't, though she be fine,
And he be bare; nor do's she trade for coyne,
She wants not gold, or any thing beside.
But in a while she was so Frenchified,
That hungry Gall had seized upon her flesh,
Her colour pale, that formerly was fresh.
And through her flesh it gnaws upon her bones.
She to her husband in these mourning tones

Express

Express her mind: alas! I am not well;
 My flesh is sore, the Doctors cannot tell
 What is the cause; my bones do ake, my heart
 Is grown so sad, poore I do feele the smart
 I feare a deepe consumption has possess'd
 My virall spirits, in my griev'd brest!
 I'm melancholy, keeping so within,
 I seldome go abroad to see my kin.
 I doat upon a husband, too too much;
 I cannot chuse, alas! my love is such
 You do not care if death should take my life;
 Then farewell Peg! you'd have another wife
 Within a month. I cannot long remaine,
 Vnlesse I have a cure for my paine!
 The Bath, I understand, is verie good,
 To ease my griping paine, and purge my blood.
 If any thing, 'tis onely that can do it,
 If you'l consent that I shall go unto it.

This honest loving man, did ne're distrust
 She had the cankers that was bred of lust.
 No spark of jealousie possess'd his minde,
 (Say, is't a gift, that Cuckolds are most kinde?)
 He thought her verminous, she to him did passe
 For every thing, save onely what she was
 And thus he answer'd her.

How am I griev'd for thee, my dearest Lovel
 Thy paine is mine: how doe my bowels move
 And melt with true compassion! and my heart
 Is swell'd with sorrow! oh! the hidden smart
 That'sgendred in my brest! my teares are bent
 To pant it out; but grieve affords no vent
 Thy words doe overcharge me, so that I
 Am like to sink! my joy with thee will dye!

What's

What's all I have to thee? what's my endeavor?
 Thy life, thy death will make, or murther me ever.
 O! cruell pittie! Shall I have delight
 So short a time! will Fortune shew her spight?
 And rob me of my love? thou art divine,
 Flesh cannot long keepe such a soule as thine!
 The Angels envie earth, for they will come,
 And fetch thy soule; and Fame will make thy tomb;
 As lasting as thy praise. How do I call
 My *Genius* up to pittie this my fall!
 O! let me yet enjoy thee! and I will
 Slight all things else, but glorie in thee still.

Go to the Bath, here's gold and money store;
 If thou gain'st health, I never shall be poore.

He would have went himselfe, or sent his man;
 But she repli'd, no; do the best you can,
 Look to the maine; expences will be large;
 I'll go alone, and that will ease your charge.
 Good company are alwayes going downe;
 And if you will but bring me out of towne,
 I aske no more; but pay the Coach-mans fee,
 And he will take an honest care of me.

She's coach'd, and gone; but he is discontent:
 And these good wishes after her he sent.

Let that swift Mover, that o're-looks the sky,
 Move gently now; and let the numbers by
 Smile sweetly on her! Sol, give her thy grace!
 Although she has more beautie in her face,
 Than thou hast in thy prime. When stars have got
 Vpon her Beautie, let them all amaz'd,
 Yeeld her the praises! let the spheres below
 Melt with desire, when once they do her know;
 But never prate, or tell the horned Moone,
 Sh'e eclips'd the beautie of the Sun at noone

Left she should hide her face, with envy spite her,
 And flinch behind a Cloud, when she should light her,
 And let the wanton ayre be so discreet,
 Not steale her breath away to make it sweet;
 But let the earth boast (rising one degree,)
 For bearing such a lovely saint as she,
 Let not the plants with emulation strive!
 Or swell with lust, wish to be sensitive!
 Put let the flying quire learne how to sing:
 Her Odes, her Eulogies! Ple imp the wing
 Of him that sings it best, as they begun,
 So let their discords into Concords run.

How can the horses drawing her along,
 But march in state! let them though they are strong,
 Obey her words: yet let 'em take such pride,
 Not to draw coaches by the high way side,
 Like hackneys any more: but serve some Lord,
 (Their worth will then be known) that will afford
 Them better keeping. Let the Coach still rest;
 'T has done enough in carrying such a guest,
 And let the Coachman, though he be a Clown,
 ('Cause by his care he carry'd her safely down)
 Be rais'd to such preferment, that he may
 Find by experience what a happy day
 It was to him! let low conceits no more
 Take up his mind: he never had before
 Such credit in a journey; such a blisse
 Oh! how he triumphs that he hap't on this
 Oh! If the Bath can once but give her ease,
 And ground of hope, to cure her strang disease,
 (Though I am absent, yet 'twil swage my paine)
 And winged time, but bring her safe againe,
 How happy shall I be! these thoughts do give
 Such sweet impressions that my heart doth live.

Come

Come home my joy, and banish hence my feare !
I dream'd to night, and thought I had thee here.

This flut being at the Bath, findes no releife:

(It never cur'd such a desperate grieve)

She thought some villaine that was yong and fresh,

Would have imbrac'd her care on rotten flesh,

And cover'd shame with sin. Oh ! harefull thought !

Nay, for her money thee would faine have bought

A sin at second hand. Hell's not agreed

To bring a patron for so foule a deed.

All judg'd for fowle: such Imps are seeming-wise,

Her face wants colour, nose, lips, teeth, and eyes

Betrai'd her hopes; some had much money spent her,

The P: did fright 'em and they would not venter.

She's fowle returned, newly from the Bath,

And talkes of going home, but mist the path:

Yet she's contented (though she knows 'tis wrong)

The bawdy-house where she at first was stung,

Did entertaine her: they ad renew'd their store;

The sp'rits were gone, that haunted there before:

The gall-or empty purses drew them thence,

And now this whore hopes for a recompence.

Her face was painted fresh, and she was bold;

Sh'had rich attire, and she was full of gold.

At last a Novice comming newly in,

On purpose to commit this cursed sin,

(The Devill having stole him from his Master)

He paies his entrance; and he'll be a taster

Of blasted pleasures: when this whore had spi'd him,

She cast out jests, and smiles; the more she ey'd him,

The more she lik't him; (thought she) this 's the man

That must free me from shame, if any can.

She held him in discourse, and found his mind:

Then he rejoycing that she was so kind,

Grew impudent; being taken with her sight,
Yet feares to speed, because his purse was light.

When she perceiv'd it, then she gave him gold,
And what he lov'd, she wisht him to be bold,
And call for't in; they sup't with dainty fare:
All sorts of wine they had; nor did they spare
For any cost; this Novice did exceed:
His seeming heaven prov'd a hell indeed.
They having sup't, to bed they went together;
He thought good fortune did direct him thither.
She blest her selfe, and thought by this endeavour,
She should be cured of her shame for ever.

These varlets lay more groundwork for their sorrow,
My modest *Muse* will come againe to morrow.

The night they spent in lust: but when they spide
The mome begin to dimme bold *Cynthia's* pride:
They must be gone, feare call'd him first away,
And *Chanticleer* the trumpeter of day
Sounds out alarme, he wisht againe the moone
But curst the day, because it came so soone.
Why dost thou bring this bold audacious light
Within this roome to fright away the night?
Must I, must I be subject unto thee?

Th' unwelcomst guest, that ever came to me!
Thou art a teltale, and a makebare too:
Why com'st thou, but to spye what we here doe?
Goe back againe, thy shining visage throwd
In some close cell, or else behind a cloud:
Sray there a while, that I may have my ends:
(A small request) and then we will be friends.

But light's impartiall, finding things uneven,
Reveales the truth, because it came from heaven.
Ere they doe part, they point both time and place,
To meet againe, he thought it such a grace

To be esteem'd as worthy of her lover;
 Hee thought the gods had sent her from above;
 Now home she's gone, for me to shew what cheere
 He did provide, to welcom home his deare;
 How he imbrace't her, how he did rejoyce,
 And how he prais'd his fortune in his choice;
 How they discour'st of what she did endure,
 And how he pittied her and of the cure
 Of her unknowne, and dangerous disease;
 How he reviv'd, and how his heart had ease;
 And how he prais'd the Bath, and was content
 With all the charge, and money that she spent;
 And how he gave her more; I need not shew it:
 Nor is't to any purpose if you know it.

Within three dayes, the time was come about,
 He at her garden house do's find her out.
 Five pound in gold she gave him; yet was she
 In debt to him for his last courtesy.
 He mur'd at this! yet thought it was to gaine him;
 Sh'ad costlly fare besides to entertaine him.
 Such queanes as this, do make the ayre stink,
 And crush their husbands till they make 'em sink.

This cod-head then rejoyce, thinks all is well,
 But yet ere long, he felt his members swell.
 His bowels ake, such griping in his bones,
 That all his language was express'd in groanes:
 His colour chang'd, the dimness of his eye
 With's faltering speech you might his grief discry.
 Then to a Doctor went he, for a Drench,
 Who ask't him where he met that pocky wench
 That had so paid him? but he'd not reveale her,
 She made him sweare, that he should still conceale her.
 He to his mistris did his grief discover,
 Who told him that she'd be his constant lover,

And gave him gold; but at another time
 She brought him fifty pounds; that is my time;
 And told him, that she'd make her purse strings crack;
 Although her husband did, he should not lack;
 Five hundred pounds, said she, I will provide
 (Against thy time is out) for thee beside;
 But he refus'd the proffer'd fifty pound,
 Left he should in a golden stream be drown'd;
 But he must keep it, till that he had need;
 And so they parted, being both agreed.

She long continued in this shamefull course
 (Before she was found out) without remorse,
 She desp'r'dly her husband's goods did spend;
 Her time, her strength unto a hatefull end:
 Although it was perceiv'd how she did fall,
 Her husband would not see't; love cover'd all;
 But more and more, her vileness did break out;
 Her sin, her shame, fame had so spread about,
 H' was forc'd to heare, and see; his heart did say,
 Come quickly death, and take my life away;
 How am I cross'd in my chief delight!
 Come, come and hide me, with the shades of night!
 'Tis but a boone to take away my breath;
 The life I have is but a living death.
 More had he spoke, but passion was too strong;
 Teares made him blind, and grief attach't his tongue.
 This cunning strumpet in her craft is caught,
 And now she finds that sinfull pleasure's naught.
 Her old disease consents to quit the score;
 Then down she falls, and leaves her husband poore.

Her Epitaph.

Here's painted vice that did deceive the world,
 Her lust had caus'd cankers in her throat;
 She dy'd upon't; and in this grave was bury'd.
 By this you know she was a whore of note:
 'Cause she was light, and full of merron mirth,
 She's clo'd about with heavy-hearted earth.



SECT. 38.

Observations from histories, of lascivious persons, but chiefly from the collection of Cornelius Agrippa: abridged now for this purpose.

De vanitate Scientiarum.

Not only now, but in the ancient times (crimes Whores have been common; and those loathsome Have been esteem'd; the Egyptians did devise With shew of worship, how to sacrifice To Priapus; and Rome did still allow Of Brothell houses: may not we see how The shaveling Priests, leane Friars, fat-back Monks, Did joyn their dwellings neare the filthy puncks? Houses of Nunnies are often private Stewes For common harlots; they devotion use

To shelter sin; and hooded Monkes, and Friars
 May match the worst, that are lascivious liars.
 Heathens did think, 'twas policy in state
 To suffer whores; great *Solon* did create
 A law to quit them; *Apollo* in those ages
 Did reckon him one of the seven Sages:
 'Tis proved by *Philemon*, and *Menander*,
 ('Tis strange a man so wise should prove a Pander)
 Yong men might have their harlots: he first did
 Erect that Temple (where such queanes were hid)
 To wanton *Venus*; they were priz'd in Greece,
 They without feare, their customers might flece.
 When *Perses* Realme began much to decay,
 In *Venus* Temple they were set to pray.

In *Corinth* they did use that very thing:
 And *Ephesus* of infamy did ring:
 For faire whores, they did raise up sumptuous building,
 And praised *Venus*, when they found 'em yeelding.

Wise *Aristotle* had a great esteeme
 Of common Strumpets; he by sense did deeme
 Them fit for honor; he did so much prize
 His *Hermia*, and *Ceres*; factilize,
 He offer'd to 'em. *Venus* was the first
 That us'd this art in *Cyprus*; many durst
 By her perswasions, to commit this sin,
 Yet she must be a goddesse. Hell broke in
 Then unresisted: Maids did go astray
 By custome still, before their marriage day,
 To gaine a dowry: but they gave a fee
 To *Venus* first of their Virginity.

The *Babylonians* did allow, that all
 That were decar'd in goods, or were in thrall,
 Should give their daughters to the will of those
 (What ere they were, or be they friends, or foes)

That

That would relieve them; for *Aspasia's* sake,
Pericles did great battels undertake.

Lampridius saith, an Emperor of *Rome*
 Did keeps a house of whores, when's friends did come
 Vnto his feast, he'd make 'em freely eat,
 (What he provided, was provoking meat)
 According to the number of their dishes,
 So were their whores; the're bold to reape their wishes.
 For bawds, and whores, so much he did esteem them,
 That he from death, and prison would redeem them,
 He call'd them soldiers; and he gavethem pay:
 But chiefly when he found them at the play,
 He'd shew his bounty: she that lov'd the art,
 And was most skilfull, did possesse his heart;
 And any Matrons that did love the pleasure,
 He'd free 'em for 't, and pay 'em from his treasure.
Cirena, in this way did all excell,

She was surnam'd the gulf of lust, or hell.

Proculus did deflowre in one night
 Ten faire sweet Virgins; with his cursed might
 In fifteen dayes, a hundred he did force:
 This Lord of *Pluto's* never had remorse.

The Poets faine that *Hercules* did more,
 H'of fifty maids made every one a whore
 Within a night. *Sappho* is guilty too,
 (A Poetresse) cause she did *Phaon* wooe.

Metrodus concubine, her wit did bend
 In writing books, her whoredome to defend,
Leena th' *Athenian*, would not name her friend,
 Though tortur'd on a rack her life did end.
 I wonder hell should such a temper give!
 To save another she deny's to live.
Rhodope that famous Quean did get so much
 (A thriving whore! time found not any such)

As built a Pyramis (in dust she's hurl'd:)
 That still abides a wonder in the world.
Thais would never trade (that faire fac'd beast)
 Except with Kings, or Princes at the least.
 But *Messalina* (being an Emp'rours wife)
 Esteem'd her lust as pretious as her life.
 In Stewes she did the rankest whores exceed;
 Though strength did faile, desires still did breed.

What need I speake of *Joane*, the Naples Queene?
 Or other Gallants, that would sin unseene?
 Or of faire *Iulia*? or that Monarchs lust?
 Or *Pasiphae*? and how the plague was just?
 How many great ones were by such meanes got?
 How some were cool'd with curses, when th' were hot?
 How Kings have left their Queens? how divers more
 Have been bewitcht, disgrac'd, undone, made poore?
 What looks, and gestures, words, and hot embraces,
 Bold strumpets use? you'll finde them in their places.
Lais the whore, was prais'd by *Cephalus*,
 And *Nais* extoll'd by *Alcidamus*.

Most of the ancient Poets (more or lesse)
 Did wanton folly in their songs expresse.
 But *Ovid* more, to his *Corinna* writes
 The praise of lust: more fully he indires
 I'th' Art of love (or else the whorish Art)
 To paint out whoredome; strumpets had his heart.
 In other things I do his wit applaud;
 But yet in this, what was he but a Bawd?
Oclavius for it banisht him from Rome;
 Let bawdy Poets here have such a doome!
 Such poyson'd pamphlets heretofore were burn'd;
 And all the Authors out of favour turn'd.

Let Masters banish them out of their schooles,
 Lest they corrupt the youth, make them prove fooles.

The learned Plato, from the Common-wealth
Did drive such sinners; 'tis against the health
Of nations, persons; Rome sometimes did renew
Their priviledge, when *Flaminus* they flew,
With divers more: with blood they purg'd this crime,
This sin grew out of fashion for a time.
Of this fowle fault, who ever guiltie is,
Shall finde it apt to give him what is his.

The womans lust doth differ from the men,
The young from old, the rich from poore agen.
The Countries too, just as they are enrag'd,
So to their lusts they're diversly engag'd.
Mans love is fervent, womans obstinate,
Young men are wanton, old men purchase hate,
Poore with their service, rich men with their gifts;
The most with feasts, the roaring Sparks with shifts.
The Gentlemen with maskings, fights, and playes,
The barren wjt in painting out her praise.

The Italian doth dissemble with his love,
With verses he'l applaud her still, to move
Her to affect him: then he'l jealous grow:
Without a watch-man, he will not allow
Her libertie; if he cannot obtaine her,
His tongue shall vent out spleene, and he'l disdain her.

The Spanyard, in his lust, will much desire
His mistris (with complaints) to quench the fire.
And to obtaine her, he'l adore her much:
When he hath got her, then his minde is such,
Through jealousy he'l spoyle his; or agreed,
She must be common to relceve her need.
If she denies him, he's much discontented,
And like a fiend before the time tormented.

The French man, being hot, seeks to obtaine
His wish with songs; if jealousy his braine

Doth

Doth once possesse, he doth lament his case:
 If he's deceiv'd, he'll raile and curse apace.
 But if he gets her, long he will not prize her,
 He'll love another, then he will despise her.

The German being cold's rais'd by degrees
 To love, by art he strives, and then with fees.
 If he mistrust her, he will ne're abide
 Her company: his heart soone qualifi'd.

The Frenchman loves in shew, the German covers,
 The Spaniard doth conceit that all his lovers
 Are conquer'd by him. Th' Germans love comes to't,
 But still he puts in jealousie to boot.

The Frenchman loves a wench that's full of pleasure,
 Though she be foule. The Spaniard has his treasure
 Laid up in beauty, be she ne're so rude.

But she that's bashfull'st in the multitude,
 Doth please the Italian; the German doth embrace
 Her that is bold, and hath a brazen face.

The Frenchman turnes a foole, being obstinate;

The German he growes wise, when tis too late;

The Spaniard to gaine favour in her eyes,

Will undertake some mighty enterprize;

The Italian will such dangers undergo,

As if he'd have her where she would or no.

But are not Brittaines with these vices mixt?

They borrow all, and weave their owne betwixt,

Great persons were besotted by this vice,
 As *Hannibal*, and *Claudius*; *Caesar* twice.

Achilles for his *Brises* stop't his fight.

Marke Anthony was wounded with the sight

Of *Cleopatra*: many more were brought

To end their dayes; some first, some last, all naught.

How were the people that were once belov'd,

Curst for this sin? when stormes of wrath were mov'd,

They

They were not quickly laid; some were undone,
And by this meanes were Nations over-run.

And many wives were by their husbands slaine,
When law was out of use; oh hatefull staine!
And men for this were murder'd by their wives,
And for revenge they sacrific'd their lives.
The motherly law in *Althea* was so chang'd
To cruell harred (and her minde estrang'd)
She slew her sons, and whoredome was the cause
That she and others broke strict natures lawes.
Who can digest it but an iron breast?

A wife, a mother here is turnd a beast!

But bawdry that doth patronize this vice,
And draw them to't, and sets a higher price,
As youth and beauty differs: ther's exprest
A middle sort betwixt the worst and best:
It hath the helpe of many arts to draw,
And pleads a custome from the heathens law.
Nor is it like the cobwebs taking flies,
But feathered fowles are taken for a prize.
Nor onely beasts that winter hath made bare,
It takes the pamper'd with this subtrill snare.

The civill young man, and the modest maid,
With matrons, wives, and widdowes are betray'd:
To helpe this Art there's many a thing in print,
Young bawdes may learne, the old are perfect in't.
The art of Grammar, how to speake and write,
Doth much availle, love-letters to indite,
With quaine expressions, flattering words, and moanes,
With Verbs and Adverbs, Adjectives, and tones
From Interjections. Women must beleeve
They joy i'th their presence, in their absence grieve.

Then next to this comes wanton Poetry,
To teach the pen to act adultery.

With

With Fables, Pastorals, Epigrams in rimes,
 Stroll'n from old *Venus*, to infect the times;
 And in our dayes, some Poets are as bad
 That foster bawdes, their wits do make them mad.
 Some have to please a puffed-past, or a punch;
 Employ'd their frothy wit, and being drunk;
 He that can of his snuffe spawn out a brat,
 He'll swear there is no poetry like that.
 You must be sure his praises not to smother,
 He'll pause awhile, and then belch out another;
 Drink twice about, and fill him up his glasses,
 He'll be the man, the other are but asses.

The Orator comes very close behinde,
 With eloquence he ravisheth the minde,
 And helps the bawd with language to perswade;
 But some historians more prefer her trade.
 What's *Lancelot*? *Tristram*? *Adrials*?
 Or *Peregrinus*? or that of *Calistus*?
 Such wanton stories often have such power,
 That wives are lost, and maids they do deflower.
 She that can frame discourse of such things best,
 In City or in Court, above the rest,
 She is esteem'd; this, and another suiter
 Sue for her strongly, yet she is a neuter.

But who would think that Logick should give help
 And milk to nourish such a venomous whelp?
 The foule it makes seem faire, the black seem white,
 The wanton modest; that which gives delight
 (Be't ne'te so bad) 't will set upon't a glosse
 To cheat plain truth, at last it bears the losse,
 And musick is a servant to this Art;
 But wanton singing beares the greatest part!
 Unfavoury catches do the minde transport,
 Then fleshly lust is counted but a sport.

Ale-meetings are as help, for there they may
 Have freedom to embrace, to kisse and play,
 The tripping Lasse that doth so smoothly glide,
 She'll catch her prey; in corners then they'll hide,
 Lascivious pictures give to lust a wing,
Venus, *Praxistiles*, *Eupid* that wanton thing,
 Corrupted *Alchida*, one being deni'd
 Fortune for's money, by the picture di'd.

Wife *Aristotle* did so much abhorre it,
 He'd have the chiefe inventer punish'd for it.
 The Geomancers, telling fortunes, dreames,
 With Soothsayers, they raise men to extreames,
 Astrologie and Magick hand in hand
 Do bring in lust, and modesty with stand.
 Potions there are, and drinks bewitch'd with charmes,
 Some lost their lives by't, othets brought to harmes.

Physitians have beene guilty, they can come
 At any time into a private room,
 And work their ends, and then without a fee,
 They'll promise to restore virginity:
 To keep the paps from growth; besides he will
 To do her pleasure, make her barren still.
 That she securely cursed sin may hide,
 He'll day the ruines o're of madam Pride;
 And colour barlots, make them fit for sale,
 And starch up pock-holes; books do tell this tale.
 Some herbe are found that will increase desire;
Ovid made boast how oft he quencht his fire,
 And yet it flamm'd agens; a famous Poet!
 Nor sham'd of sin, but all the world shall know it.
 Vnder the shew of Physick, dyvers do
 Undo themselves, make eothers guilty too,
Eudemus with *Livia* had his will,
 And *Drusus* knew not; *Messalina*'s ill

Was hid awhile, that *Claudius* could not finde
 But she was sick e; to lust she was inclin'd,
 Bold *Aristippus* having *Thais*, that whore, I
 At his command, when others kept the dore,
 Did vaunt upon 'e, when others spent their state
 'Pon her, she keeps him at a lofty rate;
 Then sensuall things he strangely did applaud,
 And this Philosopher did prove a bawd.

And handy-crafts of women drawes some in,
 If they embroider, weave, or sew, or spin.
 Some carry gloves and girdles; with a toy
 Such plodding queans do oft poor maids betray:
 Thusthey begin, but when their labour's past,
 They'l set up bawdry, having first a cast.

Brave exercises of great ones hath obtain'd
 Vnlawfull love; as *Romulus* once gain'd
 The Sabine women: so *Amur* did
 By hunting win faire *Dido*, being hid
 From his companions. *Jupiter* did use
 Shepherds for bawds. It is undoubted newes
 That Mariners to *Venice* bring rich freight,
 And retaile Merchants in exchange have naught.

Sumptuous banquets often have enflam'd
 The blood with lust, then men were not asham'd
 To shew themselves like beasts: as *Virgil* writes
 In his *Aeneis*; time curst such delights.
 Ther'are many other things which doe agree
 (To paint a whore) to helpe out bawdery.

O! all enchantments (yet I dare be bold)
 Ther's none of them can be compar'd with gold.
 The jealous man with gold is soone appeas'd;
 The simple cuckold, if with gold he's great'd,
 Is pacifi'd: the watchman's overcome,
 Gold opens gates; the private sleeping roome

Is enter'd by it; gold takes part with mones;
 Charmes, locks and bolts, and conquers bars and stoncs;
 Nay, gold hath oft dissolv'd the marriage knot:
 Some have been rais'd by it, (such a lot)
 His wife being faire, that he's become a knight:
 Another rogue to please a Lords delight,
 Hath been advanced to a place of state,
 Another he's unhappy-fortunate.
 An out-worne varlet, that was very poore,
 Hath been advanc'd in marrying of a whore.
 There's history that plainly doth declare
 That Priests with Nuns (although they had a care
 To goe to shrift) have been as bad as any,
 And at their thriving have deflowred many,
 Whose soules (to heaven they pretend to gaine)
 They sacrifice to hell and lasting staine.
 They thinke it sin to marry lawfull wives,
 But not a sin to lead lascivious lives.
 A ruler made his boast, ten thousand fines
 He had from Priests which kept their Concubines:
 In former time in Rome they did decree
 (For Venus temple, and for bawdery)
 That in the day men follow, whisper, venter
 To aske, to kisse, to promise, and to enter
 Without controle, in house or postern gate,
 And reap their vile desires, being late.
 Put feare and shame aside, and banish sadnesse,
 Use oaths, guile, violence, deceit and madnesse.
 The husband cannot know what child's his owne,
 Yet he must reap what was by villaines sowne.
 But *Julia*, that feigning subtile trull,
 Tooke no strange in-come, till her ship was full.
 The heathen gods, and persons of great worth,
 By practise and permission did for forth

The

The bawdy art : as *Mercury* and *Ban*,
 And brave *Vlysses*, though a noble man,
 Was prov'd a bawd : *Pope Sixtus* did erect
 A noted stews, and whores and bawds protect.
 Those that did rule their church, did reckon in
 Their constant gaines, that issued from that sin.
 A common proverb up and down did go,
 He payes his ducate, keep a whore or no.
 In any kingdome swolne with avarice,
 There's nothing ill that is a golden vice.

A woman might (her husband being gone
 From home) for money live with any one,
 And ne're be question'd. Countries were oppress'd
 With heavy burdens : Princes were distress'd
 Such that defend it, say, tis to prevent
 A worser ill, to give young men content.
 If from a kingdome whores are took away,
 All married wives and maids would go astray,
 And widdowes too. What case is that place in
 Which cannot stand unlesse 't be propp'd by sin ?
 Who is 't but knowes, within the holy land
 Whores might not dwell : how strongly did it stand,
 Till they broke in 't : but after 't was betray'd,
 Fell by degrees, till it was quite destroy'd.
 The *Nicholaites*, they to avoid distrust,
 Did give their wives in common to the lust
 Of any man ; lost nature was their guide,
 They thought they had religion on their side.
 Those rulers that gave way to 't, and consent,
 Though they no letchers were, the punishment
 Shall find 'em out : I wish that all may hate
 This gulfe of hell, before it be too late.
 He that's above and sees, and holds his tongue,
 The world shall know, will not be silent long.

S E C T. 39.

*Of a company of Roysters comming to a Stews,
and chaffering with the Pawd for the Whores, as
men doe for Lads in Smithfield, &c.*

(night)
WHen that blacke tyrant that doth joyne with
Had chas'd away *Don Phœbus* from our sight,
And took possession of his lofty seat,
Though light was gone, he left behinde him heat;
Some is contracted, which both flames and burnes,
Time has decreed, that they should reigne by turnes,
The lesser eyes of heaven did finde out
(When night did rule, and strive to bring about)
Vnmatch'd devices: from prodigious birth,
Proud *Pluto's* Captaines do derive their mirth.
(The turnings of the clew) shame did discry
A market made in hell; my muse and I
Are now at ods about it; her request
Is, that she may goe free, or else be prest
To overlook the marker: I am bent
To give her leave, and further her intent,
Black dammee sack, Bold Dick, and high-way Ned,
(They were no scoundrels, they were better bred)
Came to a house of fame, they would have bought
They knew not what; when they their money sought,

The *Indies* had it, for their climate's cold,
They could no silver keep, nor harbour gold.

No entertainment there; so they were faine
To lose their labour, and goe back againe.

But shortly after, having money store,

They camy agen (he first would chuse his whore,
Whose purse was fullest) then they call the bawd,

And rouse the pander up; both being aw'd

When they had shewn them gold; we've money now;

Come, bring your jades, you cannot but allow

Vs here to drive the price; let's see your ware;

Jack. But bring the best, dam me, I never care

If ware be fresh, and good, what rates I give;

I am no foole, hang't, every trade must live.

Give me a jade unrid, that's plump and fat,

With dainty colour'd hayre, for I like that.

Dick. Give me a lively mare whose limbs are strong;

For she'll performe a journey though't be long:

Quick-sighted, nimble, with a tender flank;

Not of the highest, nor the lower rank.

Well joyned, free from spavins, with a breast

Broad, large, and comely, with a dainry crest.

Ned. Bring me a beast that's wilde with wanton rage;

Her grinders white, her mouth must shew her age;

A little head, her hayre I'll have her owne,

With rowling eyes, her face not common knowne.

Well hipt, round-buttock'd, with a good strong dock;

Her forefeet small, a curious fetter-lock

Vpon her feet behind; she must not faile

(To grace the rest) to have a beesome taile.

Set not too high a price, say what you'd have?

Ile give it freely; this's the lade I crave.

The Bawd commands the Pander to bring out
Her pamper'd colts, that they may trot about.

Well

Well trim'd, and bridled up ; they may be sold
This market day ; or hired out for gold.

Now here they come ; and one among the rest,
Being yong and handsome ; on this pretty beast
Iack Dammie sets his mind, he does enquire
What for a journey, he must pay for hire ?
The Bawd replies, I sweare, she is not crackt,
She's only skittish, having ne're been backt.
Sh'has no defect : ten pounds to me is due,
But yet I'le have but halfe so much of you :
In hope you'l use her well ; pray lay her soft,
She will not faile you, if you walk her oft.

Iac. Pray let me try her, for I never durst
Give so much coyne, unlesse I tri'd her first.
She may be broken-winded, blind, or lame,
(Trub turne about ; speak, is not that her name ?)
If she should faulty prove, my money's lost,
My time ill spent, I in my journey crost.
Three pound's enough ; I'le give you halfe in hand,
If she performe the businesse, then command
The rest at my returne : my journey's short,
I'le drill her on, the travels but a sport.

Come, I'le not stand with you, you are my friend,
And customer ; pay, take her, there's an end.

Then dicing *Dick* makes choice, he cannot find
(In every part) one suiting to his mind :
At last he spide a neat one, faire in shew,
She had no fault, but that she was too low.
Pray mistress Bawd (said he) what is your price ?
In faith (said she) she has been backt but twice,
She's every way compleat ; upon my word,
As sure as all the Countrey can afford.
Three pound's the rate you must give for her hire,
I'le pawn my life, that she shall never tire.

Here's twenty shillings; when I come agen,
 If she proves right, I'll give the other ten.
 Well, take her for this once, pray use her well;
 She's somewhat choice; where she did lately dwell,
 She fed on candid provender, her thirst
 Was quench'd with Spanish water: no man durst
 Attempt to back her till he gave her gold;
 She was too full of metall long to hold
 Her spirits in, without a golden show;
 She's small, or else sh' has no defect I know.
 You may befriend me, when the gamesters win
 Good store of gold, then do but bring 'em in
 To see my pretty rogues, that's all I crave,
 I will requite thee, thou thy choice shalt have
Sine pecunia. Quack, no more; I'll bring
 Home many blades, that love to sit and sing
 All care away. Come, little Tib, thou'rt mine,
 And for thy hire I have paid a fine.

Now rustick Ned, at last he views, to see
 Among the lades, if any left there be,
 That he can fancie; one he quickly caught,
 To know her age, and then he spies a fault,
 Her mark was out; then he began to doat
 'Pon one broke-winded, rattling in the throat;
 He did not like; againe he turn'd his eye
 Vpon another, but he diddiscry
 Her hip was fallen, with a rotten rump,
 Her taile quite spoil'd, left nothing but a stump;
 Another had the glanders, some the fashions,
 All were defective; then broke forth his passions
 Against the Bawd; you do me much abuse!

Must I take trash which other men refuse?
 Is't 'cause you think my pockets are not full?
 Or do you think me such a simple gull,

That knowes no difference? clowns indeed are wise,
They ride not late, or feldome early rise
To goe a journey; but at Christmas next
I'll take my time, I shall be th' rowly vext
If I should misse a boon, that shortly will
Fall I know where; pith, I have money still
To pay a double fee: bring forth a Iade,
And if I like her, we shall quickly trade.

Pand. There are but three in all, two are not able
To worke a jot, nor yet come from the stable:
One has a tympany, she's swell'd with fat,
The other has been lately over h'at,
Which makes her ill; the third indeed is strong,
As true as Steele, being active, sound and yong:
Her colour will not change, she's perfect black,
Ile take my oath, she's mettlesome to the back:
But she'll be costly, she will alwayes eat
The purest mancher, and the daintiest meat
That can be got; and for her drink you must
Give her French water, mixt with Indian dust:
Foure pound's the rate to you, you are my guest,
Though you chose last, (in troth) you have the best:

Come, here she is. Pray give me leave to speak,
What ere you say, me thinks her dock is weak:
Her neck is thin, flat hooft, her back's too long,
And out of flesh too, how can she be strong?
My journey's easie, but she'll rise an end,
And fall down backward under any friend.

Here's a *Jacobus*, with all faults I'll take her,
She will performe the task, or else I'll make her.
If she be gentle, ready still to stand,
I'll walk afoot; and lead her in my hand. (met

Barvd. Well, take her on these terms, and when yo'ave
With a faire boory, do not me forget,

But bring me coyne, and quaintance ; I'll have care
To hide the fault, so I may have a share.

Nothing but mum ; I hope ere long you'll say,
Of all the rest, that *Ned's* your dainti'st boy.

The Bawd is pleas'd, the Pander has his fee,
They having baird, they did all agree
To take their journeyes ; out they set together,
Being mounted on the furies ; then the weather
Began to change : the Devil he runs by ;
What need they ride on post, when hel's so nigh ?
If Iustice strike, they in a little while
May light at hell, as one may ride a mile.

Great *Pluto's* Post-master, if any tire,
At next stage he wil' fit 'em : for the hire
They need not care, he'l trust : another day,
When all their journeyes end, he'l have his pay.

The metall'd beast, as black as any coale,
Doth falter first, for she is prov'd with foale.

Tibs grease is melted ; and the Farriar must
Shew all his Art, they leave her to his trust.

The young one too is founde'r'd in the belly,
And all her blood is settl'd to a jelly.

Jack swears *Ned's* mad, nor doth the gamester win ;
They're faine to leave these cattle at the Inn.

But taking fresh ones, they againe set forth,
And steer'd their course point-blank unto the North,
With furious speed : their way they cannot misse,
'Tis hel's broad way ; they may be there by this,
If they return'd not ; they have *Natures* Sun
To give them light. Farewell, the market's done.

Scd.



S E C T. 40.

*Of a fearefull Indgement that happened in
the City of Angers in France upon three men; La
Fontaine, and two other; how they lay with
the Devill, and how they dyed.*

WHen low-born *Morpheus* with his swarthy face
Had char't the day into another place :
With blind conceit, declaring to the sight
To match himselfe to that sad Queen of night :
The fixed stars deny'd to give consent,
But hid themselves, being fill'd with discontent.
Though silent night had bush't the earth asleep,
Yet hags did walke, Owles fly, and serpents creep.
Sleep that was kin to death, laid some to rest,
Lust that was kin to hell, had some posselt.

Among the rest, three gentlemen (whose worth
Was noe worth naming) newly comming forth
Into the street, straight one of them began
To speak, (but judge was't like a gentleman ?)
You know my boys, how freely I did eate
Of that made dish : it was provoking meat ;
It warms my blood, and summons up my lust,
To seek some Curtizan ; ye saith I must ;
I boyle, and burne within ; who can endure it ?
'Tis a disease, a youthfull sin would cure it.

Boone cavaliers, lets seek about for ease,
 I know you're both so sick of my disease,
 As I am now; there are Stews in this Town;
 We'll have the wenches, or we'll pull 'em down;
 I'm confident, should I a Devil meet
 Shap'd like a woman, walking in the street,
 He shall not scape my hands; but I would try
 If he had flesh, whe're he would with me lie.
 (Alas! poore Sodoms Imp! thou'lt quickly know
 Him from a woman when you meet below!)

Come Noble blades, walk but along with mee,
 I'll find a present remedy for all us three.
 Be you but bold; and then we need not feare,
 (My tide's too strong for flesh and blood to beare)
 If we should misse t'attaine a wench with words,
 Then let's be valiant, and draw out our swords.
 We'll neither beg nor steal; we will but borrow
 A curtesy; we'll laugh, and pay to morrow.

Thus said, a woman did appeare in's sight,
 (A page before her bearing of a light)
 Compleat in show, so beautifull and faire,
 Her eyes did light and pierce the clouded aire.
 To whom this fore-man, thus begins to prate:
 "Save you faire Lady! walk you here so late?
 I'm mov'd with pittie, who can chuse but moane
 Your sad condition, walking here alone?
 Accept me as your servant; none shall wrong
 You by the way, if I but walke along.
 I am a Gentleman, and 'tis my use
 Thus to preserve faire Ladies from abuse.
 Grant me this favour, cast a smile on me;
 Had I your love, how happy should I be!

Then she repli'd, sir, this your sweet behaviour,

Your

Your love, your care, your undeserv'd favour
 You shew to me, deserves more love than I
 Shall e're require, untill the time I dye.
 But whil'st I live, I'll ne're forget to prize
 Your kindnesse: to requite you I'll devise,
 I was by friends invited to a feast;
 (Although, I say'r, I was the chiefest guest)
 They were so overjoyed with my sight,
 We could not part till twelve a clock at night.
 My husband's gone from home; if he should know
 That I was out so late, he'd snuffe and throw.
 Much like a Mad-man; if you did him see,
 As you are a Gentleman, you'd pity me!
 Home I must go, if he's at home before,
 He'l brawl, and fight, and kick me out of doore.
 'Pon small occasions, he will raise up strife,
 He's still unkind. I live a weary life!

They hearing this, did think it was the last
 That they did seek for, many words did passe
 Amongst them all; her words did give them strength,
 And drew them on: with one consent at length,
 They ventur'd out this blast:

Sweet mistress, never feare, for you shall find
 True friends of us; so loving, and so kind,
 As ever Lady did; our lives, and all
 Shall lie at stake: to free you from this thrall.
 The churle shall know that we will take your part,
 And rub his gills: and when he feels the smart,
 He'l grow more tame: pish, hang this froward foole,
 We'l find a trick to make his fury coole.
 A jealous coxcombe! we may hit the veine,
 And let him blood; then that will help his braine.

Then by and by a key her page drew out,
 Let them into a roome, all hang'd about

With

With Taffata: the colour perfect yellow,
 A fire in't, where they did think to swallow
 Their pleasures in by gosse; soon she was drawn
 To prostitute her selfe; when they did fawn,
 And praise her beauty; she did quench their fires;
 Each one of them fulfill'd his vile desire.
 When they had found such full and sweet content,
 How faire she was, how soon she did consent;
 They judge her as a prize of wonderous worth;
 She scorns their coyne; they set her beauty forth
 The more at large. Much kindnesse they would do her,
 If she'l but grant they may come often to her.
 Their pleasure was but short: yet in that space
 They prais'd her limbs, her hands, her eyes, her face.

Then thus she spake; why do you now rejoyce
 In this your sudden and unwary choyce?
 What have you gain'd now, but a horrid prize
 A shew of goodnesse, which will prove but lies?

Then one of them reply'd; I think you are
 So faire, so handsome, and beyond compare
 For qualities; of such a sweet condition,
France cannot shew the like; had I commission
 To search the fairest out, I'd come to you;
 And what I speake, is nothing but your due.
 With that she answer'd; turne your eyes and see
 What purchase you have got; you lay with mee,
 And had delight: now bid adieu to pleasure,
 For your reward is worse than empty measure.

Then pulling up her garments from below,
 The stormes did rise, the furious wind did blow.
 And presently they heard such claps of thunder,
 As if the earth were forc'd to rend in sunder.
 The lightning flasht, or els they'd had no light:
 And there they did behold the fearful sight

That

That ever eyes beheld ; the sight of hell,
The horrid shapes, the blacknesse of the cell,
The burning in't, the dreadfull cloven feet,
The gasping ghosts, how Devils did them greet.

Then presently they were struck down together:
The house was vanish't, and the stormy weather
Was put to silence ; but they three were found
Groveling in mire ; all the City ground
Could never match that odious stinking place ;
This Divelish whore, there leavesthem in disgrace.

One coming by when *Titan's* flags were spread,
And spide them all, but one of them was dead:
The other two lay wallowing in the dirt ;
(Besides the filth, none could perceive 'em hurt)
But they found death was making way within ;
Their soules were wounded with the curse of sin.
They for a Priest with one consent did cry,
They'd faine confesse their crimes before they dye.
In this distresse time did afford them hope,
That they should have their pardon from the Pope.
He that did first vent out lascivious breath,
Now fals to be the second man for death:
For on the morrow, death being mov'd with lust,
Did ravish him ; then left him in the dust.
The other, two dayes after did resigne
Himselfe to death. Now if this quill of mine
Were dipt in blood, 'twould make the reader feare
A whore for ever ; and to drop a teare
For these unhappy men ; Oh ! never more
Let lust prevaile ! the Devil's turn'd a whore.
Oh ! horrid state ! what ease were these men in,
To poison time, and dye in such a sin !
Did ever Monsters match with fowler evill ?
Did any villaines seek to court the Devill ?

Till

Till *Fountaine* did begin ? did hell intend
 A plot to bring them to a cursed end ?
 Or is't in travell with a stranger birth ?
 Or has it leave to keepe exchange on earth ?
 Here's quick returne ; 'twil send a whore agen,
 If it has hope to catch more such vile men.

Did *Proserpine*, the feigned *Queen* of hell,
 Send out this Nymph ? does *Pluto* like it well,
 To be a Carpenter ? (the house seem'd faire)
 Builds he by Parent castles in the aire ?
 Who's his Vpholster, that did make the bed ?
 Or was't a grave, made to enclose the dead ?
 Whence came the hangings ? was't from hell ? I know
 There's hanging still ; but 'tis not there for show.
 What fire was it, that gave such light to those ?
 'Twas but the flashes from that hel-hounds nose.
 It seem'd to be from hell (for 'twas a spark
 Too full of heat :) but that it was not dark.
 Did *Vulcan* make the key to let them in ?
 And paint old *Venus* o're ? did he then begin,
 To call her first from hell ? he's old and lame ;
 And he's asham'd to answer to his name.
 Did *Dipsas* let that roome (a little time)
 While they committed this accursed crime ?
 Or did the Broker do't, cause they were three,
 In hopes they'd pay him with a treble fee ?
 The Devil's growne a Broker ; and I will,
 In seeing one, think on the other still.
 Give one a prize, pay treble, he will fawne,
 If Devils lend, they'd have their soules to pawne.
 How fell the house so suddenly away ?
 The works of darknesse cannot brooke the day.
 How soone are shadows gone ! though they appeare !
 Sin ends in discontent ; 'tis blasted here.

Men wanting reason, are depriv'd of sense,
The Devill seemes a whore, for recompence,
Their reason and their sence renews againe;
But 'tis in iustice, as they're seales to paine.
Whores are not Devils yet, time is not past;
Beware, or they'l prove Devils at the last.
The grave hath shut his jawes upon those men,
I'll write their Epitaph, and weepe agen.

The Epitaph.

THese haplesse Imps were partners in an evill,
That shamelesse time did blush to beare and see;
They acted fornication with a Devill;
Have spirits flesh? 'tis strange! how can this bee?
They were the beasts, that us'd a Devils bed:
(A plague they got) but had no maiden-head.



SECT. 41.

*Of a young man that went to drinke with a
whore, and how he was tempted,
and gull'd.*

VPon a time, when the pale Queene of night
Was forc'd by *Titan* to yeild up her right,
Then bold *Aurora* does her flag's display,
T'invite her guests, to usher in the day:

A night-bird yet was scene; and this I finde;
Sh'was truly fowle, but made of woman kinde.

She met a man, well clad, with money plentie;
His outside shew'd his pockets were not emptie.
She looks upon him; but the man was mute,
Then she broke silence, for she had a suit
To him in private; calls him by his name,
(Whether he was a man that us'd the game
That she affected; or by accident
Had learn'd his name, to further her intent,
I cannot tell) she profer'd him the wine;
Shake hands, you are a countrey man of mine:
I know your friends, pray tell me how they do;
I know your lands, and I have lands there too.
But that my Vnkle, like a churle, in spite,
For slipping once, does keepe away my right.
My brother sold my linnen, and my chest;
I've divers things that trouble much my brest,
T'acquaint you with ('twill mitigate my paine)
The help I have, is, freedom to complaine.
Thus spoke; unto the Taverne then they went;
(The twig was greene, and he was quickly bent)
They're entertain'd, and having drank a quart,
She'll make't a pottle; how can friends thus part?
I cannot talk untill I take my liquor;
Come drink about, 'twill make my brains the quicker.
When that was drunk, seeing 'twas his hap to find her,
For charge of wine, he scornes to come behind her.
They make it up a gasson: then this sinner
Does make enquiry, what there was for dinner?
A pullet, and a woodcock she esp'd,
They must be dress'd, and what they had beside,
The bill will shew; till then be you content:
Xenoth to leave them in their merriment.

They

They ate, and drank, she brought in fresh discourse
Of country, friends, untill her throat grew hoarse.

But having din'd, they both forgot their grace :
This whore grows warme, and with a shamelesse face
Begins to tempt him : clips him, then she kist him,
And sweares she would not for a world sh' had mist him,
But he not stirr'd, her bold attempts did grieve him,
He chid her for't; chuse whether you'l beleeeve him,
Fie, fie, my countrey woman, and so rude ?
I thought y' had been with modestie endu'd :
But now I see your ends : fire sends out smoke,
(I am afraid it was but faintly spoke.)

But she reply'd, It was no fault of mine :
If 't be a fault, impute it to the wine.
'T was for thy sake, affections did me move :
Is that amisse, which springs from too much love ?
Be not so stupid, do not frowne or vex ;
'T is but the fondnesse of the female sex.
'T is true, 'tis boldnesse, thus for me to woo thee,
I'de give delight, that's all the harme I'll doe thee.
Have I not beautie, with a colour fresh ?
Am I not young ? have I not tender flesh ?
My parts agree, my hand's as white as milk ;
Thou may'st embrace thine armes full of this silk.
But thou deny'st me : art thou such a foole ?
What, heartlesse quite ? and are thy spirits coole ?
A Stoick sure ! affections thou hast none ;
Art thou a man ? or art thou wood, or stone ?
My countrey-man ! and yet to want a spirit ?
I am asham'd ; hast thou land to inherit
And not a man ? Fortune ere long will send it.
What good wilt doe ? thou'lt want a heart to spend it
Thy face does promise more ; I feare th' art gelt,
Thou blushest now ; then faine she would have felt ;

But

But he deny'd her; then they fall to drinking:
 And now this quean doth beat her braines with think-
 How to be gone: leave him to pay the shot: (ing
 He's but dry meat (thinks she) there's nothing got
 By such a thick skin: so she makes excuse
 To have a place that was for private use.
 This project took, it finish'd her intent:
 The passage being free, away she went.

He in her absence, nor a sleep, nor waking,
 His fancy wrought, his braines o're charg'd with aking.
 Thereeking vext his mind: she staid so long,
 He fear'd a cheat; but yet he held his tongue.
 At last the news was brought that she was fled:

What is my country-woman so ill bred
 To sink away so rudely? now to leave me?
 With flatter'ing words, oh! how did she deceive me!
 Is this the love she did to me pretend?
 Deceitfull slut! but now I see her end:
 I'de faine be gone, this place is like a tombe;
 Bring in the bill, and let me know my doome.

The bil's prefer'd, examin'd too so far
 (His cause is heard, and tryed at the bar)
 That he is guilty: so the man is cast.
 Behind his back, they sentence on him past;
 Not so severe, but he might be redeem'd
 With coyne: for money makes a man esteem'd.
 This bil's a bill of debt, 'twas never seal'd,
 In time the Statute might have it repeal'd,
 And made it void; there's witnessse that 'tis due,
 T'prevent the worst, just while the bill is new,
 It must be paid: 'tis brought, though he doth spread it,
 His eyes being dim, the Drawer's faine to read it.

Inprimis

- Inpri. *A quart of dainty Muscadine.*
 Item. *With game-Hens eggs in number nine.*
 Item. *Four quarts of Sack, upon my word,*
The best that London can afford.
 Item. *Five quarts of Claret, fine and neat,*
To fit your stomachs for your meat.
 Item. *A Pullet, of the very best,*
With sauce, exceeding neatly dress'd.
 Item. *A Woodcock, though 't were somewhat stale,*
'T was fat, and white, it roasted pale.
 Item. *For bread and linnen cleane and white,*
To please your minds, and give delight.
 Item. *Small beere, your lasses and beas to coole,*
It serv'd a Whore, and pleas'd a Foole.
 Summa totalis.
The reckoning tall, doth now amount
Agreeing with a just account. } 4—10—11

With sighing, vexing, when he heard it read,
 With fixed eyes, and shaking of his head,
 With heavy looks, and other signes of grief,
 He suer unto his pockets for relief:
 And finding succour in his great distresse,
 (For they redeem'd him from his heaviness,
 And freed his heeles) for that he was content
 To keep them as a lasting monument.

He's gone, but shame attends him: he's afoe
 Vnto himselfe still wheredoe'r he goe:
 His conscience chides, tels him he did not well
 To trust himselfe so neare the brink of hell.
 Sins entrance still, forerunneth a greater evill,
 And whores do lay men open to the Devill.
 Besides, report will blaze abroad the shame,
 And then disgrace will seaze upon his name:

His friends will hear't, they'l grieve, in grieving flight
 His toes will snarl, & in their snarling bite him; (him:
 His friends wil doubt the worst, till they have try'd him;
 His foes will speak the worst, and then deride him;
 Both friends and foes will heare of his disgrace;
 His foes will laugh, his friends, lament his case.
 All men will judge him guilty of the ill,
 And twading Fame will nose him with it still.
 The sight of Taverns shakes him limb, by limb:
 He'l think that some are there bewitcht like him:
 But going by that Tavern, where the punk
 And he did eat, and drink, till both were drunck;
 And thinking how they dallied; what a gull
 She made of him: Oh! then his heart is full!
 He reads the ground, asham'd to shew his face:
 Cause 'twas to him a sinfull, shamefull place.
 Open disgrace, and secret shame within,
 Goe hand in hand: this is the fruit of sin.



SECT. 42.

*How he met with her again; of their
 discourse, and how he paid her for a
 large reckoning.*

BUT after this, his choler boil'd to rage:
 He's grown the scorne, a wonder of the age.

Great

Great shame and horror mixt, breeds his disease,
 Revenge alone is bent to seek him ease.
 Revenge must make a plaister for his sore;
 And to his sins, he'llaine adde one sin more.
 He seeks this whore, nor can he chuse but mind her,
 Knows not her name, nor when, nor where to find her;
 But on a time, *Don Phadon* being drest,
 His chariot mounted driving to'r'd the West,
 He rode in state, his countenance was faire,
 His glitt'ring beames did gild the wav'ring aire:
 The earth was crusted, plants had hoary beards,
 A snow-white Canopy did hide the heards.
 The airy quisters were kept in thrall;
 And Chanticleer's the speaker for them all.
 The Northerne treasures broke: it scatters cold:
 But that brave Champion seeing it so bold
 Drives it to corners: though his golden sight
 Doth fright it thus; it comes age'n at night.

Turne, turne my *Muse*, why do'st thou now digresse?
 Sinfull revenge tho' rebound here to expresse?

Vpon occasion, walking by that place
 Where at the first he chanc'd to see her face,
 (It seemes to me, she kept her Market there,
 And what she sold, was rotten ware, and deare)
 He spi'd her, she knew him, they must renew
 Their former friendship; now they will be true
 To one another, they'll but quench their thirst,
 Not make a day on't, as they did at first.
 He had forgot her slip; nor did it move him,
 He's satisfied now, if she will but love him.
 The wine they had; he that at first time saw her,
 And waited on them, is again their drawer.
 He had the charge to watch her, he was willing
 To do't to purpose, for't he had a shilling.

The wine was naught, or she had lost her taste;
Sh'd have a dainty bit to break her fast:

'Tis very wholesome mornings: 'twill imbellish
The vitall parts, and give the wine a tellish.

Fri'd Sausages, they had; she was content
To stay with him, and other men prevent,
If he had money: then he shews her gold,
Which joyes her heart; and then this whore was bold
To call for wine, and faggots for the fire:
Bespoke a dinner to her own desire:

Then she began to dally, sport, and play,
Sung bawdy songs, to passe the time away:
She do's engage her selfe unto his pleasure:
And tels him he ne're knew what hidden treasure
She had in store; I know thou know'st my mind:
Stir up thy heart and thou maist quickly find,
Thou hast no mind: do, prove thy selfe an Ass,
T' embrace the box, and let the lewell passe.
Thy betters would be glad to have this proffer;
And men in Scarlet would embrace this offer;
Nay sue, and sue again to have my love,
By friends, and gifts, and if they could but move
Me to affect 'em, happy they would be!
There's two or three a looking now for me.
I love thee best of all that ere I saw.

Above all things I love bold natures law.
Look upon me; do'st dote upon a stone?
Or art thou griev'd 'cause thou hast ne're a one?
What, moulded allosf earth? hadst thou but fire
Mix't with thy blood, thoud'st shew it with desire;
My blood is active, see it in my veines;
My spirit's lively, and my youthfull reines
Full of desire, but this at last I think,
Thou art a man, but proffer'd wares do stink.

Thus spake, she ceas't:
He mus'd a while, faine he his mind would break,
Yet so put to't, he knew not what to speak.
He'l not deny, nor yet would he consent:
While he was pumping how to give content,
Dinner's brought up: the first, then second course:
And after dinner, then the queane grows worse;
But he's the same, if you'l but take his word:
I'll leave the doubt; if any can afford
A good construction, help me at a need,
Which way to turne, that we may be agreed.
She calls for fiddlers, but they cannot come:
They are imployed in another roome.
These sherring rogues did shew themselves but poore,
They did not come, to wait upon this whore.

They now provide for supper, and they cast
What fowle to have: the reckning must be last.

They dranck, they striv'd so much as they were able
To bring each other, underneath the table.
He's turn'd a hoghead, she is but a barrell;
He leaves the snuffes, and she begins to quarrell.
Their braines are drown'd; though they can hardly stand,
They'l drink the other pottle hand to hand.

Now they have sup't the cloth being tooke away,
Her mind runs on the score, that was to pay:
And faine she'd sink away, but that he ei'd her:
She was halfe gone, and then the drawer spi'd her.
Then she began to drink afresh againe:
She stretcht her guts, to overcharge his braine.
Thinking at last to scape, and get renown;
But yet the hoghead drank the barrell down:
And then away goes he, and leaves the whore
Asleep: but waking, she must pay the score.
But when she wak't, and found that he was gone

She was perplex't: for money she had none.
 She calls the drawer to bring in the bill,
 She reads it thus; though sore against her will,

Break fast.

- Inpri. Three quarts of *Allegani* fresh and good,
 To strengthen you and help your blood.
 Item. Ten quarts of good *Canary* sack
 To drown your braines, bring you to wrack.
 Item. Eight quarts of *Claret*, that was it
 That made you drunk, and stole your wit.
 Item. For *Sauſſages*, and six *Roast beiffe*,
 That gave the knave and whore relief.

Dinner.

- Item. A *Capow* roasted, very fine:
 Honest folks might with it dine.
 Item. Two *Rabbits*, *Feldrivers* beside;
 You did exceed and show your pride.
 Item. A brace of *Teile*, a dish of *Larks*,
 Not fit for those with bawdy marks.

Supper.

- Item. A roasted *Hen* 'twas fresh and new,
 Sh' was never trod so much as you.
 Item. A dish of *Pigeons*, and a *Tart*,
 Such lumps to eat it, vex my heart.
 Item. For *Bread*, and *Cheese*, and *Linnen* clean,
 That well might shame a nasty queane.
 Item. For *Fagots* which did feed the fire,
 To fit you for your whorish hire.

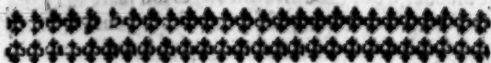
Summa totals.

The same amounts to you may ser,
 That you had cost, with bawdery, $33-4-5$

When

When she had read the bill, it much did feare her,
She blubber'd out (the knavish boyes did jeare her)
Such snotty teares that wash'd the painting out;
The wrinkles now appeare, her pearled snout
Has all the colour; being grown so hot,
She must be cool'd, for now to pay the shot
She must deliver up her beaver hat,
But 'twill not serve, (yet she is vext at that.)
Then she is stript out of her silken gown;
Had you but heard her sweare, and seen her frown,
You would have thought her mad; she curst the man,
And call'd him villain, rogue, thiefe, what she can
Devise to reckon; then the Drawer last,
He must be hang'd, the sentence on him past.

Away she goes, so like a Bedlam hag,
Had she a goblet and a canvass bag,
Then *Besse* of Bedlam she had now been nam'd,
Being impudent, she scorns to be asham'd.
Sh' has musick as she goes, made by an owle,
And dogs do bark, some other dogs do howle.
But if some Beadle, after this her stripping,
Had been so good t' have help'd her to a whipping,
Sh' had had her due. I doe not speak with fainting,
The stripes had lasted longer than her painting,
But in the morne, when day began to dawn,
She went with money to redeeme her pawn:
(For whores and theeves still keep a stock together,
They say 'tis good to helpe in stormy weather,)
But if her tale brings in no better prizes,
Her hands ere long will bring her to th' affizes.



SECT. 43.

*To a Fidler that was importunate to be
entertain'd in a Taverne by two or
three Gentlemen.*

A Fidler comming to a tavern late,
(Thar day had been to him unfortunate)
His brains being over-soak'd, his tongue was oyl'd,
And tipt with non-sense; but his fiddle fail'd
To bring him in his vailes (which mov'd his ire)
Being strung too low, nor could he raise it higher.
He's out of sorts, but seeking for reliefe,
His melancholy fiddle tun'd his griefe.
For want of custome he alone did play
The lamentable tune of *Welladay!*
Faine he'd go home, but then his empty purse
Restrain'd his purpose, and his brains did nurse
A poore conceit of home; to helpe his need
His fiddle's better strung; it is agreed
That he should search the house, perhaps he might
(To help his day) speed better in the night.

But comming to a room where he did finde
Some company, but nor to shoot his minde,
He prest upon them, would take no deniall,
He'd give a lesson, having tun'd his Viall.

Then one reply'd, trench not upon this ground,
What, dost thou come to charme us with a sound?

Whence

Whence canst thou now ? Spright-like thou dost ap-
Speak, art thou come to play upon us here ? (peare,
Thy hollow-hearted fiddle sounds within,
Thou'dst be as empty, were it not for sin :
Thou with thy fiddle maist compared be,
For that without is varnished like thee.
The upper end doth represent thy face,
But thine doth change more ; trading with the base
Hath made thee so : the neck is very long,
So thine would be, if it were once well strung.
But with the strings I will not once compare,
Thine should be hemp, but these are made with haire.
Thy fiddle's dry, it soundeth with a touch,
Thou art not sound, but thou art wet too much :
Yet both of you are common in the towne ;
The fiddle hath a bridge, thine's broken downe.
The pegs will make the strings or low, or higher ;
So is thy note, thy face being set on fire.
Iucrease of liquour will not coole thy hear,
Thou sing'st for drink, and thou dost scrape for meat.
To touch thy name it is not my intent,
For 'tis confirm'd by act of Parliament.
But thou art proud, and wilt not owne thy name,
Thou art a shifter, canst thou shift thy shame ?
Thou play'st away thy time, (thy strings will break)
And thou canst play, although thou canst not speak.
The Milk-maids have a garland, thou must be
Their chiefe Musitian, and thou maist be free
Against the Wake, and at the Whitsun Ale
Thou maist get in, if thou canst tell thy tale
With impudence. Bears would thy musick grace,
But that a Bagpipe-player has the place.
Thy state's not much, nor much is like to be,
Tis gotten ill, and wastes as fast as thee.

But

But thou runn'st not in debt, none will thee trust,
 Except the chandlers wife, alas ! she must !
 (Thou bring'st her custome) therein thou maist boast,
 That thou canst score five shillings on the post :
 But if she aske it, thou wilt graspe her middle,
 Pay her wjth words, and bid her go and fiddle.

Thou hast no trade, nor wast thou born to land,
 Yet all thy gettings are from hand to hand,
 If thou canst tune thy fiddle, clear thy throat,
 Perhaps in time, a round skirt pie-bald coat
 May hide thy faults, then wilt thou pay thy score,
 Musitioner ? thou'rt fiddler then no more.

But pry'thee tell me, wast not thou of late
 With roaring blades, and ev'ry one for's mate
 A doxie trull ? when they did dance and drink
 Excesse of wine ? and boyling o're the brink,
 They sought our hell : he was much like to thee,
 That cover'd sin to gaine a Panders fee.

When they went in, it was not their intent
 To graft their shame, the Drawer did consent
 To draw them in ; thy did not think to do it,
 Thy fiddling, with the wine, provok'd 'em to it,

Thou art no Thiefe, yet thou dost steale mens time,
 Their honesty, their coine to buy a crime.

Thou art no Cheat, but this all men may know,
 For what they give, they' ve nothing left to show.

Thou art no Bawd, but yet a bawdy song
 Thou'lt charter out, if wine stop not thy tongue.

Thou art no Begger, but thou do'st invade,
 And trench most grossly on the beggers trade.

Crowd, crowd away, let us thy absence borrow :
 Then thou maist play to night, and beg to morrow.

Scd.



SECT. 44.

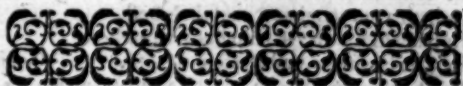
*To an impudent whore that came into an Inn,
and clapt and kist a man before company.*

THou shamelesse Hag, why dost present thy ghost
In this frequented place? is this a coast
Where night-hags use to meet? or art thou come
To shew the foulness of the fall of some?
Or art thou sent from hell (our faults to spie)
To drink a hoghead, 'cause the place is dry?
Or (*Ignis Fatuus*) like that foolish fire,
Would'st draw us from the way into the mire?
Whence cam'st thou? tell me, turne thy selfe about;
Thy face doth conjure, and thy eyes dart out
Such beams of lightning that it makes me wonder!
Is 't not a messenger before a thunder?
What skin is it thou wear'st? I pry thee tell,
Art thou the ghost of painted *Isebel*?
Or didst come newly from the Serpens den,
To parle about a truce and peace with men?
Or art thou come to blaze abroad thy name?
Would'st keep a school to teach the simple shame?
Or art a gloworme, onely seene at night?
Or art a seeming substance to the sight?
Can any spirit drink a round carouse?
What say mine host? Do spirits haunt your house?

I judge thou art none by thy humane tones;
 Besides I know a spirit hath no bones.
 What art thou then? an Angel, or a devill?
 No, they are spirits too, they'l shew thy evill.
 A Hag, a woman-sepent, and posselt
 With hell above ground: titles firs thee best,
 That suits thy nature. Hell-hounds do I know
 Break loose sometimes, but yet they dwell below:
 They're shapt with shame: none did I ever see
 Of all the brood so impudent as thee. (him,
 What, old acquaintance met? 'las! thou must kisse
 Thou didst in Newgate or in Bridewell misse him.
 Hast no regard to company, that thou
 Art bent to shame a bashfull devill now?
 Thy hands are snares. Oh! let me never finde
 Or heare thy like in any woman kinde!

Sin is asham'd, and hell's almost afraid
 It shall be question'd, thou art not dismayd.
 Heaven sees thee, dost not blush? what, past all feare?
 Dost think to make a prey of any here?
 We hate thy looks, (thou sordid trull) and vex
 To see shame grounded in the female sex.
 What charme dost use? thy beauty is not rich;
 What art to draw, except thou art a witch?
 Get, get thee gone, thou learn'dst of hell to wooe,
 Thou'dst faine be laid, and yet be common too.
 Go to the brink of hell to act thy sin.
 Not stir? my Muse, pray call the Beadles in
 To take her to correction: if this whore,
 After the whip, shall sin as heretofore,
 And lay her baits; yet bid her (if she durst)
 Catch any one that's not from God accurst.
 Let all that hope for heaven, have a care,
 And shun the bait, as they'd avoid the snare.

The subtill devill sets apart such elves
 To do that work they cannot do themselves.
 To joyn in lust, they want bones, flesh and blood,
 Nor have they throats to tumble downe a flood
 Of wine or beere: although these sins be rife,
 Say, was the devill drunk in all his life,
 Except it were with pride? he keeps no whore,
 Nor did he 're, but to torment them more
 Than sin e're joy'd 'em: in the vault of hell,
 They'l finde that place far worse than New Bridewell.
 While I digrest, the quean was slunk away:
 My Muse had spoke more, but sh'was loth to stay.



SECT. 45.

*A Parley betweene Nature and Fame, about an
 insatiable man, and of a modest man, being
 abused by queanes.*

(*whore?*)

N. **W**Hat is this man that courts this nasty
 F. I spread his fame, but never saw 'm before:
 He's swarthy blacke, and yellow, and his looks
 Do shew he studies harlots more than books.
 N. Why, he's too old, his wanton dayes are past.
 F. He'l never leave 't while life and strength do last.
 N. How do's he scape the law? he has been in.
 F. It purg'd his purse, but could not purge his sin.
 N. Has he done penance yet, to blaze his name?
 F. No, by his money he defers his shame.

N. Was

N. Was he curst from the Church i' th' sight of men?

F. Yes; but by money he came in again.

N. What, is he married that he keeps this vice?

F. He's married now, he has been married twice.

N. Is this the Trull he keeps? is't only she?

F. One will not serve, he must have two or three.

N. 'Tis mar'l his wife can beare't! doth she not show

Her grievance to the world? doth she not know

How to be eas'd? F. Alas! she cannot finde

A remedy to ease her grieved minde;

Hellights her weeping, and he keeps her bare,

With poore apparell, and with courser fare.

N. What children hath he? F. Divers; 'mong the rest

He hath a son religious; cause he's best,

He hates him most: If he'd but love a whore,

He'd be his father, and affect him more. (Spent)

N. What meanes has he? F. He had much, but 'tis

Most of it upon whores! 'tis his intent

To make an end on't, if he live a while.

N. 'Tis strange the earth should beare a man so vile!

What shall his children do, if he spends all?

F. Why, let 'em work, or beg, or hang 'em all.

N. Can any father be so much o're-seene,

To slight his flesh and blood? or in a spleene,

Run out of all? or for his lustfull pleasure?

Turne to a grave to bury all his treasure?

Has he no care of credit? does his name

Rott while he lives? doth not his conscience blame

Him for his faults? hath he no soule to save?

What, is he sworne to be the Devils slave?

Is nature lost? or is't congeal'd to lust?

F. He has been burn'd: e're long he'll turne to dust.

N. What servants doth he keep? F. Some two, or three.

N. Have they their wages paid? do they agree?

F. He's

F. He's inward with his maids, until they swell,
But then he'll curse them to the pit of hel,
And turne 'em out of dores: they must away
Without their wages. He wants coyne to pay.

N. How deales he with his men? F. Almost as bad;
An honest man of late (I heard) he had,
Who, in his heart, still did abhor a whore,
And therefore he was bent to vex him more.

N. How did he vex him? F. To a bawdy house,
(Where he did use to come for Mutton sowce)
He brought this man: when he perceiv'd what place
It was; and thinking what a foule disgrace
'Twould bring to him; he turn'd himselfe about;
His master spying him a going out,
Call'd him agen; What, wilt thou leave me so?
Pray take a cup of liquor e're you go.

He call'd a queane, and whisper'd in her eare,
She knew his minde; and being many there,
She flew upon him, scratcht him with her nailes;
He felt their hands, because he loath'd their taile;
They were possesst all with the Devils minde,
If he had had no help, sh' had scratcht him blinde.
They beat him too; ('twas hard to be endur'd)
Then bid him look a Surgeon to be cur'd.

N. What cause had they? did they pretend a jest?

F. You must not look for reason in a beast.

Such vermin do so venom, with a touch
They'll blast a man; there's too too many such.

N. How scap'd he from 'em? was he freed by strength?

F. The case being foule, a Gentleman at length,
Redeem'd him from their claws; and he for feare,
Ran out of dores, and never came more there.

N. Where staid his master? F. He was in that place;
For 'twas his plot, to bring him to disgrace.

N. How

N. How was his carr'age? F. He was like to burst
 With laughing at it. How is he accurst!
 Oh! beastly act! how does my soule abhor it!
 N. Do they not feare they shall be question'd for it?
 Our Lawes be sharp enough, I wish they may
 Be executed too; let such a day
 Be kept in minde, writ in a bloody letter!
 To shame them ever, or to make them better.
 They do not feare the Lawes of God, nor man:
 If Law doth search them, they have friends that can
 Soone free them from't: if not, they'l ne're relent,
 Before the sin bring home the punishment:
 Humanitie's banisht from'em; let it finde
 Sweet entertainment in the honest minde!

You shamelesse hags! come, answer at the bar,
 Was his face made for your foule claws to mar?
 The Devill has long talons, so have you,
 He taught you how to use them, is't not true?
 He durst no do so much, not being bid:
 Y'had no command, nor leave, and yet you did.
 A beast (though wilde) is daunted at the sight
 Of living man; 'tis hungrie appetite
 That makes him prey upon him: what desire
 Could move you to this fact, except hell fire
 Was kindled in your hearts? with liels consent
 You spit your furie on the innocent.

What, was't to shew how bravely you were bred?
 Or else 'cause you'l be talkt on when you're dead?
 Then't had beene scene more in a single duell,
 Not six to one: but cowards are most cruell.
 D'ye think to scape so? no, you'l finde this thing
 Shall flye abroad upon the nimble wing
 Of infamy: you'l pay the fine beside,
 With smart to boot, when e're the cause be tri'd.

To please the Letcher you consented: how
 Because you think h^e has brought you money now.
 But if you finde there's nothing to be had,
 I think next time you'll serve him full as bad.
 I know you kick, because I touch the sore;
 But if you bite, I'll rub it five times more.



SECT. 46.

*Of a mans discontent at his wifes lewdnesse
 his travell into the Netherlands: and how his
 wife was married to another in his ab-
 sence; and of his returne, and
 complaints thereupon.*

A man that was sore vexed with a wife;
 (A wife? a whore she was that bred the strife)
 That he was weary of his life, yet had
 No hope to turne her, though she were so bad;
 Which did increase his griefe, and break his sleepe:
 And waking, sought out corners where to weepe.
 She slighted him; nay, when she saw him vex't,
 She'd jeare him still, which made him worse perplex't.
 At last in secret, full of discontent,
 His griefe broke out, and thus he did lament.
 Alas! alas! I am undone for ever!
 Delights adieu! but griefe will leave me never,
 For angry Fate hath all my fortunes crost,
 My shame appeares, but I my selfe am lost!

I'm forc'd to yeeld, and so I must abide it,
 My shame breakes out; alas! I cannot hide it.
 I thought I had been happie; but I see
 That scene is done; this acts my miserie?
 Fate is a Tyrant, else he'd never bring
 Shame on the guiltlesse; but the guiltie sing.
 Fortune's a partiall goddesse; then who can
 Say, who'l be quit, or who's the guiltie man?
 I have carrivall; should not they be blam'd,
 And suffer for't? but I, alas, am them'd!
 They act the kin in climbing to my bed;
 Yet I for that must weare horns on my head.
 I cannot passe, but boyes will point at mee;
 But the delinquents, they scape ever free.
 My house is growne my prison; but what's worse,
 My wife's a common whore, which breeds the curse.

Heavens looke downe upon me! that I may
 Have light, and aid, from her to scape away,
 Into some cell remote; where I may dwell,
 And spend my dayes, my miseries to tell!
 Let *Morpho* hide me with his cole-black shade,
 I may no more a laughing stock be made!
 I'm borne to crosse; and alas! poore I
 Must be content to kisse my crosse, and dye!

He thus distressed, to mitigate his woe,
 At last resolves, that to the sea he'l goe:
 He has some hope he shall forget this whore:
 She hopes as much, that he'l come home no more.
 As yet, the wind breathes a contrarie gust,
 Against his will: then stay awhile he must.
 She fear'd his minde was chang'd, because he stay'd;
 And for his voyage thus at last he pray'd:

Hang, hang this Stage head! what, he'l ne'r away;
 For ought I see, he is resolv'd to stay.

No way e're to be freed of this crosse knave;
That I in's absence may my pleasure have?

You Gods that rule the winds, grant me this boone,
Take him away; I doe not care how soone!
Fill full the sailes: you gentle Sailers stand,
Receive your fare, and take him from this land!
Make haste away, and lanch into the deepe;
Alas! while then, I can nor eat, nor sleepe!
Then let the sea-borne Goddesse plead my cause!
I am a Nymph that doe embrace her lawes.

Let *Neptunes* bosome still his prison be,
And let the waves embrace him! let not me
Feare his returne! let *Sharks* and *Dolphins* part
His flesh betwixt them! that will ease my heart.
Or else let raging stormes his body sever;
I care not which: so I may see him never.

If none of those will yeeld to my request,
Yet in this last, I hope I shall be blest.
You *Netherlands*, inclose with dust his bones,
Through want, or sword! I'lend my suit and mones.

Well, gone he is, winds see you gently use him,
You Sailers rude, take heed, doe not abuse him.
The Goddesse is but fain'd, nor knows she how
To heale or hurt: she hath no power now.
Nor yet great *Neptune*; (let's have no mistaking)
For all his power is of Poets making.

Nor can the stormes destroy men when they list;
There's one above that holds them in his fist.
If in the *Netherlands*; I speake to men,
Pray vse him well, or send him home agen!

But whither strays my Muse, and wand'ring quill?
Come home, search out that whore, and blaze her ill!
This hateful queane keeps open rande you;
Come Tag, and Rag; and she is common too.

Her tabl'es spread, to entertaine all commers,
 And thus she liv'd one winter, and two sommers;
 Till all was spent; and somewhat else beside
 Did gnaw her bones; rott met with lust and pride.
 She thought, or hop'd her husband now was dead,
 She cannot lie alone, but must be wed.

Alas poore whore! as yet she had no sutor;
 Her man was bashfull, she became his tutor
 To draw him on: for daily she did wooe him,
 She had her will; and that was to undoe him.

Vndone indeed! for in a little while
 He was so shamelesse, impudent, and vile
 He car'd for no man; no man car'd for him,
 Disease stuck close which made his sight grow dim,
 Then he would sweare, and curse his fory'd fate,
 Till at the last his speech grew out of date.
 Death warn'd him hence, he would not be deny'd,
 He liv'd a brute, and now a begger dy'd.

The Epitaph.

Death, now I see thou art not pallat nize;
 Thou canst digest, what I would loth to touch.
 Such commons we'll allow thee at the price;
 Leave dainty cates, and feed upon all such.
 Grave, thou did'st well to plaister up his sore;
 Hee being poyson'd, might have poyson'd more.

But yet this hag remaines, and she must have
 Another husband; and her wants doe crave
 Reliefe; for all her night-birds now are scatter'd,
 Their wings cut short, and some their noses batter'd.

She casts her hook; sh'had almost catch a fish,
But that the broth was hot, or els the dish
Was broken ware; so that with very feare
He slip't the hook, and never came more there.

She left her angle then; and cast a net,
With baits to try, if she could any get:
She knew of what, and where such fish would feed;
And at the last she catcht a *Jack* in deed.
You know my meaning, she has got another,
She'l serve him too, just as she serv'd the other.

She had her Bridgroom but a little space,
He was as desp'rat as he's void of grace,
Learning of her: he joy'd in all that's evill:
And having got acquaintance with the Devill,
He plaid his part a time; untill his reines
Had entertain'd the French; his shallow braines
Grown adle too; his skin from's flesh did peepe:
I can but think what torments he did feepe!
The earth deny'd to beare him, those that spi'd him;
Did stop their noses, all men did deride him.
The grave is open, 'gainst his glasse is ranne,
Death turnes the Scene, and so his part is donne.

His Epitaph,

DEVOURING grave! what purchase hast thou gotten?
Or greedy death, what prize is't that he snatcht?
Alas! poore purchase! he before was rotten,
Death broke the duell, seing him o're matcht.
G: D: we are both his friends; for why? we did agree
To take him now: and save the hangmans fee.

R 3

And

And now this strumpet hath out-liv'd her pleasure,
 What she hath done, so she receives like measure:
 In her the furie of the foule disease
 Begins to raigne; the earth can give no ease,
 And heaven will not; hell would faine be dealing
 With her disease; but there's no hope of healing.
 Her teeth breake forth, all creatures do contemne her;
 And with consent, they all at once condemne her.
 The little children, that can say no more,
 Will prattle out, and say, There goes a whore.
 She doth some good yet, I will ne're bely her;
 The Goldsmith's like to get some money by her;
 In making for her mouth a silver stud;
 Her palat's downe, and yet she'd chew the cud.
 Some say 'tis good (I think they do but doat)
 To keepe the pox from rifling of her throat.
 But others say (nor can I 'gree with those)
 'Twill keep her speech from creeping through her nose.
 Though't bring her ease, pray, whatsoe're you do,
 Keepe silence; else the rest will use it too.

The Goldsmith's come, the plate is verie fir,
 Had he been carelesse, she had taught him wit:
 (For she was painted with a daintie colour)
 And paid him like that whore that paid the Sculler.
 He set it in: but being such a flink,
 He stopt his nose, for he was like to sink.
 And having done, receiuing then his pay,
 He quickly parted; though she bid him stay.
 He was too wise: as he his leave did take,
 He past his word her teeth should never ake.
 'Twas but a jeere: for they were flunk aside,
 For shame: or they the flink could not abide.
 A fearfull case! although she's seene of many,
 She has nor favour, nor regard from any.

And

And like an owle, she keeps her hole; the light
Is hatefull to her, but she walkes at night:

But stay, I heare her husband's new come over,
Where landed he? at Gravesend? or at Dover?
What matter ist? he will be here to morrow,
Come when he will, he'll come but to his sorrow.
He's some poore man! pray bid him welcome; why?
Cause by his travels, he hath learn'd to dye.
But being come, he heard such heavy newes
Which kild his heart; and yet he could not chuse
But listen to'r; how she had drove a trade,
How she had prov'd her selfe a common lade;
And had the grincome: sh'ad been married twice;
And how they dy'd; and yet she kept her vict.
How she was tooth'd; & how her mouth was mended:
Then looking pale, just as the newes was ended,
His spirits fail'd him: by degrees he sunk,
Down to the ground; and then steps in this punk,
To bid him welcom home: but having stir'd
To overcome his passion, he reviv'd:
He turn'd about, and spying her, he broke
His grieved mind, and to her this he spok:

Away, thou fordid witch! do'st come to me
To adde a weight unto my misery?
Thou hatefull hag! hast not undonne me quite?
I for thy sake am like a child of night!
Thou forcereffe! the cause of all my strife;
Thou liv'st (though dead) nor widow, maid, nor wife.
'Tis known thou art a comontrull; thy name
Is blaz'd by time, poore I must beare the shame.
Thou dost increase my torments! as for mirth
'Tis banisht quite; thou art my hell on earth.
Go feind of darknesse, none like thee I know
For hel-bred vilenesse) to thy place below.

Who can deny thou'art an incarnate Devill?
 Out of my sight, I'me overpre'st with evill
 The house being dispossess't, yet, still his griefe
 Swell'd o're the brink; nor could he find reliefe
 In this distresse: yet secretly he groan'd!
 With trickling teares, thus he his case bemoan'd.

Time, stand'st thou still? shake, shake thy sand apace
 Drive on with fury, I may end my race:
 Grant me this boone, and place will then agree:
 Or let me know my date of misery.
 Will Sea, nor Land, nor person end my strife?
 Nor Fowle, nor Beast of prey once take my life?
 I cannot call it pitty: no, 'tis spleene,
 To let me linger thus! my sorrow's scene;
 Yet not lamented. Death is growne a stranger,
 If he'd come once, I should be quit from danger.
 Death, arme thy self with strength; 'tis but a blow:
 The gentle grave hath made my bed below.
 I feare tho' art brib'd, my adversaries may
 Have time to laugh, ere thou tak'st me away.
 Am I not worth a strok? or am I growne
 Too stale a bit: for thee to swallow downe?
 I must be thine; come, ease me of this curse!
 The longer here I live, I am the worse!
 My suing makes thee coy to shew thy face;
 But those that seek thee not thou dost imbrace:
 They dye but once, but every day a death
 Thou hast for me, yet still I draw my breath.

I dye with griefe, but this I truly find
 Th'more deaths I dye, the more there are behind.
 Dying I went, and dying I came hither!
 Strike not so oft, but do it altogether.
 Thus said, he stop't; griefe did arrest his tongue,
 Blame not my *Muse*, for staying by 'im so long.



S E C T. 47.

*Of a man that fell to decay in the world,
through his excessse; and how his wife turn'd
Hackney, and be a Pander.*

A Man that carried breadth to raise his name,
(Time made him drop quite from the wings of
He led the world awhile, and made a dust: (fame)
(Some think because he did the Courtiers trust
Made him stand by) in time a good estate
Was lent, and spent; he liv'd at such a rate,
That men admired; and he had a wife,
For diet, and apparell was at strife
T' exceed her betters: she must have a fanne,
Her gownes of silk, her costly rings, her man
To wait upon her: in this lofty straine
She laid it on, nor did she mind the maine.
Of alteration she did never think,
She'd have her will, her purse still full of chink,
She had a beauty, she too well did know it,
She scorned to keep it up: in love she'l shew it
Vnto the world: and some for gold may use it.
Should she be nigardly, she must abuse it
(As she conceives) she keeps her private trading,
To help at need; her husbands trade is falling.
Nature (she thinks) is faine to take direction,
To limb her parts, and work by her complexion.

Now

Now he is urg'd to pay what he doth owe;
 Creditors come thick; debts come in but slowe.
 He strives a time, with all that he can doe,
 He cannot chuse, but he must break in two.
 His shop's shut up, goods gone, but where's the man?
 He's stept aside: but find him if you can.
 Let time betray him, I will ne're reveale him;
 My Tektale *Muse* is bound now to conceale him.
 To sum up what he ow'd is but in vaine,
 (Vnlesse there were some hopes the debts to gaine)
 Or shew the parcels, or to name the men
 He ow'd it to, (they'l never trust agen.)
 Or of their meetings, how they cur'd such debtors,
 And how they vow'd to put his shanks in fetters
 If ere they catcht him: how they went about
 To sue the Statute of a Bankrupt out;
 What debts were due to him, how few were good,
 How those lamented that engaged stood
 For such as he; how he at last was found,
 Or how he offer'd eighteen pence i'th' pound:
 The time he lay in prison, or the need
 That he was in; how they at last agreed:
 How he was chang'd, the creepers that he had,
 Or how his mind, was ev'ry whit as bad;
 How he was sleighted, now he was so poore,
 And how he scorned every man before.
 I'le passe them all: my *Muse* was going hence,
 She's turn'd agen to make you recompence.

Now in this time, his wife hath found a way
 That they may live as merry as the day;
 If he'l consent; her beauty hath been scene,
 By one of note; and like a demy-queene
 He do's respect her; she is come to know
 Her worth at large, nor will she look so low

As he hath done : now time hath blaz'd her fame,
She'l venter broken ware, and trade with shame.
Vpon returne she runs her taile ashore,
Yet deals by retaile as she did before.

There's one will venture with her, that hath try'd
How she will truck, he will not be deny'd.

If he can get the cuckold to consent,
And keepe the doore, he'l give him good content,
He shall not break agen, nor ever be
Constrain'd to suffer any misery:

He'l give him money, pay his rent beside,
Beare all his charges, onely he must hide
His foule offence: he must be blinde, or winke
When ere he comes, and into corners sinke
Till such an houre; that Pimp doth know his time,
He'l nor be seen till they have done the crime.

The children call him father——

Hush not a word, perhaps the man is great
And stor'd with wealth, and has a lofty seat,
And loves his lust; or being serpent wife,
He'l take advantage, then he'l tyrannize.

Though he be great, if goodnesse be forgotten,
'Twill make him and his name the sooner rotten.

If he have wealth, 'tis but an empty thing,
Nor will it save him from that fearfull sting
Of sin and death: if honour 'tis he'd have,
Can any honour keep men from the grave?

Though he be set aloft, yet down he must,
And be e're long laid leuell with the dust:

Or if he loves his lust, the sooner he
May fall by 't, and the shame and misery
Will dog him to his end! his foule will bleed!

Oh! then he'l meet one that is great indeed.
Though he be wise to raise a horrid evill,

And

And crush a truth; 'tis the soule murdering devill
That helps him in't: oh heaven, blast that arme,
That takes a cause to doe the guiltlesse harme!
Such tyrants that rebell against the lawes,
They can but snarle, for God cuts off their clawes.

Our lawes doe cut lascivious persons downe;
Not cob-web lawes, that men of great renowne
May break by force; they are not made for flies;
The Rich, the Noble, if they doe despise
The force of them; shall quickly feele the smart;
They are no scarcrowes, but they'l peirce the heart.

Me thinksth' example of a gracious king
Might draw mens hearts from this accursed thing.
So chaste, so loving to his Royall Queene,
In any age no sweeter patterne scene,
Who would but follow! (Lord preserve his life)
Was ever Prince more faithfull to a wife?
Oh, let this patterne keep us all in awe!
Who has such power? who yeelds more to the law?
All men can judge, in this I doe not flatter:
If any Critick do's, it is no matter.
You Cynick brood, should I (for feare of you)
Hide truth that's plaine? let Princes have their due.

Here I could dwell, but love constraines my will
To leave his praises to an abler quill.
But if the practice of so sweet a Prince
Will not prevaile, such sinners to convince;
Then let his Scepter fall upon all those,
Let them be numbred with his hatefull foes!
My *Muse* is only bent against this sinne;
If by her chidings she can any winne (thence
From hel's wide mouth, and keep some back from
Good words will serve, to make a recompence.
She tries her skill, and beares the paine, and cost;

If she prevaile not, 'tis but labour lost.
The med'cin's sharp, the Patients must endure.
A desp'rate wound must have a desp'rate cure.

But to returne back to the Imp againe,
(My Muse is full, and overcharg'd with paine
To vent her mind :) me thinks I spy him yonder,
It should be hee, he looks so like a pander;
'Tis he, 'tis he, now I will break my mind,
Call Satyres too, and pay him in his kind.

Thou fowlbred vassall I was there any age
That ever brought thy like upon the stage?
Do'st sell thy selfe, and put to sale thy name?
What is thy gaine, but never dying shame?
Thou pawnst thy soule and all; do'st think to dwell
For ever here? oh! who shall fill up hell
But shamelesse vermine! these thy hatefull crimes
Shall make thy name the canker of the times.
Thy wife's a whore; thou art consenting to it,
The guile will catch thee, with a curse to doe it.
I never knew a villaine in my life
Before; that was a pander to his wife.
Whores will increase, if they can be so hid,
And speed as well as I. O. B. N. did.

Speak, doth she play the whore by thy command?
Or art thou forc'd in feare of her to stand?
Or is't for maintainance? or else the care
Thou hast to pack off rotten broken ware?
Art thou bewitch'd? or low of stature borne
That she must raise thee higher by the horne?
Art thou no cuckold, in thy dull conceit,
Vnlesse thou beart upon thy back the weight
To make her common? or hast thou a mind
To follow whores, and pay her in her kind?
That makes but hell the hotter; is't not true?

Except

Except thou turne, hell-fire is thy due,
 There thou wilt meet thy sin, and thou shalt see,
 The devill will commit a rape on thee.
 Thou'lt curse thy wife, if hell once grasp that whore,
Cerberus will like a Pander keep the dore.
 Such sinners stay not long, the earth denies
 Them room to tread on; away the airt flies,
 And leaves them breathlesse; hell her self will crave
 The earth is vent's afford such Imps a grave!
 Where sin makes way, death is invited thither,
 They are acquainted, and they go together.
 Thy customers will faile, leave thee a court,
 Then thou wilt break worse than thou didst at first.
 Thou'lt be but sport for boyes, and scorn for all,
 And who will then be grieved at thy fall?
 They'll point and say, this Pimp of late did swagger,
 And roar about, but now he's grown a begger.
 He wants his espous, pigeons, choice of wine,
 And suites of silke, he's bare, and like to pine.

And when the whore with shame is run'd down off,
 (Old and diseas'd) she'll like the common scoffe;
 She'll silyly wander up and down the street,
 And trade for three pence: if shee can but meet
 Some simple gull that's newly grown in debt,
 She'll rise to six pence, or a higher rate.
 She cannot work but onely with her taile,
 And when her truck for three pence once doth faile,
 Perhaps she'll lose her hands, and learn to pake,
 And end her dayes in Bridewell, or a halter.

But if you both enjoy your pleasures here,
 And suck the sweet of sin, being free from feare,
 And spend your dayes in pomp, and that you have
 Enough to build a Record o're your grave;
 Alas! what is't besides your living shame?

Then

Then who are winners? reck on not the game
 Before 'tis play'd. Some dy'd in state, we know;
 That had their graves in flaming hell below.
 They took their leaves of pleasures, and they go
 From painted joyes, into eternall woe.
 Leave sin in time (and do your best endeavour
 To purge your soules) or sin will sink you ever.
 Time calls away (adieu) I think you're vext,
 Ile speake more freely when I meet you next.

S E C T. 48.

*Of a black impudent Slut that wore a dressing
 of faire hayre on her head, and black patches on
 her wrinkled tallow-face; and
 her reply answered.*

WHat is this Imp that trades in borrow'd ware?
 She's black like darknesse, trim'd with morn-
 Speak, art not thou a hatefull bird of night? (sing bair,
 Or art a Viper? or with seeming light
 Dost think to gull the world, & increase thy hire?
 Thou canst not cozen nature: thy desire
 Is fruitlesse, yaine; thine black was known to be,
 Like Cypresse shade; the borrow'd's light like thee,
 But pray thee tell me, is thine owne out-worn,
 Being often over-heat? or only shorn,

Because

Because 'twas black ? or else because the grey
 Was mingled with it ? thou didst change'st away
 For private reasons, 'cause it ever told
 The truth of thee, in saying thou wert old ;
 And thou would'st still be young, and that betray'd thee :
 Thou should'st have don't before time had betray'd
 Didst thou disdain what nature did bestow (thee,
 On thee as dowry ? didst thou never know
 'Twas nearest thy complexion ? was't not strange
 To leave thy owne and take the worst in change ?
 Mubb like a snake oregrown with age, and then
 Thou'dst cast thy skin, and so grow fresh agen. (passe

But couldst thou change thy skin, then thou might'st
 For currant ware, though thou art nasty trash ;
 But then all must be chang'd, thy teeth, thine eyes,
 Thy wrinkles must be fil'd, and that which lies
 Forsaked of the blood, must be renew'd :
 Thy veines must shew themselves, all must be view'd.
 If this were done, thou mightst be kept for store,
 Then who durst take thee for a common whore ?
 Besides, thy name must quite be changed too,
 (Though't be a trick, as queans doe use to doe)
 Or else for Names sake, thou must beare the staine,
 And none will speak to thee but in disdain.

These are but words of course ; nor can it bee
 Time should consent to paint a hide for thee.
 Suite with thy selfe, cast off thy purcha'd haire,
 Weare what's thine owne ; if Nature leaves thee bare,
 Hide still thy head ; leave off thy lust and pride,
 Or thou'lt be wonder'd at when thou art spi'de.

Nay, more I say, the patches on thy face
 Doe shew thy folly, speak to thy disgrace.
 What, do'st thou think them to be ornaments ?
 Or that they're like to further thy intent ?

Or vile desires ? thy furrow'd cheeks are yellow ;
Thy beetle browes are colour'd just like tallow.

The gracelesse crew, and all the roaring Sparks,
Know black, and yellow, are not beauties marks.
I am afraid (but take it as a wipe)

Thy patches shew that thou art rotten ripe.
Pull off thy playsters, for they cover scabbs,
Which are the marks (oft times) of lustfull drabbs.

Who taught thee 't ? was't a witch, a whore or devill ?
For such are forward st in all kind of evill.

(The poysoning witch that did to Tiburne march,
Was held the first, that brought up yellow starch)

Did Turne-bull street first find it ? tell me then
Is't not a hide. shame made to poyson men ?

Or did the trails of Shore-ditch find it first ?
To trap poore gulls ? speak who ? if any durst.

It is conceiv'd 't, wasis'd at first by those,
To hide the grincomrs, or a pocky nose.

What serv'st thou for ? but to disgrace the age
Or 't make a puppet, 't act the furies rage ?

Th'adst better buy some painting, there's some made,
Both red, and white, by one that drives the trade:

'Tis very cheap ; and common whores may have it ;
And being cheap, the Gallants will not crave it:

'Tis very stiffe ; the worst is in the close,

'Tis temper'd with the droppings of her nose.

Thou must not use it cold, for so 'tis ill:

First warme thy selfe in Bride-well at the mill,
Or at the hemp-block, and thy graine being rough,
Will drink it in ; so done, it's dainty stuffe.

I would have help'd thee to 't, hadst thou not vex't ;
Casheere thy spots, and when I meet thee next,
I'll tel thee where 'tis fould. Thy black within
Is worse than that ; which are the spots of sin.

But these doe represent thee to the levell
 Of eyes, and thoughts, to be a female divell.
 Thou art not like to hell; for this I know,
 Thy face is full of springs, thou burn'st below;
 But yet 'tis strange, although the water's higher,
 And constant runs it cannot quench the fire! (her,
 Hold her, she's mad my friends; pray come not near
 Her chapps doe wag, she'll speak, stand still and heare
 Is Bedlam broke? or art thou now growne mad? (her
 You saucy jack! am I? am I so bad
 As thou wouldst make me? no, I scorne thy prate,
 Sir, stay your clack, your boldnesse I doe hate.
 Th'art either mad, or drunk, I'll pawnie my life,
 Or else thou wouldst not sow nor stir up strife,
 Th'art both I see; Tom simple's mad or mellow:
 A drunken man is still the busiest fellow
 The earth affords; hadst thou not lost thy wits,
 I for a need could shew some Bedlam fits
 To make thee wilde; but modesty restraines me:
 Am I a whore? who is it that disdaines me?
 What though I weare a dressing on my head
 Of other haire? I did not rob the dead,
 Nor borrow it for time: the truth I'll tell,
 'Twas given me by one that lov'd me well:
 If he were here my part hee'd quickly take,
 And make thee run: I weare it for his sake.
 All helps that nature can to give content.
 May we not use? this is my ornament.
 Thou dost not like my looks; then keep away
 Till I send for thee; time may come I may
 Take just revenge; but till thy braines are settl'd
 I will not doe't; then, faith I'll have thee nettl'd.
 Thou railst against the patches on my face
 Which are by wiser judg'd to be a grace.

I'de have you know, you idle prating fool,
 I did not goe to learne at those ditty schools;
 Nor yet at Clarkenwell, but at the Court
 Where Ladies oft, and gallants doe resort
 To learne new fashions; there thou dost abuse
 What Ladies with my selfe, and gallants use.
 If 'twere so bad as thou wouldst make it, then
 It would not be esteem'd amongst gentlemen,
 Thou durst not for thy life speak halfe so much
 To country gallants; nor to any such
 That are of Noble birth; thy rude proceeding
 Do's shew, thou ha'st no taste of gentle breeding.
 Abuse a gentlewoman (my fingers itch)
 Is sparke, or Lady, devill, whore, or witch?
 Say: if thou dar'st, for they first found it out,
 Therefore 'tis lawfull: Why should any doubt?
 What ere I doe I have examples for it.
 What matter 'st thou though three or four fooles abhor it?
 What thou hast said, I sweare I'll make thee prove it;
 But for the Law, 'tis known I doe not love it.
 Not will I raise my selfe so low, the price
 Is not worth winning; hang't 'tis all but lies:
 Go, get thee gone, I pay for rent and dyet:
 What, in my chamber can I not be quiet?

Pray mistress hackney, coole your grease a little,
 A gentle-woman raile! you learned at spittles
 I am not mad (in giving you your due)
 (Nor yet a foole) I speak but that that's true.
 Thy false attire does but spread thy name,
 Thy patches doe not hide, but note thy shame:
 Thy haire's a token, given by a friend;
 That, and thy patches, marke thee like a fiend.
 Thy recknings hold, which shewes thou art a wench,
 Whose face is Negro-like, whose head speaks French.

If Ladies use it, can they set thee free
 From death & or hell? or any miserie?
 Will gallants please, and say it is no sin?
 Let loofers prate, say, didst thou ever win
 Respect from any by't? examples doe
 Bespeake a hell, and make thee guilty too.
 I cannot think, that Courtiers are such sotts
 To borrow heads, or trim themselves with spots;
 Vnlesse they're old, or by mischance growne bare;
 Or t'hide some faults: 'will help such crazy ware.
 I will not answer what thy vip'rous tongue
 Hath mutter'd out, though thou hast done me wrong.
 I'ft not too much that thou so long hast bin
 A prostitute? and do'st thou now begin
 T'rake hell afresh, because thy old sin leaves thee
 Against thy will? till death of life bereaves thee,
 Who can expect thy change? hell longs to greet thee
 Adiew; take heed, the diuill comes to meet thee.



SECT. 49.

*Of a Band that hired a Maid, and
 not proving to her expectation, shee
 accuseth her of theft.*

A modest maid that had a comely face,
 And all her parts well suted with such grace
 As free'd her from defect; so was her mind
 Enrich'd with vertue, few she came behind.

Her fortunes were but poor, being meanelly bred :
 Of meanes sh' had little store, her friends were dead.
 To service she must goe, no other way
 She has to live, unless she'd go astray;
 But that she hated. As she went abroad
 To seek a place, she met a common bawd,
 Who did fetch her thus:

What ailes my pretty maid to look so sad?
 What, all amorr? sic, this is too too bad!
 Pluck up thy heart, and chide away thy folly:
 Tho't spoile thy face, if thou grow'st melancholy.
 Thou'rt fatherlesse, tis true, but what of that?
 Cast of thy dumps, for care will kill a cat.
 Come, dwell with me, I'll be to thee a mother,
 I'll thee maintaine; thou needst nor care for other;
 I'll give thee so much wages, thou shalt find it
 Twice doubled too; hold, here's a piece to bind it.

This harmlesse soule mistrusting nothing lesse
 Than what she most intended, to expresse
 Her thankfulnesse, she did receive the gold,
 (Yet craving pardon that she was so bold)
 And soon consented; thought her self so blest,
 That Fate could never alter nor molest
 Her happinesse. Then home with her she went,
 And spent some time in civill merriment.
 The mistris and the maid so well agreed,
 With good discourse, and scripture too for need
 The bawd could use: and little work to doe,
 The maid lik'd that; her fare was costly too.

But yet e're long, finding what house she kept,
 What guests came in by night, what vermine crept
 About in holes; and how they fear'd the watch,
 How she was tempted, how they stri'd to catch
 Her at advantage; she resolv'd at length

(Fearing she should be tempted past her strength)
 To leave her promis'd hopes, she valued more
 Her honesty, than all ill gotten store.
 Her eyes dropt peadly teares, her heart did ake,
 Which curb'd her tongue awhile, at last she spake:

Mistress:

'Pray free me now, my mind can never bear
 Such impious cruelties, I dayly see and hear,
 I tooke you for my friend, you are my foe,
 To seek my ruine thus; pray let me goe.
 Are these your proffer'd favours? let not me
 Share any of them; truth, and honesty
 Shall be my portion; let my punishment
 Be publick made, if ever I consent
 To such allurements: how my soule doth hate 'em!
 I'm asham'd to think on't, much more to relate them.
 A bawdy-house, I scorn't: 'will't not be said,
 There goes the Bawd, and yonder comes her maid!
 It is a place of note, I must confesse:
 Let Bawds be noted more: I noted lesse.
 Have I not watcht all night, attend a knave,
 And serve a whore? ah, what a place I have!
 I see your end was (when you were so free
 With shewes of love) to make a whore of me.
 Time shall consume, ere I will once endeavor
 To buy my shame, or sell my soule for ever.
 Here, take your earnest: how was I deceiv'd
 With flattering words! I was of sense bereav'd
 By your enchantments: never foolc was fonder;
 I did not think to serve nor Bawd, nor Pander.

With that the shock of the Bawd did rise,
 Her rage grew hot, the sparkings of her eyes
 Like bals of wildfire did present a wonder:
 So much of lightning! yet there comes no thunder.

(Exit)

Like

Like furious fire that can finde no vent,
Striving for freedome, still the more 'tis pent;
So was the swell'd; her spleene being mixt with gall,
Which faine she'd vent, yet could not speak at all.
Her looks were pale with envie; as she stands
Moving her jawes, and trembling with her hands.
Her silence vext her more, she grow more curst;
Guilt seizeth on her: she must vent, or burst,

Then turning to the maid, and as she spy'd her
Disgorg'd her spleene, but yet it fell beside her.
Like roaring Megg discharg'd, she shakes the ground;
Or like an empty hog-head, gives more sound
For being worthlesse: thus she doth begin:

This 'tis to take a paultry begger in:
Thou beggers brat! what, what haile fellow now?
You saucie baggidge! got, you dirty sow!
I tooke thee up (because thy friends were dead)
Of charity: and now thou giddy-head,
Dost slight my love? you scorne to take a turne,
Thou nothing knowst, yet nothing thou wilt learne.
Thou maist do worse, thou simple soole, thou gull,
I'd laugh to see thee turne a Tinkers trull.
Who'd be so troubled with such lazie sluts?
They're good for nothing, but to mind their guts.
Will you be gone? I vow I'll have thee bang'd,
Thou dragg le-taile! and then goe and be hang'd.

But stay you queane, there's something else behind,
And that I think which will not please your mind.
Nay, never stare, nor put it off with pishes;
Thou'lt lost and melted me ten pewter dishes;
And broke my *China*-ware; thou paultry elfe;
Thou'lt ne're be worth an earthen dish thy self.
Who burnt my gorger minion? wast not you?
For that alone a whipping is thy due.

Thou pilf'ring jade, I lately lost two rings,
 With handkerchiefs, and divers other things:
 Who had 'em but thy selfe? I'le sweare they're gone:
 'Tis plain thou'lt stole them, strangers there came none.

Nay, doe not cry, for crying will not free thee:
 Confesse thy faults, and fetch 'em, let me see thee.
 But if thou dost refuse, or once deny it,
 Ple shame thee quite; the Sessions; that shall try it.

Thou arrant thiefe, I misse a silver bowle;
 Thou hast that too, I dare to pawne my soule:
 How should it else be gone, but by thy hands?
 Thou cozening drab! how like a foole she stands!
 You'l be no whore, fie, fie, you doe abhorre it;
 A thiefe thou'lt be; may I not hang thee for it?
 Thy looks speak guilty, and this truth relating,
 Hath cool'd thy haughty mind, and spoyld thy prating.
 So said, she stopt: this guiltlesse maid's in teare;
 Her griefe breaks forth, and now and then a teare
 Glides downe her cheeks: nor would she have it spy'd;
 As 'e fairs, still with her handkerchiefe 'tis dry'd.
 She turn'd her face, and did bewaile her wrong;
 Faine she would speak, but anguish staid her tongue.
 Sometimes she thought the justnesse of her cause
 Would beare her out, but then the rigorous lawes
 Would dash her hopes; the cause must there proceed
 By evidence; not as it is indeed.
 She's confident the Bawd will sweare a lye:
 What hope's there, but the innocent must dye?

Yet gaining strength, she spoke (for truth breeds
 Why should I think the Gods will prove unjust (trust)
 To quit the guilty? bring the innocent
 Vpon the stage, to suffer punishment?
Astrea still remaines, to ease my mind;
 Though Poets feigne so, Iustice is not blind.

Why

Why am I vext? why, why am I so sad?
I am accus'd for what I never had.
If Iustice misse the mark, I can but dye;
My vertue lives; thus farre resolv'd am I.

Then turning to the bawd, she thus reply'd:
I'm not the first that ever was bely'd
By shamelesse bawds; you raise an ill report
Against my life, but Vertue is my fort.
Had I but seene your baudry, and been mute,
Or bent my selfe to be a prostitute,
All had been hush't; your handkerchiefs and rings,
Your silver bowle with sundry other things
Had ne're been stollen: nor are they; you are curst,
Because I would not yeeld; but doe your worst.
I'll set you out in colours, and I'll shew
To all the world no more than what I know.
The Constable and Watchmen found your Imps,
Your crue of harlots, and your par-boyl'd Pimps;
And some they took to Bridewell; but the rest
Flew out like owles to find another nest.
Yet they were over-taken in their flight,
Some hous'd in Wood-street though they flew by night;
One in the Poultry, though against his will;
Some to the Fleet, and there they tarry still.

A handsome girle you saw, and needs you'd buy her;
Then like a hackney pur her out to hier.
Your house is *Sodom*-like, and yet withall,
It seemes againe to be an Hospitall.
The foule stain'd bratts that sinn'd there, and endur'd
Their punishments, come thither to be cur'd.
Some want their sight, some hearing, some their smell,
Some cannot speak the language plaine of hells.
Some out of date, some ratter'd, want a fleece,
Some want a nose, and others but a peece.

These

These are the scholars of your Vaulting schoole:
 And 'cause I would not prove my selfe a foole
 To damne my soule; you'd prove me now a theife.
 I feare you not; for I shall find releife.
 When you shall beate your shame; I pray begin,
 Prefer your bill, put your indictment in.

Now all this while the bawd amazed stood,
 And look't much like a piece of rotten wood:
 She sweats with envy, but her heart was cold;
 And wonder'd that the maid could be so bold.
 Her fingers itcht, and yet she durst not fight,
 She growl'd, and snarl'd, but yet she could not bite.
 Her words she bore in mind, which vext her heart;
 She'd faine indite her, but she fear'd the cart.
 Now she resolves to prosecute the maid,
 But then she thinks her bawdry'll be bewraid.
 Still when her spleene did presse her on to doe it,
 Shame stops the suit, she had no mind unto it.
 Now she'd proceed, but that she's kept in awe
 With horrid guilt; nor do's she love the law.
 Then thus she spake:

Come, be not vext, I spoke these words to try thee,
 They're worse than devills that will once bely thee.
 To say the truth (I'll speak what is thy due)
 Thou hast been honest, carefull, just, and true.
 Speak well of me, feare not, for I protest,
 Where ere thou art, I'll never thee molest.
 Take what is thine, go, make no more adoe.
 The bawd departs, and glad she's scap'd so too:
 Muse, dog her not, but let me rest my pen:
 For at the Sessions, you may meet agen.

Sc8.



S E C T. 50.

*The Confession of a theiving Whore, at the
time of her Execution.*

I Heard of late there was a Hackney jade,
And for her need, she'd use a theiving trade;
She scap't a while, but vengeance did assault her,
Brought her at last i'th' compass of an halter.
Her life was vile; shame forc'd her to confesse it,
Guilt broke the way, and thus she did expresse it:

When I was yong (my bringing up was rude)
My friends did think, that which the multitude
Did most approve of, that must needs be best;
I had my will, and so liv'd like a beast.
I mock't at goodnesse; though my father spide it,
He'd fawn, and laugh; my mother too would hide it.

Ill company at last caus'd me to prove
A prostitute: good nature mixt with love
'Twas nam'd with us; the father from the sonne
I did intice, till both were quite undone.
I often rob'd the father of his child,
And curs't the mother, though she was most mild.

I drew the husband from his loving wife:
That being done, I sow'd betwixt them strife.

And servants from their Masters I did keep;
We spent their goods whilst they were fast a sleep:

I made them steale, cheat, pilfer, and purloine :
 How e're it came, if I could get but coine,
 I never car'd, or any man that came
 Which brought but money, I nere ask't his name,
 Nor what he was, his life, nor where he dwelt:
 He had his will when I his money felt.

If any one had a good mind to play
 A game in love, and yet was loth to pay;
 I'de pick his pockets; money, or a watch,
 Or any thing of worth that I could catch,
 Was all mine owne: but he would ne're reveale it,
 (For feare of shame) though he knew I did steale it.

If any one had spent on me his stock,
 For recompence, I paid him with a mock:
 And curs'd him too; then with a rayling scuffle
 I sent him packing: thus I cast him off.

When trading fail'd, I had a trick as ill,
 I'de cut a purse, or steale, for I had skill
 In all those wayes: at last the fowle disease
 Had brought me low, and I could find no ease.
 It griev'd my heart, I could no longer sin
 As I was wont: such case then I was in!

Yet I resolv'd to take what e're was brought
 By high-way thieves, or cut-purses: I taught
 Them how to do't: house-breakers, or the rest:
 Who e're was most expert, was my chiefe guest.
 The cheating crew, did make me their receiver,
 For whoredome, the fr, and for a false deceiver
 None went beyond me. I am brought this day
 To suffer for't, and I my life must pay.

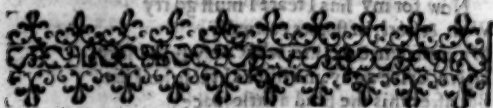
Take warning all by me, avoyd those crimes,
 You that are guilty, oh! repent betimes:
 Sin will but cheat you, flatteringly 'will wooe you,
 Like Crocodiles, it will at last undoe you.

Now

Now for my sins I feare I must go fry
 With *Isabel*, in flames eternally,
 My conscience tells me, what's my sinful hire.
 Drive, drive away, me thinks I feeble hell fire.
 But after this she staid a little space:
 Then as she drew the cloth down o're her face,
 Said, world, adieu! with thee I leave my stain:
 Oh! I shall never see the light againe!
 The paine, the shame, the anguish of my heart!
 Thus said; the car-man drew away the cart
 Vpon command, but left his load behind:
 I cannot think the halter eas'd her mind.
 Of all her gaines, sh'ad nothing left to pay
 For bur'ing of her corps: but by the way
 Her grave is made: the hang-man put her in,
 And here her *Epitaph* is put in Print.

Her Epitaph.

Here lies a monster of the Female kind;
 So serpent-like her venom's mixt with shame;
 Yet like a mole she liv'd; for she was blind:
 Or like a dragon, but she was too tame.
 Some part from woman; more from beasts had shee,
 She was most foule, and dy'd upon a tree.



S E C T. 51.

*Of a Prodigall Man that run out of all, and
how his wife turn'd where.*

A Simple man, that was both poore and proud,
That strain'd himselfe beyond what was allow'd
By his estate: his raverne meetings cost
More than he got: his time being daily lost.
With costly suits, with rich and daintie fare
His wife and he did live still free from care:
He so grow fearelesse, oft did charge his braine
With Claret, Sack, the fruits of France and Spaine,
Having the dropisie, he could not quench his thirst,
He strain'd so long, till at the last he burst.

His calling cast him up, and his estate
Deny'd him bread, being over-ru'd by Fate.
He saw his folly, and he was perplext:
But 'twas too late, alas! in vaine he vext.
His former way grew hatefull in his sight:
His heart grew heavy, but his wife turn'd light.
Lascivious Goar! she will hold up her port:
And any Apethat will to her resort,
Finds entertainment: yet he still is kind,
And charmes her oft, but cannot change her mind.

She scornes him: he gives her nor cloathes, nor diet:
She'll have a place, where she may live at quiet:
She being gone, his mind doth him importune
To go beyond sea, and to seek his Fortune.

Away

Away he went; but yet in three years time
 Came back with hope this whore had purg'd her crime.
 At first, by chance he met her in the street,
 (Wrapt in a bag, perfum'd with civet sweet,)
 Saluted her; discours'd things that were past:
 H'was glad to see her; there came by at last
 A Gentleman (it seemes) her name he knew,
 He'd give her wine, acquaintance to renew.
 She left her husband, giving him this reason,
 She'd talk with him; but at a fitter season.
 Poore man t' he's dry, yet cannot with her drink:
 Another must; how such a whore doth stink!
 He lets 'em go; was't not a simple swaine?
 His wife is prov'd to be a whore in graine.



S E C T. 52.

*Of a Whore proving with child, that laid
 it to many to get money.*

A pamper'd trull that made a trade of sin,
 She had a trap which she caught woodcocks in.
 Her carriage shew'd that she was void of grace;
 Her riches all were sum'd up in her face.
 She had a husband that did cloke her shame,
 A season'd Cuckold; faine I'd tell his name
 If 'twere worth naming; but to let him passe
 A parboil'd Rams-head, or the Devils Ass.

This strumpet had been chaffring with her ware;
 If she could trade, with whom she did not care;

Nor

Nor did she stand with all, for present pay;
 (Such whole-sale dealers, often give some day
 For their returne) and many had been buying
 Her stale breath'd ware; and sundry more were trying
 To drive the bargain: customers she had,
 Some kept their day, some brok'e it, some ran mad,
 Some paid her weekly, those were rare, and strange;
 Some alwayes paid her when the Moon did change,
 Some halfe a year, as they at first did barter:
 But most agree'd to pay within the quarter.

This trading made her swell, and she grew proud,
 Her belly swell'd, alas! I speak too lowd:
 She's rig'd and fraught, her keel is large and big:
 She wallows out, much like a sow with pig,
 Amongst her customers: she gives a bill
 To everyone, and then they know her will;
 What ware she has inclosed in her boat,
 And how she'l truck, 'tis all within her note:
 In trading in't they shall themselves enthrall,
 It will not vent, and so 'twill break them all.
 They all dislik't, and shew'd it by their looks:
 But being run so far into her books,
 They're in distresse: the principall with use
 She'll make them pay: this is a fowle abuse!
 Each one must take it all, if not a part,
 And ev'ry one is gald, and vext at th'heart.
 To take this ware none of them will agree;
 Yet know't to be a quick commoditie.
 The case is clear, and yet in doubt it stands;
 Though it be quick, 'twill lie upon their hands:
 They all compound; her chapmen give her fleeces,
 Some five, some ten, of some sh'has twenty peeces:
 So they agree'd (or else it had been try'd)
 And they are faine to pay old scores beside.

Here's

Here's subtle traffique, though this whore be prest;
I'de have her art conceal'd from all the rest;
But let her shame be known, that all may say
This whore put sin to use, and had her pay.
Let those that traffique with her be content
To bear the shame, the losse, the punishment;
And ever after bend their care to strive
To avoid such gulfes, which swallow men alive.



SECT. 53.

*Of a man that was sick for
another mans wife.*

A harmelesse man a journey undertook;
His country, and his wife a time forsook
To seek his owne beyond the Sea; and when
He had obtain'd it, home he came agen.
But ere he had accomplisht his intent,
There fell at home a shamefull accident:
A man fell sick of lust, it grew so strong
He must have cure, or live he could not long:

But who must help him, but this poor mans wife!
She, only she 'ds must restore his life.
A man, said I? a brute, a bull, a bore.
He's sick to have a woman turne a whore.

H'has wife, and children, but he wil not owne them,
He's sick, and looks, as if he had not known them.
His wife and friends must now reveale his mind
To her, to try, if she will be so kind

To entertain the motion, grant his suite
To save his life; and be his prostitute.

Oft she was urg'd; but she at first deny'd:
Her tender feare judg'd if he should have dy'd,
'T had been her sinne; then she at last consented
Vnto his lust; the goat was then contented.

Thou brat of *Sodome*! how canst thou but think
Thy shame will make thy name for ever stink!
Thou mightst have bent thy heat (thou filthy gull)
Vpon a cow, as *Pasph'e*, on the bull.

Me thinks a halter might have given thee ease!
'Tis present cure for such a hot disease.

It would have rais'd the heat, and plac'd the fire
Close to thy eare, and quencht thy foule desire.
Hadt thou no minde to't? wast restrain'd by feare?
What pitie 'twas the hangman was not there!

This Rascal's now restor'd and do's delight
In's new-made whore; and she affects the sight
Of rustick *Jack*: they on each other fawne,
He sells his goods, and she layes hers to pawne,
To beare their charges at their meeting places,
And every day they see each others faces.
If she repent, he'l sweare he'l make her knowne,
Then she is constant; now the whore's his owne.
They give themselves to dally, sport, and revell,
Their words and works make pastime for the divell.
Is *Cupid* guilty? then Ile make a rod,
(And lime the twigs) to whip this apish god,

His wife that gave consent to this at first,
And beat the bargain, thinks her selfe accurst.
She wooed her to assuage his hellish heat,
She's punisht for't: she has no bread to eat.
His feigned friends, that were as panders to him,
Doe grieve with shame! their counsell did undoe him,

But

But now this man's return'd; he's at the dore,
And little thinks his wife is turn'd a whore.
He's now come home, and thinks himselfe much blest,
His wife growes bigge, great joy is here exprest!
A sonne is borne; the birth is in the prime,
But yet it came two months before the time.
But he ne're tounted time; (he had no feare)
For he had bought no Almanack that yeare.
'Twas christned, put to nurse, nor was it knowne,
By him, or others, but that 'twas his owne.
Yet shortly after, though it was conceal'd,
Time was asham'd on't: so it was reveal'd.
Shame forc'd her to confesse; and then she did
Disclose her whoredome, though before 'twas hid.

Had you but seene the teares that he did vent
When this he heard, and found his goods were spent,
It would have mov'd your hearts: he could not speake,
He's swell'd with griefe, as if his heart would breake!

Doe travells breed such fruit? is this my paine
To bring forth shame? he inwardly complains,
How shall I shew my face! how shall I stand
Against reproach! or tarry in this Land!
My pulses work, my spirits doe rebell;
My forehead's hard, my hornes begin to swell!
This child's my shame, 'tis guiltlesse, who'd disdain it?
I got it not, and yet I must maintaine it:
When I went hence, how poore was I! but thou
In proving light, hast made me poorer now.
My comfort and my riches, was my wife;
But failing! now, I'm weary of my life!

To ease his griefe, he thought to make that slave
A dread to all; but then this shamelesse knave
Slinks out of sight: his house had cast him out,
His goods are gone, he sneaks and sharks about.

Sends threats & scoffs to him, which made him stagger;
 He left his sute, for *lack* was grown a begger.
 Then staying here a time with discontent,
 He took his luggadge and away he went.
 Time, place, earth, sea, do all the best you can;
 How e're she speeds, shew favour to the man!



SECT. 54.

*Of a dunghill whore, and a pander; how
 they abused a man of worth; and
 how they suffer'd shame at last.*

THere did appear a monster in our time,
 Who travel'd long, at last brought forth a crime
 Vnknown to any age: nor did it end her;
 She was a female of the common gender,
 Perverse, and proud, malicious, envious, curst,
 An Infidel; I should have nam'd that first.
 Grosse ignorance did run along betwixt,
 And Atheisme was with al distempers mix't;
 She learn'd of none but of the murd'ring devill;
 The wit she had, was only to do evill.
 She did not know but *Pluto* was her maker:
 And her descent was from a dunghil-raker.
 Her fathers Castle, freed her from the Law,
 Being wal'd with mud, thatch't with a trussie of straw.
 'Twas seven foot in height, judge you the strength:
 Six foot in breadth, but ful nine foot in length.

So *Negro*-like her face appear'd in hew,
But that the black was too much mix't with blew,
Her snout grew double, both the currents great;
Where streams ran down stil to assuage the heat.
Her eyes were charg'd with bullets; and her tongue
By statute measure, was a nayle too long.

Her lipps kept at a distance very oft,
(To those that had a mind) she kist as soft
As hedge-hoggs bristles: and her teeth stood out
Beyond the palest t' affront her daring snout.
Her limbs did al agree; being thick and large,
They did contribute to each others charge;
Her pride lay in her joynts, they would not bend:
This is her picture; who can her commend?

A ragged imp, that had a *New-gate* face,
That suted with her; and as free from grace
As she could be; you'd think none were so bad:
But here's a villaine having twice run mad,
Growes mad again: and doth imbrace this whore,
Both are more shamelesse than they were before.

Two second devils could not be more vild;
At last this pander got this quean with child.
They rak't the dunghills to invent a plot
Who now should keep it, seeing is was got.
They pitcht upon a man (for they were bold)
Should do't, or else they'd fleec him of his gold.

This man's a man of worth, of honest name,
Of comely person; goodnesse, truth, and fame
Had made him known: a man sowel belov'd,
So free from pride, from passion, seldome mov'd
With vaine applau'e! so constant in his mind,
So just, so free, that you shal seldome find
A man so qualifi'd! This lade comes to him,
And speaks him faire, thinking then to wooe him,

(How faire d'ye meane? 'pray offer me no wrong;
 Can one speak faire, with so foule a tongue?)
 And draw him on to give her such a summe
 Of money (thought she, ere that he will come
 To open shame; he'l yeeld to see at large.)
 I am with child, I lay it to your charge.
 But if you will not give me money store,
 (Now you have tempted me to be your whore)
 I'll make you answer't in another place:
 I've witness'd that will sweare to your disgrace.

This modest man's amaz'd, but (yet not mute,)
 Replying, said; from whence wilt raise thy sute?
 From hell below? or from thy hell within?
 Thou'lt be the mother of a hell-borne sin.
 Thou shamelesse Imp! thou'rt from the devill sent
 With hels broad seale, to vex the innocent!
 Thou knowst I'm guiltlesse, dost thou raise this strife,
 To spoyle my name that's better than my life?
 Oh, hatefull crime! what wilt thou damne thy soule?
 And set thy hand to that black Dooms-day rowle?
 Thou'lt plaid the whore, 'tis bad; worse wilt thou do?
 To sweare a lye, thou wilt be perjur'd too.
 Doe, spit thy gall, I will not feare a jor;
 Ile yeeld unto, what justice shall allot!
 Nor will I give thee money, I will never
 Support a whore (how have I loath'd 'em ever!)
 Should I seeme guilty, when my soule is free?
 Marke but the end, the shame will fall on thee.
 Justice will search the truth; and thou shalt finde,
 That sinne and shame, will pay thee in thy kinde.
 This nasty harlot, hearing his reply,
 Said; have I been your sweet? and now must I
 Be forc'd to fly for succour to the lawes?
 Faith, you shall know, that I will prove my cause

To

To be so just, that all upon the Bench,
Shall credit me. I am no simple wench.
Had you but given me coyne I'de ne're have try'd it:
You'll be undone, alas! you must abide it!
The losse of credit, with an empty purse;
How e're you slight it, 'tis the greatest curse.
One fifty pounds had drawn mee to have staid it;
You'l wish ere long, O! that I had but paid it!
When you shall lay at stake your wealth, your name,
Ten fifty pounds then, will not hide your shame.
I see't's in vaine for me to use expressions,
I'll speak my minde more freely at the Sessions.

Away went she, to have this man indited:
The pander sweares, that he will see her righted:
They get their tales by heart; they laugh, and say,
Hang't, there's no feare, but we shall have the day:
The Bill is drawn; but now they make their moanes
Vntill her father sells his marrow-bones,
They have no money nor to pay the Clerk,
Nor would he trust 'em; (one thing more pray mark,
Then heare the triall) see how they were fitted:
The time, the place, where he this act committed,
Or where he gave the gold they had forgot,
Till 'twas too late, the difference spoil'd their plot.

The Indictment.

R. B.

Thou standst indited of a fact most vilde,
For having knowne, and got *A. H.* with childe,
For having of her body carnall use;
If this be true, it is a foule abuse.
Denying her reliefe, thou mak'st her goe,
To beg her bread. Art guilty, yea or no?

Not guilty.

They both are sworne, the truth now to expresse,
All, but no more: they think of nothing lesse.

The first begins, I had a haplesse chance !
 I went to service, thinking to advance
 My fortunes in the world : I met this man,
 He flatt' red me, and gave me gifts ; I can
 Relate his words for need ; but to be short,
 He took e me home, and there he had the sport ;
 I prov'd with childe, went to him, he'd not owne mee,
 But look'r, and spoke, as if he had not knowne mee.
 Yet gave me money, having staid there long :
 But charg'd me strictly still to hold my tongue :
 Poore I ! was silent, till the coyne was spent ;
 Then need enforc'd me, and to him I went :
 And made my moane in gentle termes, and milde
 T' allow me money, and to keep the childe :
 But he'd doe neither, like a preevish knave ;
 Pray shew me justice ! that is all I crave.

The Pander now begins, to tell his tale,
 But faltring in't, his colour changed pale.
 The Iury saw it, and the Iudge did view him ;
 He call'd the Keeper, and the Keeper knew him ;
 He had been thrice in prison, whipt, and fear'd,
 And shoulder-markt beside ; he quak'r, and fear'd
 His shamefull plot ; the hangman by him stood
 To smg'e his face, or pickle him in wood.
 They were examin'd joyntly, and apart,
 Where, when, the manner, (Iudges have an art
 To finde delinquents) how it came about,
 What money she received ; and the doubt
 Was out of doubt, their words did not agree,
 The Plaintiff's sound, but the Defendant's free.
 His honest name at first did give a light,
 The difference in persons shew'd 'twas spight.

These perjur'd vermine, sentence have received ;
 (How oft are sinners, by themselves deceived !)

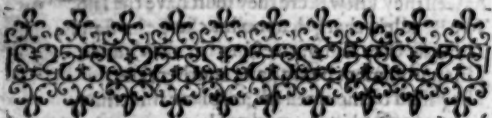
A publike whipping first they must abide ;
They have a cart, but yet they must not ride :
The horse is led, they cannot lose their way,
They did before ; by sinne they went astray.
They'd company good store, the Beadles mind
(Though he's in office) is to goe behind.

His overseers keep him still in sight,
And for his work (poore man) he's paid with spight ?
So many teachers ? who can give content
To all of them, and yet be innocent ?
One do's desire favour for the Whore,
Another prays that he would lash her more.
As some doe wish him then to pay the slave,
Some mov'd with pity, still doe mercy crave.
Their faces had no blood, what they did lack,
The Beadle searcht, and found it on the back.
They loath'd lane-ends and gutters, (for this trash)
As well they know where they must have the lash.
The Beadle's charg'd, upon his charge he stands ;
The ease they had was resting for their hands.
This punishment being past ; another time,
They must be mounted up, to blaze this crime,
Vpon a scaffold in the market place,
And t' over-looke it ; 'twas a simple grace
To be preferr'd so quickly, and so high !
Yet this preferment came by perjury.
They thrust their heads through windowes, but a gin
Doth snare them so, they cannot pull them in ;
Nor could they creepe quite out ; a cruell spight !
They could not sit, nor could they stand upright.
They had this place by law ; no wrong I'le doe them,
For they had writing did confirme it to them ;
Lest time should make it void, t' confirme it better,
The hangman seal'd it, with a red-hot letter.

They

They paid no fine, they should have done 'tis true,
Where's nothing to be had, Kings lose their due.

But growing carelesse in this high estate,
Both fish and flesh, was at as great a rate
As 'twas before; complaint was made, (I find)
The deeds were torne, the scales were left behind,
Th'are took away. (Some, that with pride were stung,
Had got the place, but none that kept it long)
By steps of stone they rise as much in height,
And had more neck-room, but not quite so light.
I leave 'em there, but if they rise againe,
And vex the hang-man, putting him to paine
He'l use a trick, to keep them ever down,
If ere he catch them one mile out of Town,
He'l give them both lesse neck-room then before;
If thus they fal once, they will rise no more.



SECT. 54.

*Divers meanes prescribed to cure
the fowle disease of lust, futing with all
conditions of persons.*

THE Med'cines that must cure this fowle disease
According to my skill (if readers please
To gather patience to digest the rest,
They'l prize the remedies, being here exprest.

I'll shew in order : Morall and Divine,
With Naturall helps, as tempers do incline,
So must they be appl'd. Thou must begin,
First, to consider, 'tis a hatefull sin,
That heaven still hath curst, the actors thence
Are banisht ; for a shamefull recompence,
As mostunclean; it is against thy life,
Thy soule, thy health, thy substance, friends, and wife,
(If thou hast any) and the curse, and shame,
With wrath and guilt, wil prey upon thy name.
Earth will not hold thee long; while here thou art,
Thou dost but for a hel-hound play thy part.
Thou cur'st thy time short; for thy raging lust
Infects thy bones, thy flesh; brings thee to dust
Before thou art aware ; mens hate is bred
To thee alive; they'l loath thee being dead.
When heaven, and earth disclaimes thee, hel will take
Thee for her owne, where thou thy bed must make
In burning flames : repent, repent in time,
Or sin will fill thy bones, being laid in flame.

Deny occasions, that would tempt thee to it;
Think on thy end, and then thou canst not do it.
Subdue the rise of lust; thy sin will bee
Slave like kept in captivity by thee.

Observe what others by their lusts have gain'd;
Have they not been disgrac'd, plagu'd, punish'd, pain'd ?
Those painted pleasures, blasted in the bloom,
Fore-run a horrid night ! the day of Doom
Will shew thee to the world. Oh ! watch and pray !
Or lust, and hell, wil hurry thee away.

Keep down thy pamper'd flesh with fasting : then
Thou wilt forsake such beasts, and live with men.
Mind still the presence of the glorious God;
Submit to him in love, but fear his rod.

Make

Make bargain with thy eyes, ne're to behold
 Faire, wanton objects: rather view the mold,
 From which thy flesh was fram'd: (nor hast thou trust)
 While here thou stayst, thou art but living dust.

Think everie grieve, distresse, disease, or paine,
 Is sent to rank thy life among the staine.

Thou must be taken in the cursed act,
 (As Zimri was) and damned for the fact.

Shun idlenesse; if thou art not employ'd
 In honest wayes, the Devill will divide
 Thy heart, thy strength, and draw thee to his will,
 To pleasure him in any thing that's ill.
 Thy leisure gives thee leave; (thou'lt work the faster,
 If Nature spur thee on) a cruell master
 He'l prove at last; when thou shouldst reap thy gaines,
 What canst expect, but torment for thy paines?

Beware of drunkenesse; else that will breed
 And kindle fewel; then this shamefull deed
 Wilhatch it self: when thou hast drown'd thy braines,
 The fog of lust will then possesse thy reines:
 They're neere of kin; there is no cause of wonder,
 That evill partners are not far asunder.
 The time drawes on, when drunkenesse, and lust
 Shall have their hell together; is't not just
 That hel should draw them drie? or is't not fit,
 That wittie mad men lose not sense, but wit?

Avoid ill custome: 'tis no easie thing
 To change a habit: he's a true bred King
 That conquers but himselfe. Sin will be stronger,
 And as the evening shadow grows still longer,
 So custome spreads it selfe. This one thing know,
 Thou'lt age enough to match with fiends below.
 If thou be married, 'tis the breach of truth
 Betwixt thee, and the partner of thy youth,

Which

Which curses will requite: 'twill be a blot
To thee and thine, for ever; and thy lot
Will be the like, or worse; such men do find
Lex talionis (paid home in their kind.)

If thou art single, and thy lust prove strong,
Prevent the worst by Marriage: tarrying long
May force the floods to overflow the banks;
Then men grow searelesse, fit for hellish pranks.
This sin is never single; it must be
Joyn'd with anothers in adultery:
As though the guilty threatening to rebell,
Breath'd out disdain, to go alone to hell.
He beares the double sin: though they agreed
A little time to sin; this shamefull deed,
When done, 'twill breed them everlasting odds;
They're painted roses which do turne to rods.

Looke on the imperfections of a whore;
Some in her person, but sh'as worse, and more
In disposition: if thou hast but wit,
This thing alone may 'swage thy frecozy fit,
But if thou hast no skil, or art in doubt,
Bring her to me, I'll help to find 'em out.

But if thy lust exceed in strength, being great,
Starve it with hunger; and asswage the heat,
With faire coole water; drink not wine, nor beere,
Till thou hast purg'd thy soule, and made all cleare.
Refuse no counsell, let it pierce thy heart,
And welcome a reproofe though it seemes smart:
To thee: 'tis wholesome company with such
That hate this vice, and love good; for there's much
Good gotten by them; they've no poison'd breath;
In life like such as thou wouldst have at death.

Give up thy selfe to Christ: then thou maist say
Thou'rt not thine own: thou canst not go astray,

To joyne with harlots, for thy soul's bespoken,
 The marriage day is set; his love's the token
 Of thy eternal good. Hee'll ever keep
 Thee from those vermine that about thee creep.
 Here's profit, pleasure, everlasting gaine,
 Which with consent will banish all thy paine.

View heavens glory; fixing still thine eyes
 With confidence, to pierce the lofty skyes:
 And look beyond thy sense; and silence reason;
 Note well the beauty; take the blessed season
 To raise thy heart; see what reward those find
 That were not soyl'd with lust, or womankind.

But when thou look'st, take this advise of mine,
 Thine eyes, thy heart, thy ends must be Divine. (see

Then turne thine eyes tow'ards hel, where thou maist
 The plagues, the torments, and the misery
 That hel-hounds do indure: and that will make
 Thy raging lust grow tame, thy heart will ake,
 To think the swallowing of a blasted pleasure
 Should gender wrath, endlesse in weight and measure
 The potion's mingled; those that drink that cup
 Their fireames of lust will soon be dried up.
 Their dainty pallars thirst, th'insatiate whore,
 With roaring ~~Tom~~, shall act that sin no more.
 Their moystur's gone; but there's the greater fire
 Mixt still with brimstone; that's the whorish hire.
 There are no beauties; no, nor light to see
 Except t'be shame, and sins deformitie.
 They dwell with devils; and their inward room
 Is burning hell, their prison, and their tomb.
 What if thou shouldst when none of these will take,
 Destroy a member? some for heavens sake
 Have done as much ('tis better thou shouldst cast
 One part away, than lose thy selfe at last.

Mistake

Mistake me not, I doe not prompt thee to it;
If former meanes prevaile, thou maist not doe it.)
To save his soule who is't that would not use
A certaine cure? pray here my pen excuse.

There's nothing else, except time dos afford
Fresh remedies: (being ancient) he is stor'd
With cures both old and new: the sinner old,
Will leave his lust, or that him, 'cause he's cold.
For physick helps, those that professe that Art
Can shew thee, which will calme thy boyling heart;
If that should misse (I think this will not faile)
Live like a begging Fryar in a jayle.
Stone wals, and iron grates are very good
To temper thee, and qualifie thy blood.

But if it be a woman, she must shun
Her liberty, work hard, nor like a Nun,
To stitch a gorget; but to turne a mill,
Or draw a wheelbarrow, though against her will!
There are appointed places, 'mong the rest;
(If I may judge) the Bridewels are the best.
And let the whip lye always in her sight.
Let blew-cote beadles lock her up at night,
And call her early up, let time be inch'd,
And of her labour let her not be pinch'd.

There's one thing more, which I am loth to name;
'Twill strangle lust, but 'twill preferre thy shame.
Probatum est, 'tis nothing but a rope,
Made fast and loose, 'tis all the hangmans hope.
Thy hope, thy pleasure, with thy life will end;
'Tis then too late to say thou wilt amend.
The hangman's still in haste, the carmans pay
Will not availe to rarry halfe a day.
The Priest will pray, but he is never long:
He has it ready: when he holds his tongue

The pangs of death come on thee; when thy face
Is cover'd o're, oh! what a fearefull case
Art thou in then; the men in post will ride,
But when they come and find thee dead, fast tyde
Vnto a halters end; the people gone,
To Gregory, and thy grave thou'rt left alone.
But where abides thy soule? 'las! who can know?
I feare 'twill be confin'd to dwell below.

Remember what I say, read o're this book;
Perhaps thou maist in reading love to looke
Vpon thine own estate: (learne to be wise)
'Tis sharp, but wholesome, 'twill not blast thine eyes,
If 'twill but turne thy heart, 'twill quit the cost,
Or strengthen any, 'tis not labour lost.
The guilelesse, and the convert shall for mee
Go uncontroll'd. Then let my *Muse* passe free.
Read it with patience; take what is thy due.
I heare the whispering of a bawdy crue:
I needs must answer them? Or they'l abuse
My harmlesse meaning, and my free-borne *Muse*.



SECT. 56.

*The supposed railing objections, imprecations of
the filthy brood, against the Author, and the Book.*

A Bawdy knot being met, & having found ground,
The *Nights Search* trenching in their common
Begin

Began to grumble; first the Bawd did speak;
 "A busie foole, whose brains are sunk, or weak;
 Hath writ a book; 'twas principally made
 To shame us all, and overthrow our trade.
 I heard a gallant speak, as if it came
 Post with a whip, in *Tom a' Bedlams* name;
 'Tis arm'd with fury, every line spits fire;
 I wish a halter were the Authours hire!" (our;

Pand. I've bought the book, I heard 'twas new come
 I have it here to put you out of doubt.
 He rails, he frets, with biting jeers in scoffe,
 Keeps much ado, yet comes but poorly off:
 He writes of whipping, pillering, and carting,
 Burning, curses, hanging too at parting.

Bawd. Let's see the book, had'st thou so little wit
 To buy such trash? I'll serve thee now as fit;
 One part shall serve to stop the mustard pot,
 I'll burn the rest; and that shall be its lot.
 A foole and's money quickly part! I see,
 That thou art vext; wilt be reveng'd on me?

Whore. Pray mistress let it lie to keep all clean,
 'Twill serve for waste: you know well what I mean;
 One of my friends shall write to his disgrace,
 To shew his wit, and in some publique place
 Cast out a libell, that the world may know
 His wit is blasted, onely wit in shew!

Pand. I'm vext to heare you! did I buy this book
 To have it burnt or tore? great pains I took
 To find it out; pray, blame me not to frown
 To see it spoil'd; it cost me halfe a crown:
 But bear your shares, we'll keep't to shame this sinner;
 Make it out recreation after dinner,
 To laugh at's folly; then 'twill serve to light
 Tobacco for us every winters night.

Bawd. Thou simple foole I doſt think he have it lie
 Within my houſe, our trading to diſcry
 Some feather'd goole may ſee'r, and with a fright
 Forſake the houſe, and take a further flight:
 Pray burn it, burn it; if that aſſe were here
 That made the book, we'd burn him to, or teare
 His ſkin from's fleſh, then he ſhould know how well
 The place and perſons do reſemble hell:
 But 'tis no matter, none that loves the ſport
 Of *Venus*, or attends at *Cupid's* Court,
 Will e're regard it, but to laugh and jeſt
 At his courſe wit: I value not the reſt.

Who. If I may judge, I think he hath been croſt
 In his deſire, he hath a beauty loſt;
 Or elſe his ſtock is ſpent, and being poore,
 He cannot paſſe ſo freely to his whore
 As formerly he did; and now in rage
 He for her ſake brings all upon the ſtage.
 Or being old, his vigour is abated;
 What he lov'd once, he'd make all think he hated:
 Thus *ab initio*; now he writes to ſtrive
 (When all things faile) to keepe his name alive.
 Could he have known our private wayes, or been
 Our Secretary, if he had not ſeen
 The windings of the clew, or toucht the ſore,
 If he by practice had not known't before?
 Or elſe he wanting naturall affections,
 Would have ſweet nature follow his directions
 He has been in ſome ſervice overcharg'd;
 The mark was hot; and being now enlarg'd
 From Bedlam, New-gate, or Chirur'g'ons hands.
 He cannot feele the ground on which he ſtands,
 I have been bred to this; it is my courſe,
 I'd better be a whore than to doe worſe.

Bawd.

Barb. I am grown old, nor can I now take paines.
This is my trade, which brings me constant gaines.
Should I forsake it now? then call me foole;
I have not liv'd so long, to goe to schoole
To such a haire-braind coxcombe: no, I will
Beare up delight, drink, and be merry still.
He'd make us think, if flesh and blood rebell,
There is no help, but we must goe to hell.
We know that many with those faults are tainted,
Yet some were goddesses, and some were Sainted.
Why should I fear, but I as well may speed?
The Queen of Love I never did exceed.

Pand. I came to town thinking to be a groom,
But when I came another had the room
That I was to supply: and having spent
My time, my means, being in discontent
I took this honest course to gain reliefe;
There's none can say I am a rogue or thiefe:
And yet (forsooth) here's one hath undertook
To prove us theeves, and sentence pass'd, nor booke
Will he allow, which errant theeves have had.
Why do I speak? this peevish fellow's mad!

Pimp. I have been brough up in a gentle way,
To drink, to swear, to whore, to dice and play:
I sold my lands, and spent my whole estate,
What should I do, being thus unfortunate?
I am a man that do attend those Lasses
That feed me full; I drink in bowles and glasses:
They give me coin, and cloths, with them I finde
Such dainty bits as satisfie my minde:
Let shame attend this idiot! let his pen
Be silenc'd, forc'd to blot out this agen.



SECT. 57.

*The railing Objections of an impious
crew, answered.*

YOU brood of darknesse, that do hate the light,
And breath out venome, railing, cursing, spight
Against the Authour, and his searching Muse,
You shame yourselves, you cannot him abuse.

The Bawd that's parboil'd, or the Whore that's stew'd,
The rotten Pander, and the Pimp that su'd
To have his Muse quite silent, hear th' reply;
Your breath's unwholsome, pray come not too nigh:
But you are powder'd (that me thinks is well)
To qualifie the stink, and 'swage the smell.

I do confesse the book was made to fright,
And shame your rabble, that true subjects might
Beware'd by your example, hate your crew;
If I be mad, I'm onely mad to you.
If I would hide your shame, your humours feed,
Or set such basenesse, I were mad indeed.
What gallant's that, that doth these lines oppose?
Doth he speak plain? or snuffle in the nose?
Or are his sinewes lost? or onely shrunk?
Or has he been at flats? and being sunk,
Blows fume into his braines? his words may please
Your fretting fancies, but not give you ease.
Is not his face halfe rosted? is't not rich
With Rubies, Pearls, and Saphires? none of which

Will

Will passe for gold, to satisfie his whore ;
Although his face be rich, his purse is poore.
Or do's his face seem cover'd o're with talow ?
Or has disease dy'd it into a yellow ?
How opens he his jawes ? has he his haire ?
Or is he mop'd anew with borrowed ware ?
I feare it is not safe with him to sup,
Nor is it wholsome e're to taste his cup:
I know the earth doth bear such loathsome men,
What their mouth's take in, runs through th' nose agen;
But let him passe. Except the Bawd doth turn,
What e're shewish, I fear she'l hang or burn.

The Pander got of late a greater share
For keeping of the dore, that he could spare
Money to buy this book, but now 'tis cast;
Bawd, Pander, Whore have sentence on it past;
But let me speak a word, tis but a breath,
If it must die, let it be prest to death.

What libeller is this the whore would have
Write to disgrace the Authour ? let me crave
To know what place he lives in ? let his name
Be known, that all may blaze abroad his shame.
There are a crew that do cast libels forth
Against the State; to slander men of worth
They bend their frothy wits; but time may make
Them bear their ir shame; the rest may warning take.

The Pander's vext, put to your helping hands,
Pay for the book, for as the case now stands,
You must not burn it; you may laugh, 'tis true,
But's fellowes are alive to laugh at you.
Make it your sport, jeere on, you need not say,
'Twill shame an asse, or fright a goose away.
But if you burn it ('twill not clear the score)
It is a sign that you were burn'd before.

You suit with hell, alas ! what need my pen
 Compare you to't ? I'de turne you back agen,
 If you'd be rul'd : but oh ! it is in vain ;
 The hope I have, is to cut short your train.
 Your clawes I know are sharp, but is it well
 That you should goe to sharpen them in hell ?
 Touch not my flesh, it is daine natures frame
 That was made up with dust, and to the same
 E're long it must returne, and so must you,
 And every one receive what's just end due.
 You prize the bad, all good men you detest,
 As devils do, you count the worst the best.

Alas ! my wit is low (I must confesse)
 That little which I have, serves me to guesse
 What path goes down to death. Though I am poore,
 I never spent my means upon a whore.
 It was for no ones sake that I did bring
 Your vices on the stage, but that the sting
 Might shew it selfe to all. Nor is it age ;
 I am but enter'd on the middle stage
 Of winged time : what God and nature lent
 Me for a time, shall not be basely spent.
 My minde, my will I labbour'd still to sever
 From your curst snares ; Lord ! let me do so ever !
 As for my name, whether that live or die,
 Let me be blest with thee eternally.
 It was my working Genius, and my Muse
 That found your windings ; I did never use
 To haunt your hideous oels ; I never durst
 To venter there where all are sham'd, some curst.
 If I have lanc'd the sore, brought you to light,
 'Twas not experience made me hit so right.

Nor am I void of sinne, no ; nor been
 In Bedlam, nor in prison, but have seen

The misery of others ! and I find
My owne condition futing to my mind.

As for the bawd, is it excuse, that she
Hath been accustom'd to her bowdery
Oh ! horrid gaine ! what ever is brought in
To any one, that drives a trade with sin,
Waits still its turne, to make returne in hell;
And keeps exchange, where Devils rage and swell.
She scornes to take advise, she thinks all such
As Heathens honour'd, (for they did as much)
Will countenance her sin : ill partners do
Bring wrath the sooner, and increase it too ;

And let the Pander that did change his place,
See how he's cheated : for he left all grace,
Behind him there ; though he had suffer'd, lost
His expectation ; and been further cross,
In losse of time, and money ; yet amends
Might have been made : this is a way that tends
To crosse his hopes for ever ; he'l know,
Except he change his course, 'twill bring him low.
What is he, but a theife ? God, his own soule
He robs at once ; all goodnesse he 'll controule ;
It is his place to steale away mens weakly,
He and the whore, do rob them of their health.
There is no streight to bring a man to sin ;
But he that's hatch't for hell and will begin,
Makes every lust beare twins ; and he must share
The more with grief, drink all the cup of care.
A book shall lye before him, to decide
All scruples, doubts, when e're his cause is try'd.
He counts me foolish : so I am : I'll say
No more to him, but leave him to that day.

The Pimp that hath been so gentile ; and bred
Up at a lofty rate ; he being led

Vn to his ruine, seems to carry't faire,
Vntill the jawes of death, and black dispaire
Doe seize upon him; setting still his love
'Pon all that's vile, and blasted from above.
He makes himselfe unhappy! being poore,
He sels himselfe, who sold his land before.

Fortunewas blind indeed, to make him Pimp,
And Steele his face, t' attend so base an imp.
Let him drink off his cup, his glasse or boule,
Though he growes fat in body, his poore soule
Is starv'd within him! and he'l find withall,
His draughts are like to wormwood mixt with gall.
His money and his cloaths, of which he brags,
Th'one melts away, the other turns to rags.
What are his morsels? can he have them still?
He'l surfet with them: having once his fill,
He spewes them up againe: then he shall sit
At sorrowes table, but not eat a bit.
The rot will take the whores, like silly sheep,
Within few years; then he shall drink so deep
In that that's worse than ratsbane, that his trust
Shall die before hand, then drop down he must,
As for the book, 'twould gain no love from me
If it did tend to please such fooles as hee.
If happy gales blow on't, it may survive
When they are dead, to keep their shame alive.
Nor shall my pen be silent; till this crew
Shall mend, or end, and so adieu, adieu.



SECT. 58.

*The charge to the Muse, at the entrance
into her travels.*

GO now, my *Muse*, 'although thou canst not sing
Equall with those that charme the wanton spring)
Walke o're the golden hills, the silver vales,
And charme the curled groves to heare thy tales.
And let the cristall brooks, the pearled streames
Stay in their course, to listen to thy theames.

A tree that has no sap, a vale that's growne
Barren with time, or raging floods may frowne
Vpon thee in thy progresse; never care!
Thou hast my blessing, how soere thou fare.
Nay, never whine, because thy fathers name
Is not advanc'd upon the wings of Fame;
Thy worth is as yet the lesse: though some disdain
Be not dismay'd; the rest will entertaine thee.

Beware the Critick: for his shallow braine
Drops venome on his tongue; he strives to staine
The best of best endeavors; never be
Discouraged, though *Mennius* carp at thee.

Zoilus his checks are vaine, though envy have
Against thy coming, digg'd for thee a grave,
'Tis for herselfe: speake thou the truth, I charge thee;
Though malice chayne thee up, time will enlarge thee.
To hatch their own disgrace; this brood doe sit:
They gaine the Serpents sting, but not his wit.

Me

Me thinks this might suffice ! it is my will
 That thou shouldst try the world, I'le own thee still.
 Though churlish time o'th' suddaine, wil not praise thee,
 Time may grow gentle, then perhaps 't will raise thee.
 Thy melancholy sister's gone before:

She was regarded, though she was but poore,
 And lam'd at going forth: she has endur'd
 A racking torture, she'l ere long be cur'd.
 She is my first borne: that doth make her boast:
 But thou art better dress'd; I love thee most.
 Thy portion too is more; much care I took
 To make thee fit for service: do not look
 To be prefer'd at home: but yet, if men
 Will not receive thee, come to me agen.

Thou maist in time obtaine a place at Court;
 Thou wilt not flatter there: some may make sport
 From what is merry in thee: but they will
 Soone change their tunes, if they have been as I
 As those which thou hast found; but those that are
 Wise, sober, modest, bending still their care
 To serve the King of Kings: Oh! call them blest!
 And let them bee as patterns to the rest.

Thou need'st not doubt but divers in the City
 Will cloath thee in thy travels: shew thee pity
 In thy distresse: for thou to them shalt show
 Such things, as one of many ne're did know.
 They'l nurse thee up; and when they presse thee out,
 They'l spread thy name upon the posts about.

And if with Country gallants thou dost chuse
 To serve awhile, because thou bring'st them newes,
 They'l bid thee welcome: thou maist find some there
 Which thou didst in thy Night, long search for here.

Salute the Poets kindly, let them find
 Thou did'st not aime at them; 'twas not thy mind

To stain their names: but those who with their wile
Are factors to advance lusts viler ille.

Never look thou for favour or reke if

From any Bawd, Pimp, Pander, Whore, or Thief;

They'll hurt thee if they can, but take no care;

The gallows, or the whip will be their share,

When praise is thine: their causes must be try'd.

Come, never whimper, law is on thy side.

Thou hast a guard of worthies; none shall wrong

Thy innocence, feare nothing, passe along.

When thou do'st meet with such, who having spent

Their time in sin, yet hell-ward still are bent,

Strike home and spare not; quickly settle to it:

And if they are vext, say thou art prest to do it.

If any change their minds, their waies, their ends,

Secing the shame; embrace them and be friends.

I know this is thy aime, (thy mind is cold)

Though thou be angry, thou'lt be quickly pleas'd.

If thou canst keep back any from this vice,

Whorels might have been lost; they'll raise thy price

Above all expectation: then thy fire

Will shine, as well as warme: looke thou no higher.

So, now thou hast thy Charge: and we must part:

Farewell deare ~~Wife~~! nor do's it grieve my heart,

To part upon these termes. I know e're long

Thou'lt change thy Mourning to a pleasant song.

Let all that heare, or see thee passing by,

With thee all good successe! and so with I.

F I N I S.



To his worthy friend, the Author of the
Nights Search.

WHEN I had found thy drift, in this thy Night,
Which is to bring such wassals to the light

As undermine the world; how by thy pen

The living dye, the dead do live again;

Thy various Searching; and thy lofty strainer,

Thy quaint expressions; how thy knowing braines

Set out their sins: thy witty usefull parts,

Thy honest end; how thou dost cast thy darts,

That Hell-bounds fall before thee; how the times

May see and hate the wilnesse of those crimes

That are unmask'd by thee; thy Muse went in,

Yet thou didst never know that cursed sin.

Complaints and grieve are kept alive for aye

That I am forc'd to weep and beare a share.

I thought to praise thee; but again thought I

'Twill but disgrace thy worth and industry.

But with this reason did my thoughts agree;

'Twill be my honor if I write of thee!

'Twill be my pride if these low lines of mine

May be thought worthy to be bound with thine.

Though I come late, let me this favour find,

That I may wait upon thy Muse behind.

Thou hast not rob'd the dead, nor dost thou strive

To scrape a line from any man alive.

Invention's rich in thee; for I find still

Thy Genius is too nimble for thy quill.

Thou

Thou do'st not rub thy braines a day or two
 To hatch a fancy, as some others do:
 Nor blot out often, what thou once do'st write:
 'Tis worth the trusting what thou do'st indite.
 I would have read thy searching Muse throughout,
 Had it been meane: but to resolve the doubt,
 'Tis worthy to be studied: every page
 May teach a lesson to this puny age.
 So much I found as pleas'd me; for the rest,
 I'll read and study it, when once 'tis prest.
 Thy praise will live, though pride and envy burst,
 And all th' infernall troop that a'e accurst,
 Spit fire at thee: wisemen all know well
 They envy thee because thou do'st excell.

Tho: Phillips.



*To the Author on his exact description of
the Night-walkers of our time.*

I Lately walk'd your round, took full survey
 Of all, (all being worth notice) in my way:
 Observ'd the order of your scouts, how fast
 The silly dotrels to their ruine haste,
 How the delinquents met your lash, and how
 Those that escap'd, had in conceit enough
 Sense of your scourge: which being so severe,
 Made them lesse wicked, not for love, but feare.

Thus

Thus English *Juvenal*, thy whip doth good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching blood.
For our depraved times, and manners too,
Wanted too long a Censor like to you.
Which can with your meere frowns make all men shun
At once the sin, and the temptation;
But how the Roysters of the time will rage,
When they shall see th'abuses of our age.
Reform'd! and they for their supply, must be
Enforc'd to travell France and Italy,
To finde their overthrow; when all they gaine,
Is but a sad experience of their paine.

Me thinks I see the mincing Dames approve
Thy quaint description of their wicked love:
And with unusuall teares repent those times,
That wrong'd their husbands by their shamefull
The sharking Pander will deplore the state (crime).
Of his lewd conversation; and will hate
His servile drudgerie; and wish he were
Againe some Serving-man, to quasse and sweare;
Or what ill else to act, which might obtaine
His Mistris favour, or his Masters gaine:
To wait upon some chamber-maid, which hee
Knowes well his Master keeps at liverie,
Which may ingratiate to his willing eare
His service, and for that esteeme him deare.
Sometimes he might content his Mistris too,
And for her sake, more than his Master doe.
And this were better far, and lesse ill,
Than to be slave unto a Wantons will:
And after all, to be reproach'd for't thus,
For serving an incarnate *Incubus*.

The rampant Doxie now the twilight feares,
Nor (as her usuall wont) abroad appears.

The

The plodding Cheat's reclaim'd, and rather will
Work hard all yeare, than one weeke at the Mill.

Thus in the worst of times, 'tis to be thought,
Thou hast a generall reformation wrought.

And yet, if there be any dare persist
In their lewd courses, like the Sensualist;
They, even they, thy fancies will admire,
And praise the tartnesse of thy fiercer ire.
For if that any of their Order be,

By thy advice, false from the liverie,
Though they themselves do their lewd wayes retaine;
Yet with their praise will they applaud thy paine.

And as the Usurer did the Preacher see,
That none at length might use that trade but hee,
So will these Hackney Strumpets with their cue,
All that they can, strive now to honour you.
How can this work of thine then chuse but sell,
When they, 'gainst whom 'tis writ, say, 'tis done well?
What now shall I commend in thee? let all
Who view this copy, praise th' originall.

'Twould be absurd, thy wit, or Art to praise,
Or with our garlands to adorne thy Bayes:
Let thine owne lines (and not some others) bee
The perspective, by which we may ken thee.
And surely 'twere but labour lost, to write
(What thine owne works make publish to the sight)
Thy merits and thy praise, let the world then
Believe Fames trumpet is become thy pen.

But yet behinde thy back I dare be bold,
Some secret truths concerning thee, unfold:
And to acquaint the world, there is in thee
The choyser seeds of honour'd poeie:
Cleanthes like, each day thou do'st apply
Thy selfe unto thy taske with industry;

And

And when the night drawes neare, thy waking minde
Doth something (worthy of our wonder) finde
Whereon to contemplate; how many now
Dreame their whole time away, and nothing doe
They dare record; yet at those houres, when sleepe
The most part of the world in rest doth keepe,
Thou art not idle; but hast done far more
By night, than many all their dayes before.
Heaven gave thy soule wings, that she still might be
Soaring aloft unto her Hierarchie:
Not that with them thou should'st thy pillow stuffe,
And so give nature more than what's enough.

Thou hast withdrawne times curtair s, and hast shown
Those hidden truths, which he may blush to owne.
O how in everie page might learned men
Descrie the rare conceits flow from thy pen!
I have perus'd it thoroughly, and confesse
I were quite stupid, should I wonder lesse,
Go onwards, worthy Sir, and as 'tis fit,
Make all the world to wonder at your wit.
That as you have this piece compos'd, to please
Your selfe, let others it enjoy, which ease
And idle houres have foster'd: that it may
Remaine your monument at your dying day.

*Hec quorsum premis? ut pereant quis talia condit?
Edere si non vis omnibus, ede tibi.*

C. G. Interioris Templi.

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